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HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

ROUND NOTE EDITION.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH
BARBEE & SMITH, AGENTS.
1897.

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PREFACE.

The General Conference of 1886, believing that the Hymn Book might be made more acceptable to our people by reducing its size and introducing new material, appointed a committee for its revision.

The labor of the committee was carefully performed, and has produced a book of doctrinal soundness and poetic merit, strictly maintaining, as in all previous editions of Methodist psalmody, the Wesleyan character of the collection.

We cannot urge too strongly the vital importance of diffusing in the homes of our beloved Methodism the unwasting fragrance of these hymns as a daily tribute to Him, all whose "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Let our congregations hold the theology which has brought life to myriads, as it is embalmed in these measures. Let our children in the Sabbath-school be trained to lisp in advance the melody of the skies. Let us render to our Methodism the glory of having furnished from its own resources a psalmody unequaled in its rich statement of Christian experience through all stages of nascent and perfected life, which has become the inspiration of youth and the treasure of age with God's people of our own and other Churches; and let us exclude from pulpit and prayer-room every utterance in song that would displace the doctrines and hymns of our Zion.

The choice hymns of Montgomery, Newton, Cowper, and other ancient and modern poets will be found to have contributed to the classic and spiritual value of the book; but to the gifted muse of Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of Methodism, is this volume mainly indebted for its excellence.

It has been truly said that "every phase of Christian experience—its gloom, its struggle, its victory, its peace, its joy—finds in a Wesleyan hymn some true Castalian, almost seraphic, utterance. He wrote his poems in a style so immediately available that they rose upon the air while the ink was hardly dry; and now, after a century and a half, they are sung in every land and in most of the languages of the world. They hold the essence of sermons, and serve as the liturgy of our Churches. Christian hearts can never let them die."

May they continue to minister to the comfort and salvation of countless thousands, and secure a large revenue of praise to the Triune God!

HOLLAND N. MCTYEIRE,
JOHN C. KEENER,
ALPHEUS W. WILSON,
JOHN C. GRANBERY,
ROBERT K. HARGROVE,
WILLIAM W. DUNCAN,
CHARLES B. GALLOWAY,
EUGENE R. HENDRIX,
JOSEPH S. KEY.

January 1, 1889.

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise God in his sanctuary:
Praise him in the firmament of his power.
Praise him for his mighty acts:
Praise him according to his excellent greatness.
Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:
Praise him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise him with the timbrel and dance:
Praise him with stringed instruments and organs.
Praise him upon the loud cymbals;
Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm cl.

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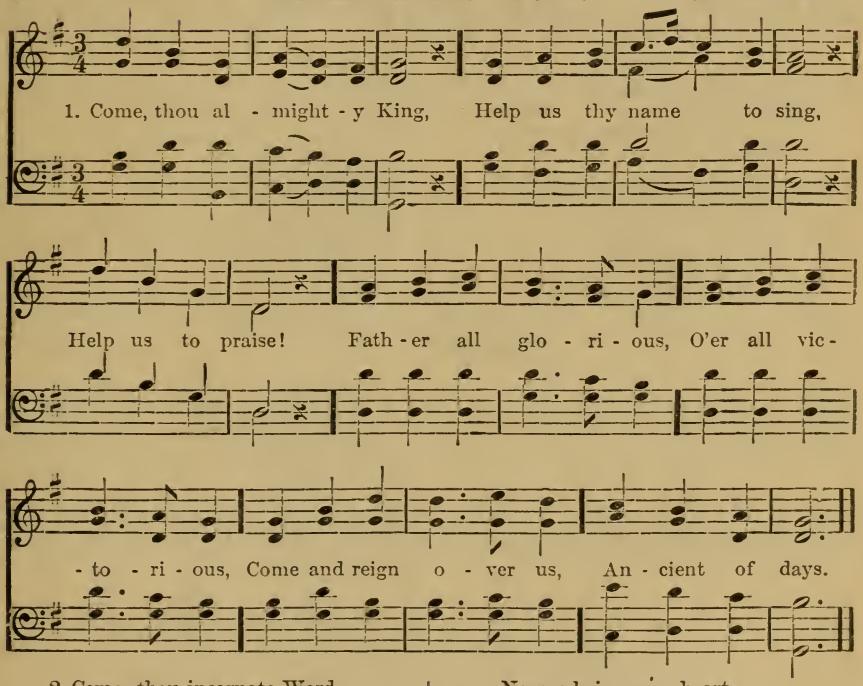
HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

PART I.
FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SECTION I.
BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1 **ITALIAN HYMN.** 6s & 4s. FELICE GIARDINI



2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

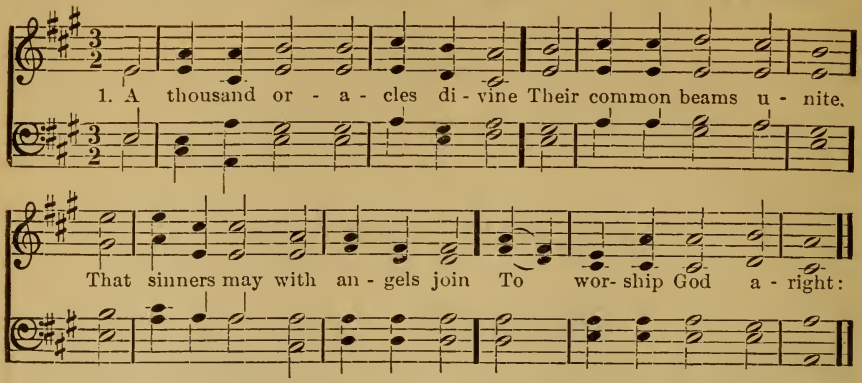
3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence—evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

2. AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky:

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

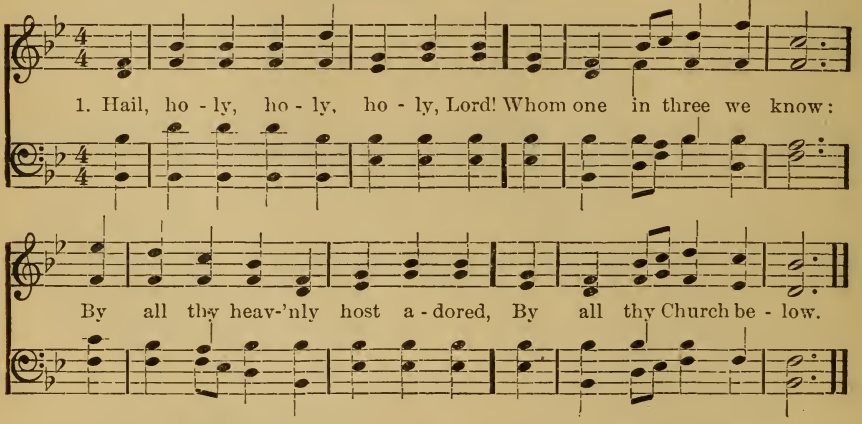
5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain:
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man.

Charles Wesley.

3 DOGGETT. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.



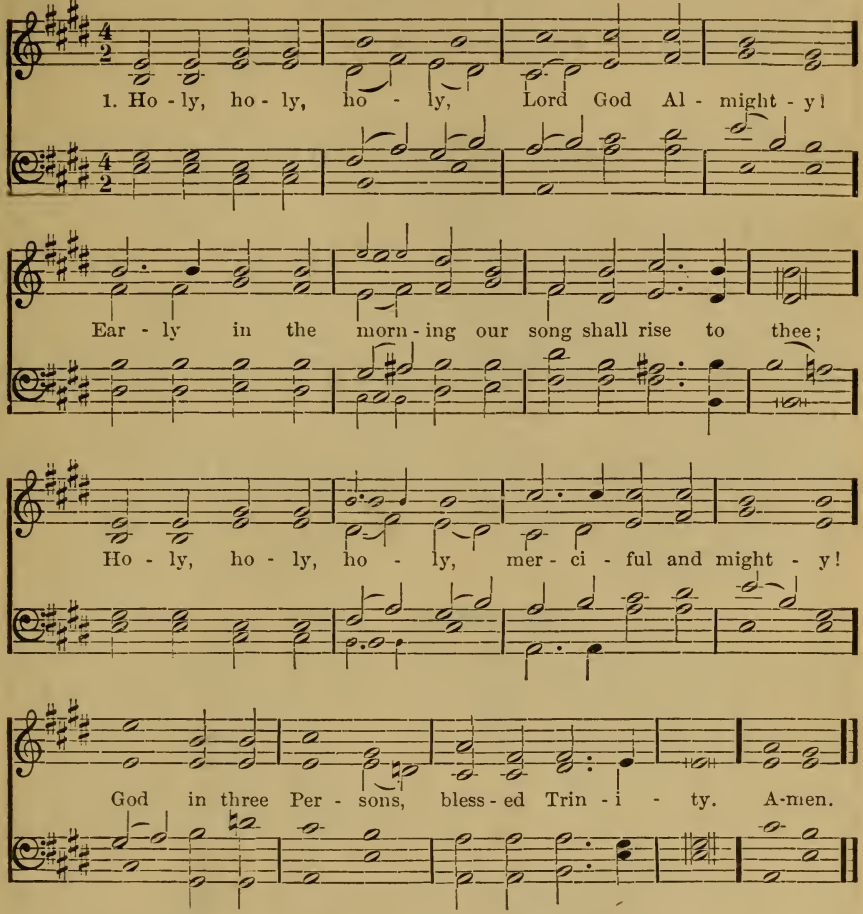
2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim:
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess:
Thee, holy Son, adore:
Spirit of truth and holiness,
We praise thee evermore.

4 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord
(Our heavenly song shall be),
Supreme, essential One, adored
In coëternal Three!

Charles Wesley.

4 **NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.** JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

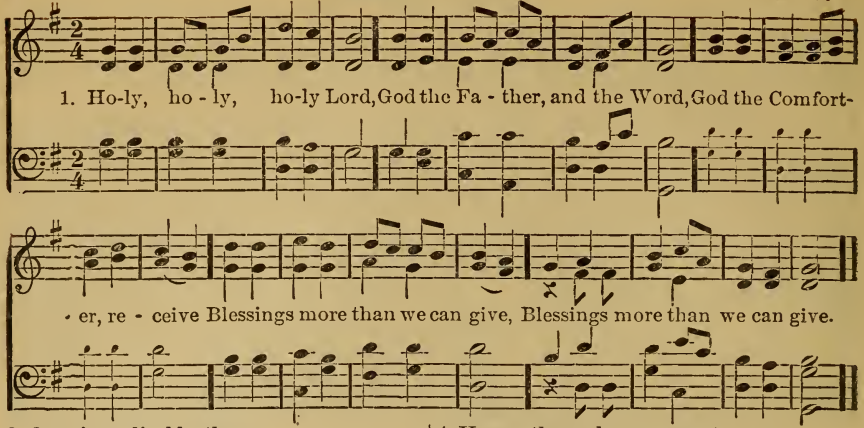
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

March 15, 1981. Oct. 15, 1980.

5 **HENDON. 7s.** C. H. A. MALAN.



2 One, inexplicably three,
One, in simplest unity:
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us thy lisping creatures hear.

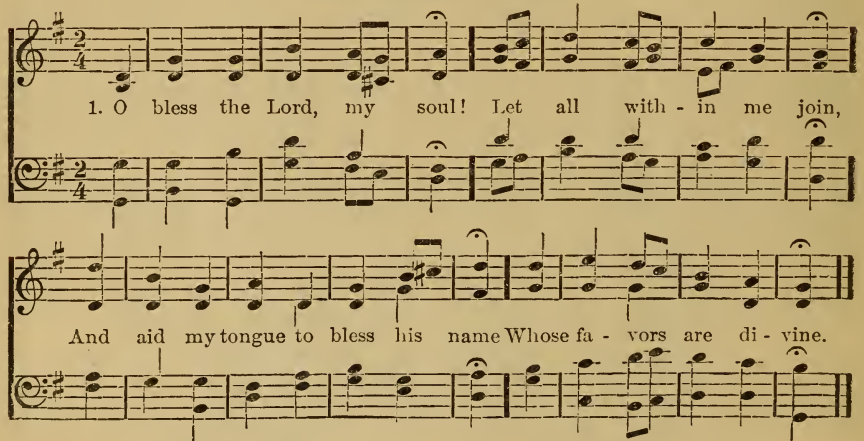
3 Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

4 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!

5 Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall, o'erwhelmed with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore!

Charles Wesley.

6 **ST. THOMAS. S. M.** GEO. F. HANDEL.



2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

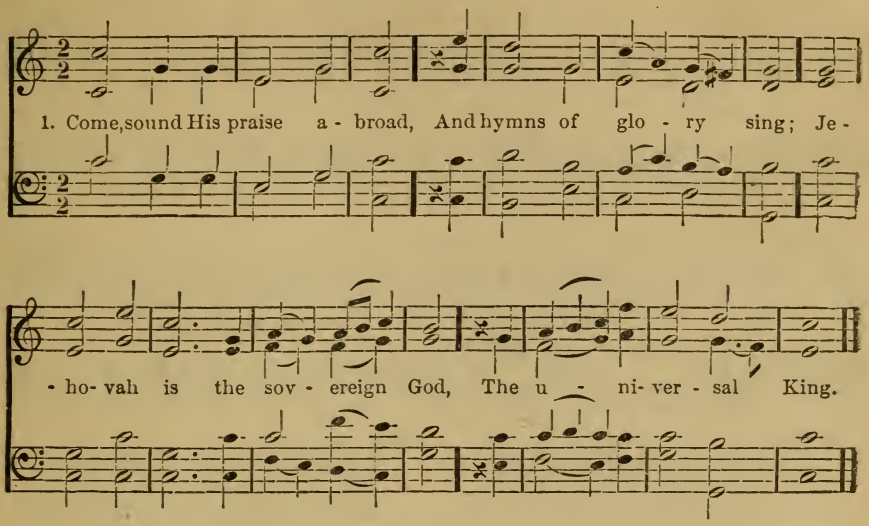
4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave:
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest:
The Lord hath judgment for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

Isaac Watts.

7 SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.



2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

8 S. M.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips—our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense
The spirit feels him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

9 S. M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

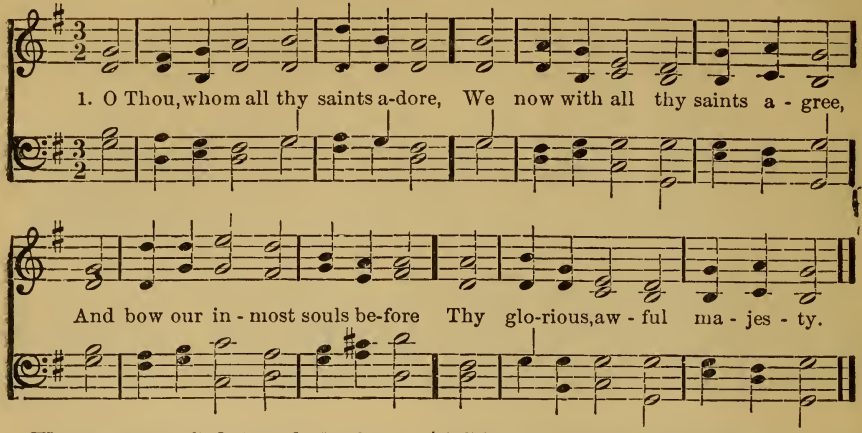
3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Isaac Watts.

10 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait;
And O how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate!

3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

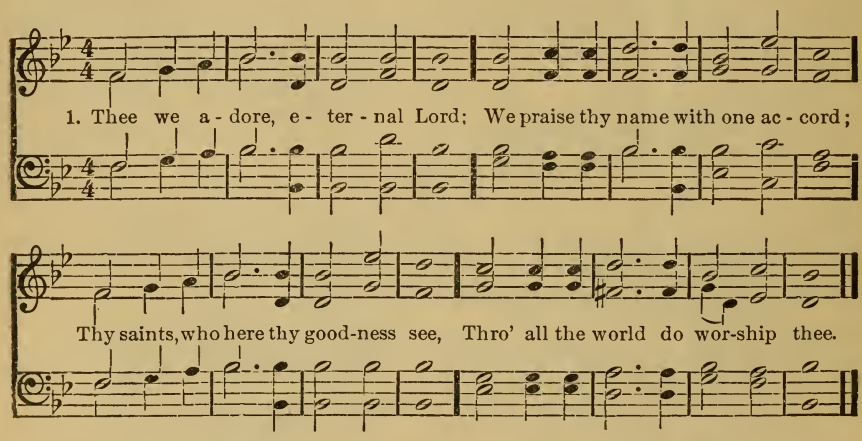
4 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above;
And take our seats at thy right-hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

11 GILEAD. L. M.

ETIENNE HENRI MEHUL.



2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of Hosts, they ever sing.

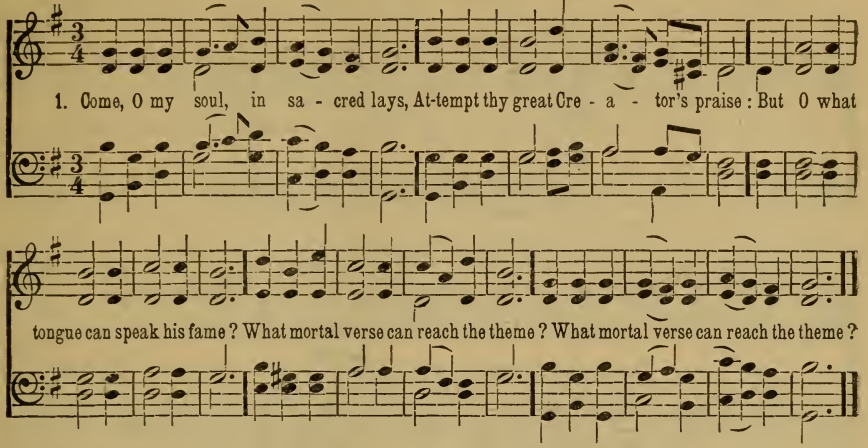
3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee:
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

John Gambold.

12 PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENNA.



2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

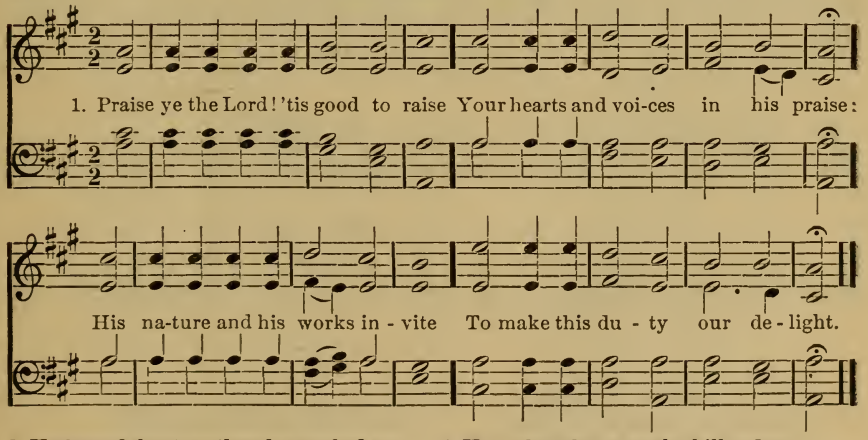
3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

Thomas Blacklock.

13 STERLING. L. M.

RALPH HARRISON.



2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

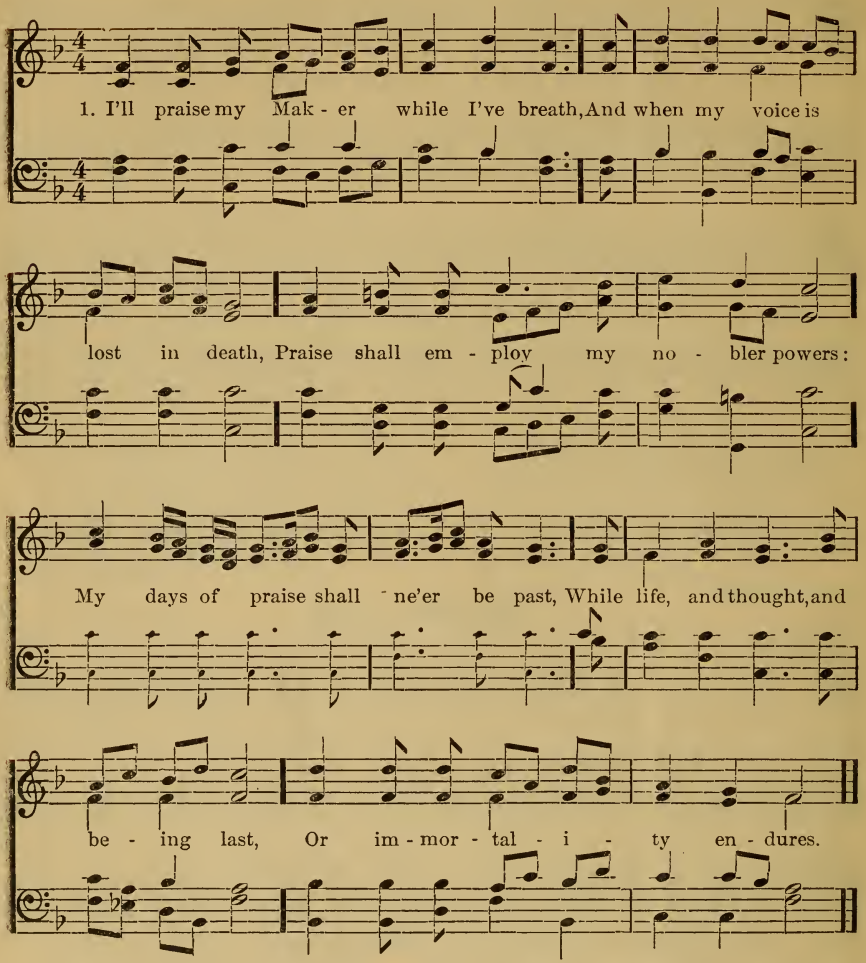
4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

Isaac Watts.

14 NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

THOMAS BOWMAN.



2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure:
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor:
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

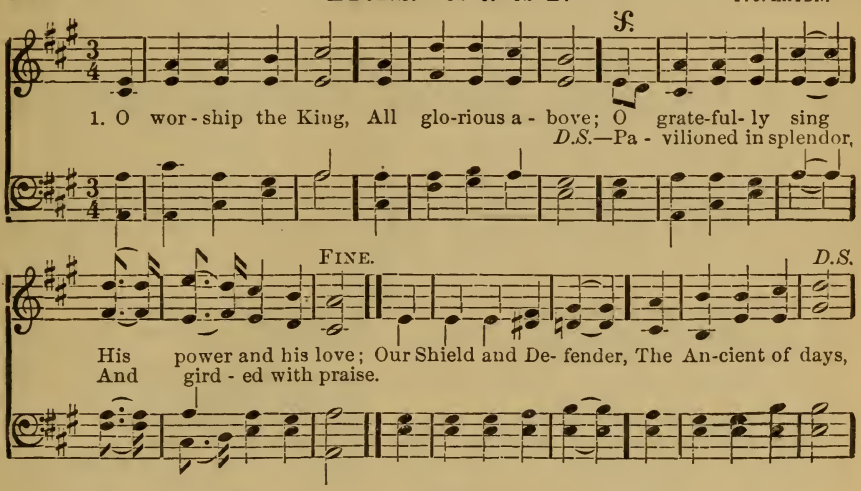
Isaac Watts.

2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
Forever new:
He shows his prints of love—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abrah'm's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers.

19 **LYONS. 5s & 6s D.** F. J. HAYDN.



2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

Robert Grant.

20 5s & 6s. D.

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

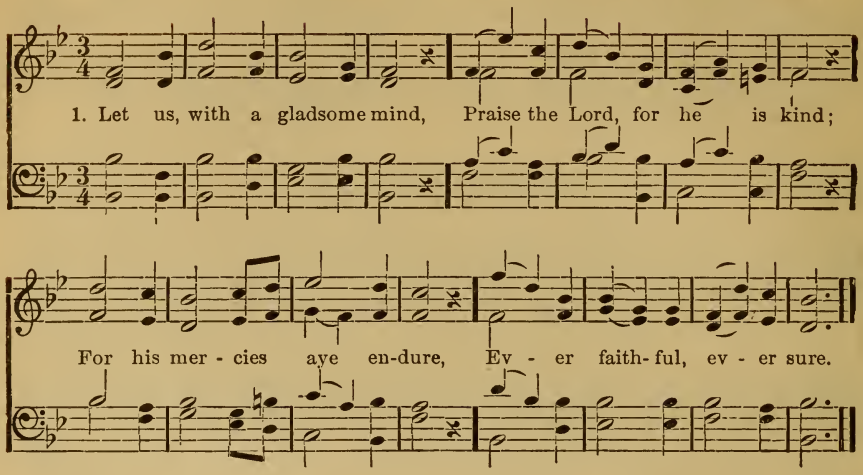
2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh;
His presence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory, and power,
And wisdom, and might;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

21 HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

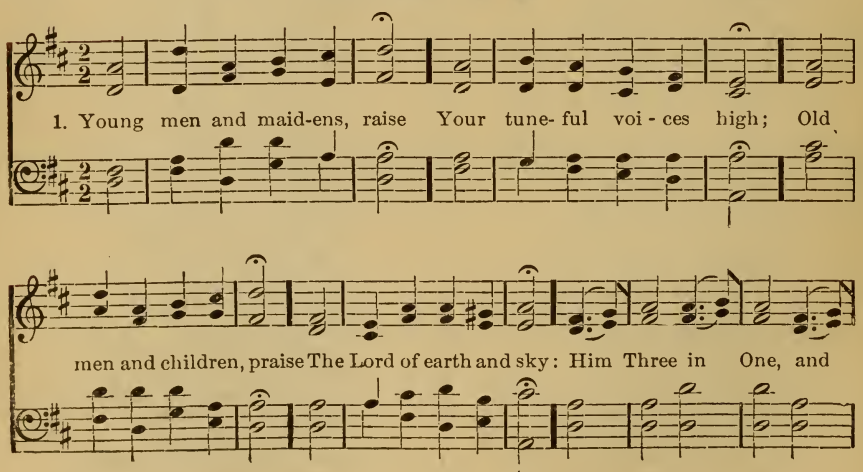
3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

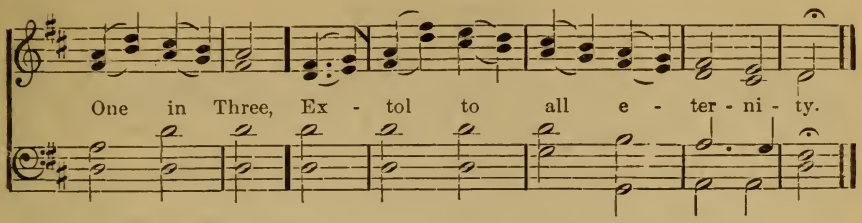
4 Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton.

22 HADDAM. H. M.

LOWELL MASON.





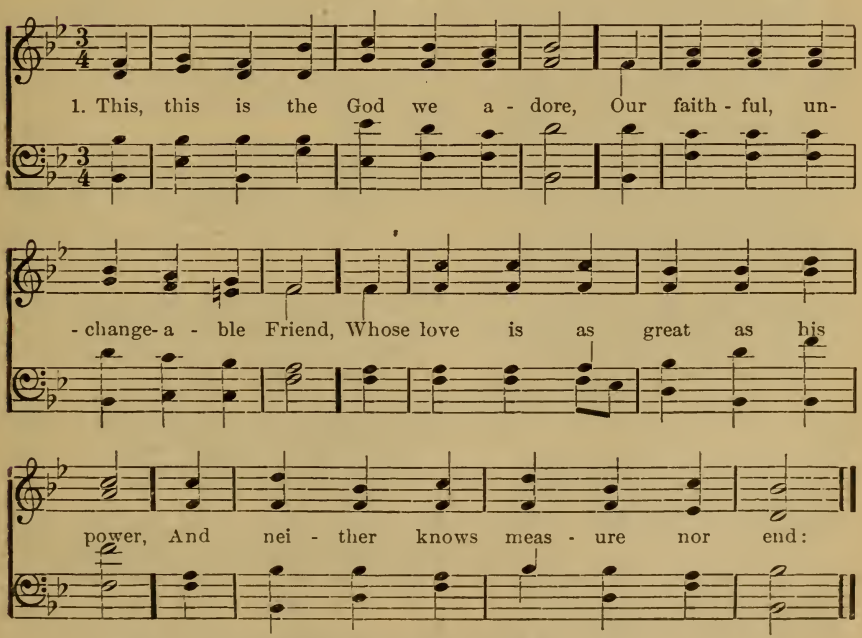
2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellences meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs:
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth and heaven:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

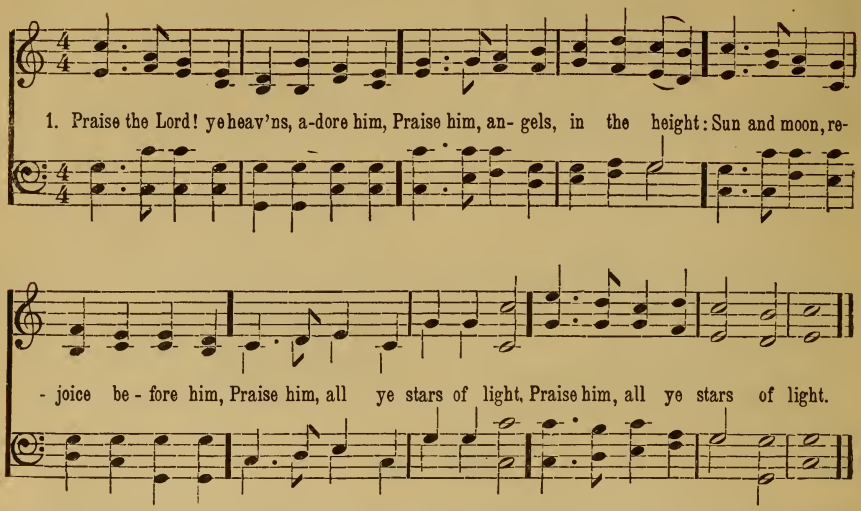
23 **DYKE.** 8s. L. C. EVERETT.



2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

Joseph Hart.

24 **ESSEX.** 8s, 7s. THOMAS CLARK.



2 Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name!

John Kempthorne.

25 8s, 7s.

1 LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, Lord God most high."

3 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him:
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

4 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored.
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Richard Mant

26 8s, 7s.

1 GOD is love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

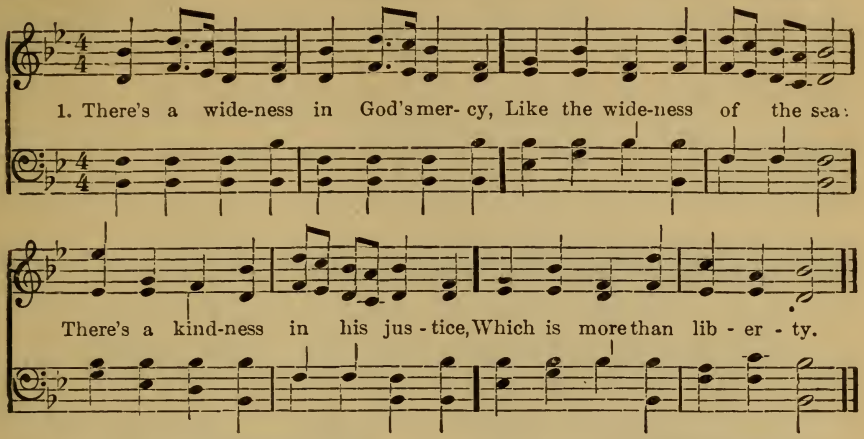
2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

27 **WILMOT. 8s, 7s.** CARL MARIA VON WEBER



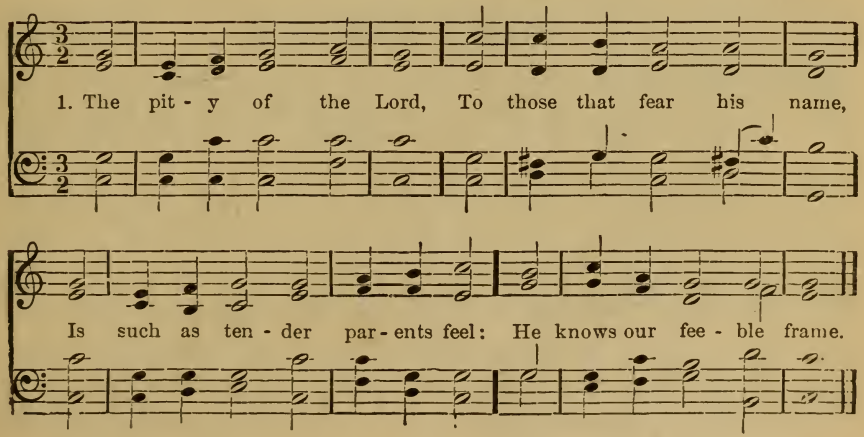
2 There is welcome for the sinner,
There are blessings for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our faith were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick William Faber.

28 **BOYLSTON. S. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

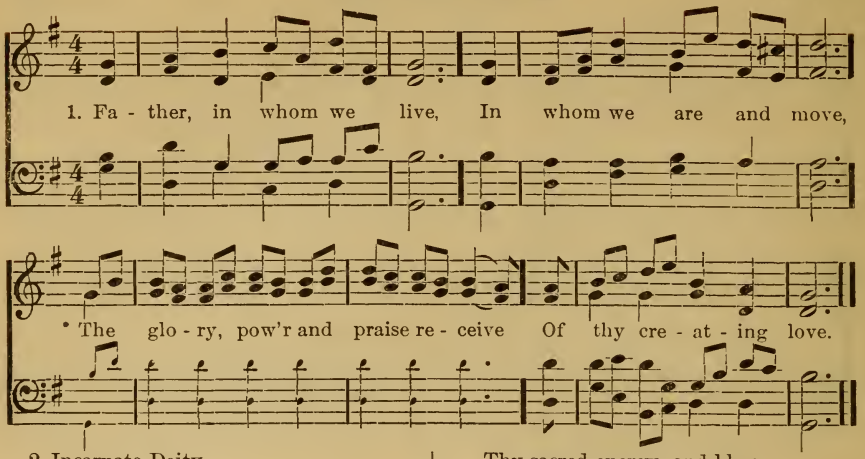
3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

29 SHIRLAND. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render, in thanks, their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

4 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

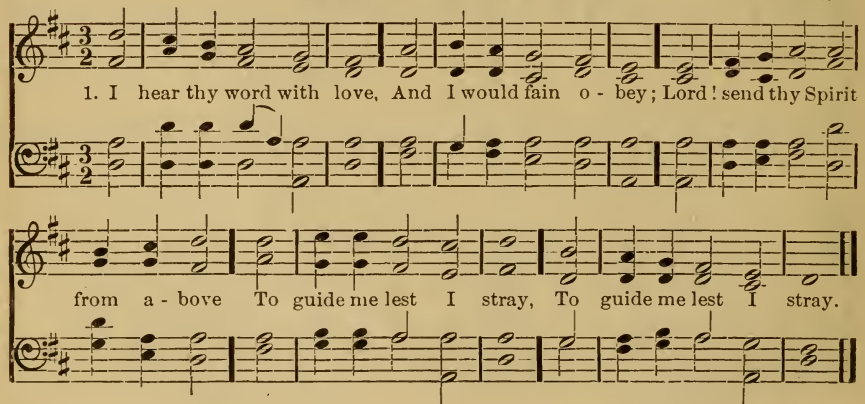
5 Eternal, Triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon thy love.

6 When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing, all the saints thy love hath made.
Thine everlasting praise!

Charles Wesley.

30 VARIETY GROVE. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT.



2 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold, presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

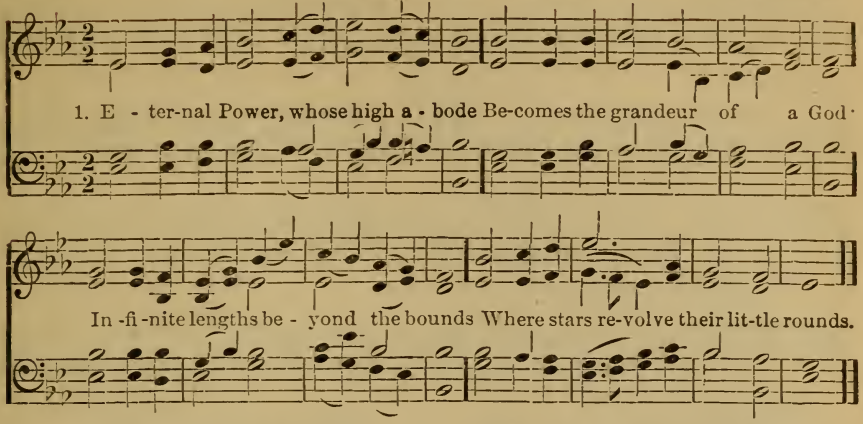
3 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

4 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

Isaac Watts.

31 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

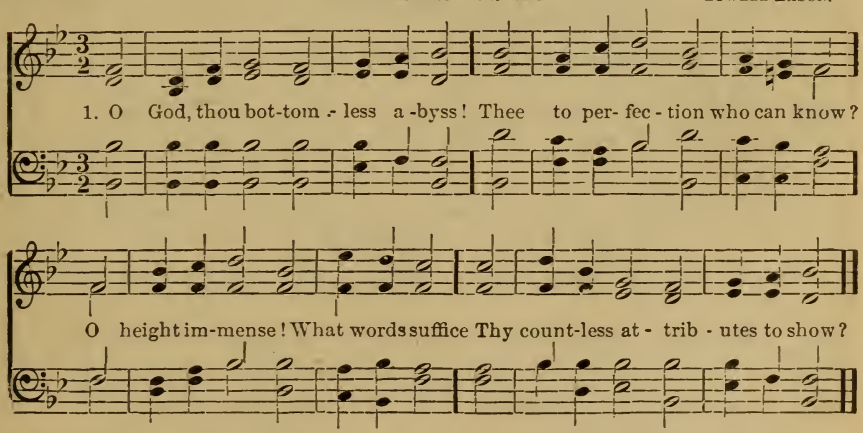
4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short, our tunes; our words, be few!
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

32 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Unfathomable depths thou art!
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart:
With love embrace and cover me!

3 While thee, all infinite, I set,
By faith, before my ravished eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight:
O'erpowered, I sink, I faint, I die.

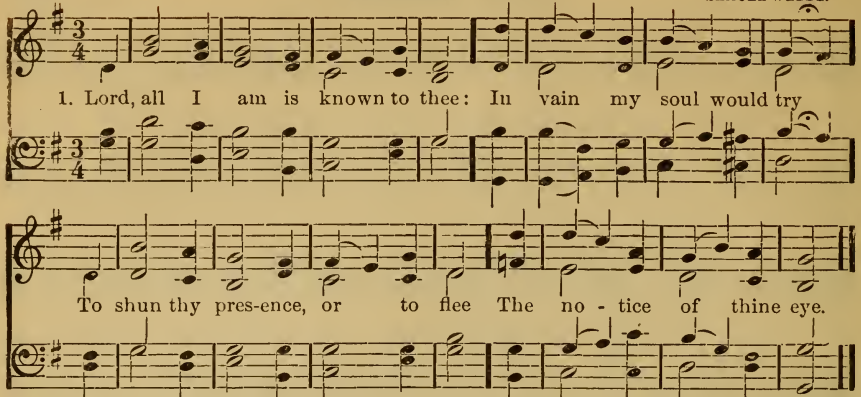
4 Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine
When earth and heaven are fled away.

5 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word:
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

Ernest Lange. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

33 BELMONT. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

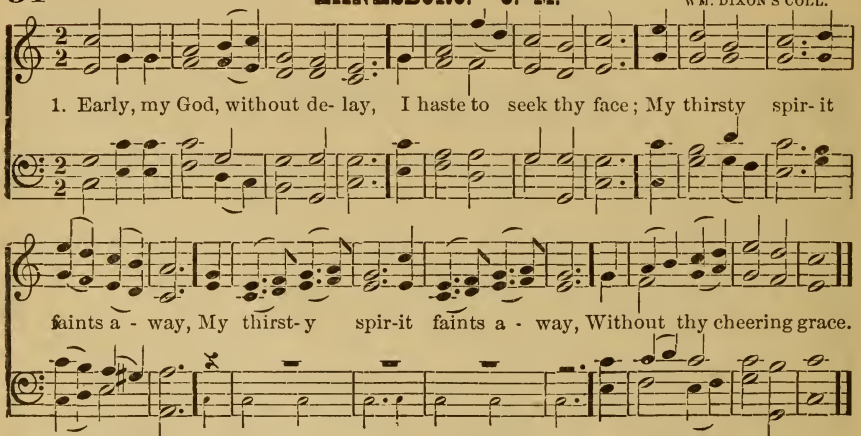
4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts.

34 LANESBORO. C. M.

WM. DIXON'S COLL.



2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King:
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts.

35

C. M. TUNE, "LANESBORO."

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all:
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed
eneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

Isaac Watts.

36

C. M. TUNE, "BELMONT."

1 BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed,
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

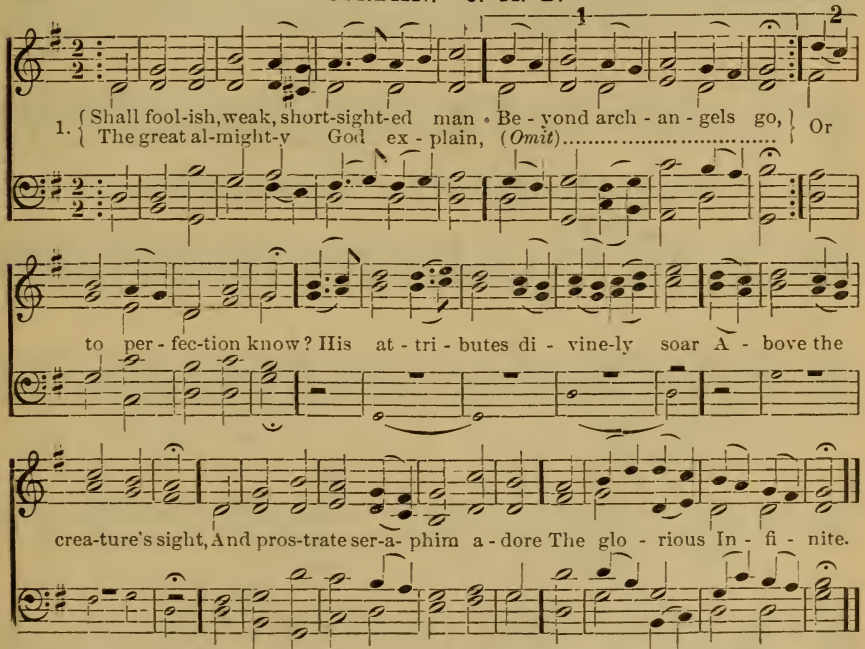
3 Thy glorious name, and nature's powers,
Thou dost to us make known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

Charles Wesley.

37

JORDAN. C. M. D.

W. BILLINGS.



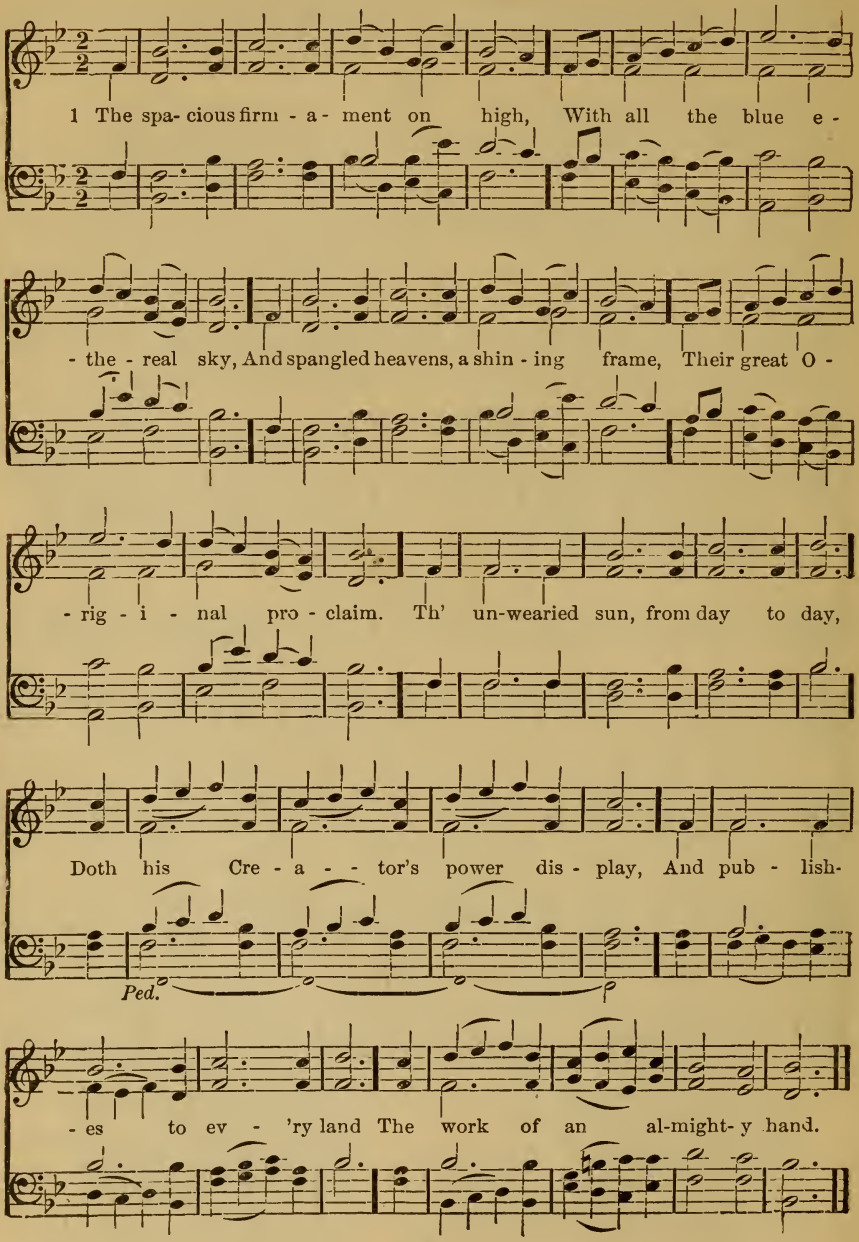
2 Jehovah's everlasting days,
They cannot numbered be:
Incomprehensible the space
Of thine immensity:
Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
In vain we strive to sound,
Or stretch our lab'ring thought t' assign
Omnipotence a bound.

3 The brightness of thy glories leaves
Description far below;
Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives
How deep thy mercies flow:
Thy love is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above:
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of thy love!

Charles Wesley.

38 CREATION. L. M. D.

F. J. HAYDN.

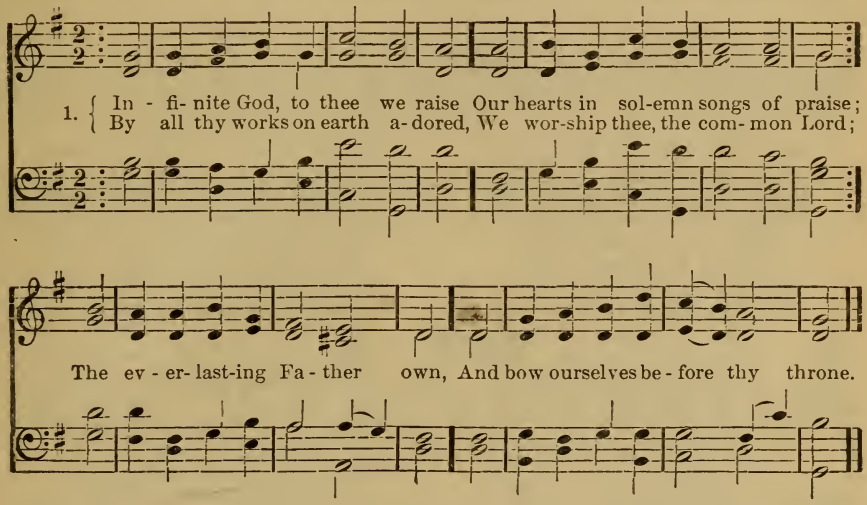


2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison.

39 **GUION. L. M. 61.** A. B. EVERETT



2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"

3 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee:
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

Charles Wesley.

40 L. M. 61.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

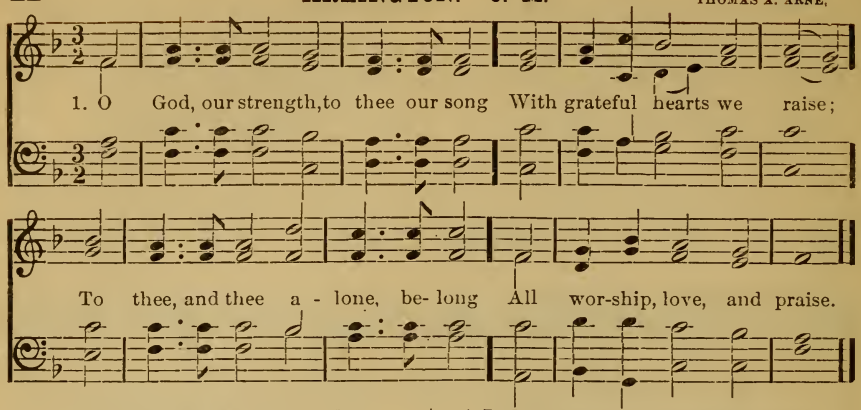
3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison.

41 ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

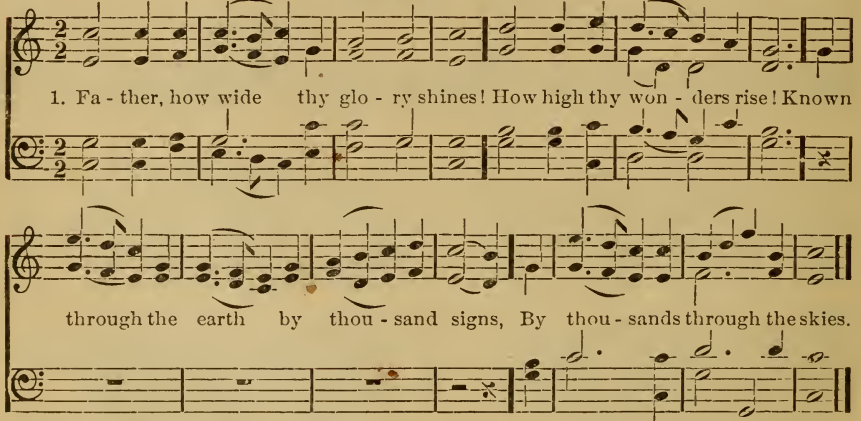
4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

Harriet Auber.

42 HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.



2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ:
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

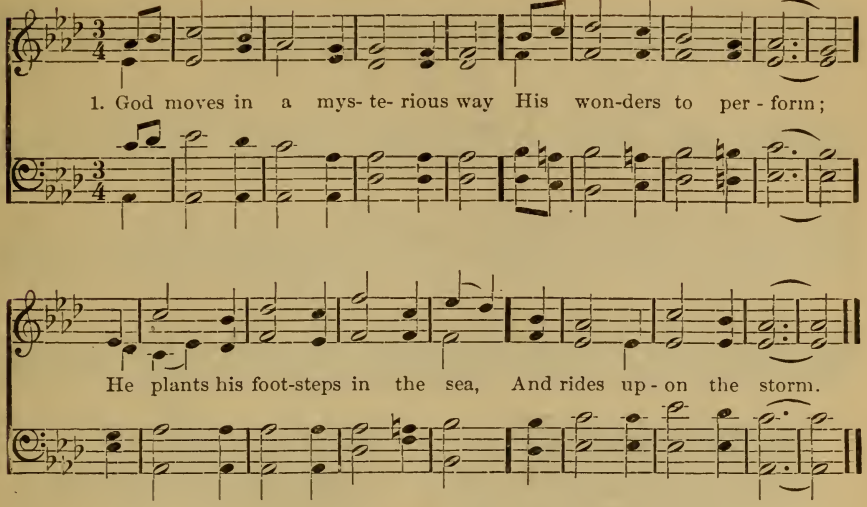
4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,

5 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe;
We love and we adore:
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

6 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

Isaac Watts.

43 **MANOAH. C. M.** F. J. HAYDN.



2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

44 C. M.

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

Good when he gives—supremely good—
Nor less when he denies:
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

James Hervey.

45 C. M.

1 THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 As through a glass, we dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

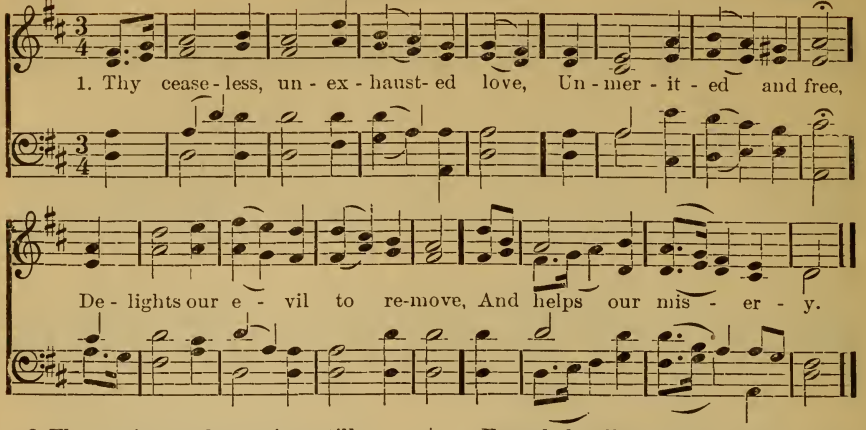
3 'Tis but in part we know thy will;
We bless thee for the sight:
Soon will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light.

4 With rapture shall we then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett.

46 HOWARD. C. M.

ELIZABETH CUTHBERT.



2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound:
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

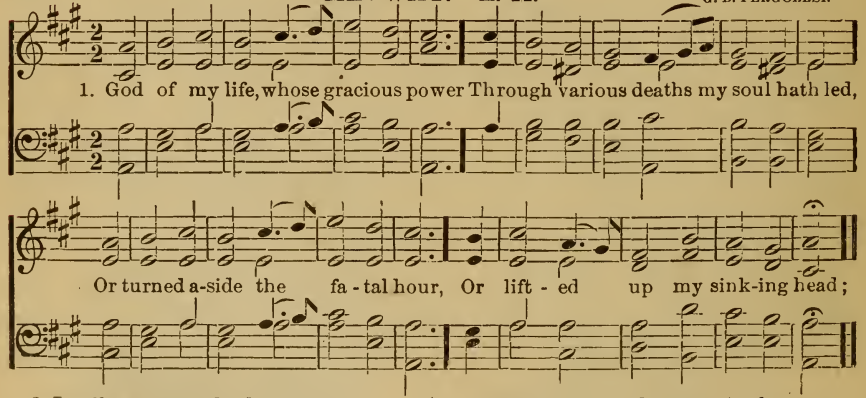
5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

Charles Wesley.

47 MEDWAY. L. M.

G. B. PERGOLESI.



2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

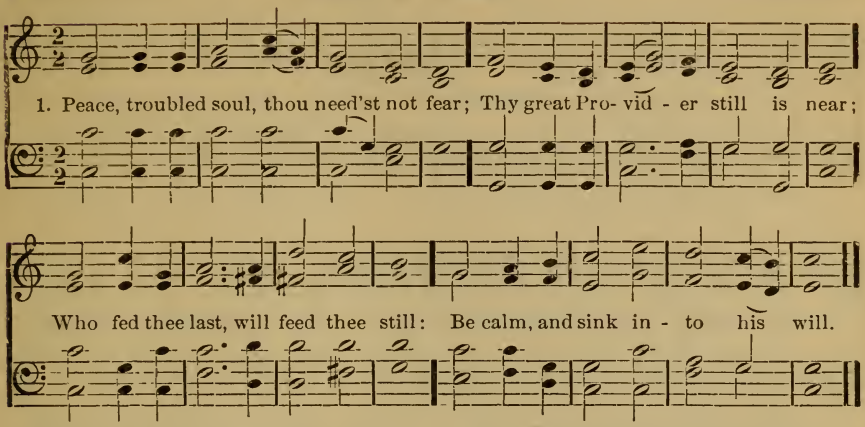
4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known:
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Charles Wesley.

48 ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask, and receive in Jesus' name.

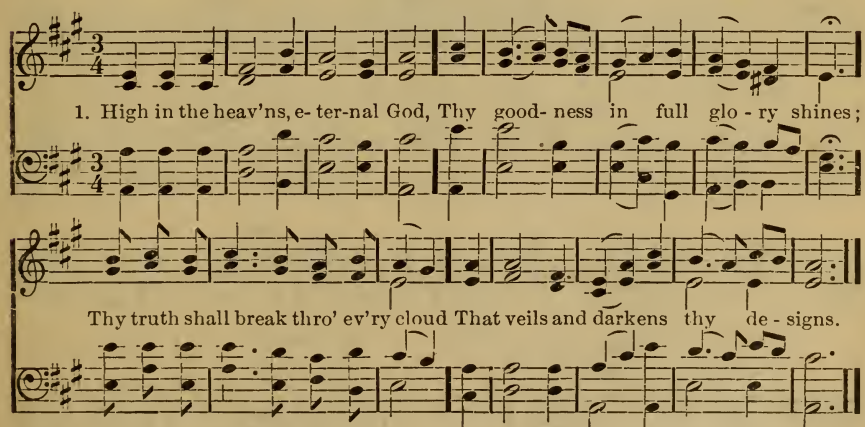
3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

Samuel Ecking.

49 MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

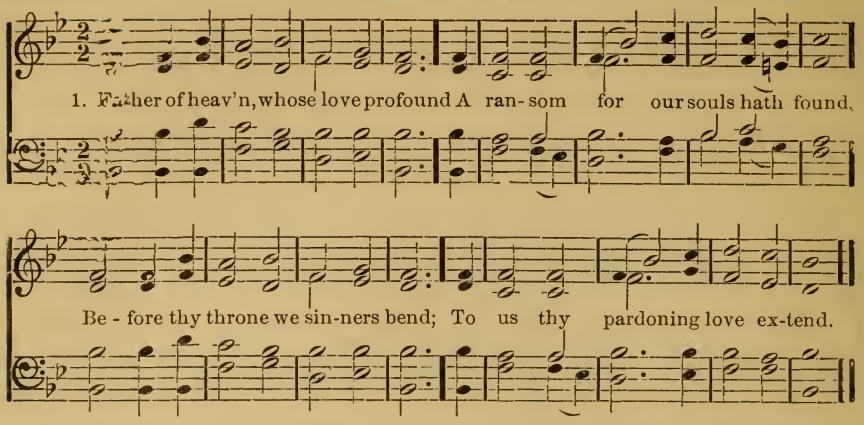
4 My God! how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs:
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts.

50 WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

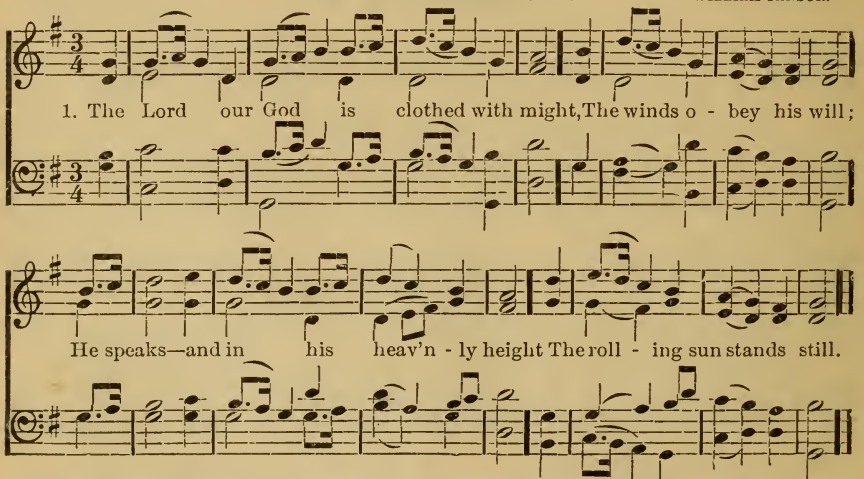
3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quick'ning power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Edward Cooper.

51 ST. MARTINS. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.



2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies:
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in rev'rence bend:
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

Henry Kirke White.

52

C. M. TUNE, "ST. MARTINS."

1 GREAT God, to me the sight afford
To him of old allowed;
And let my faith behold its Lord,
Descending in a cloud!

2 In that revealing Spirit come,
Thine attributes proclaim;
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

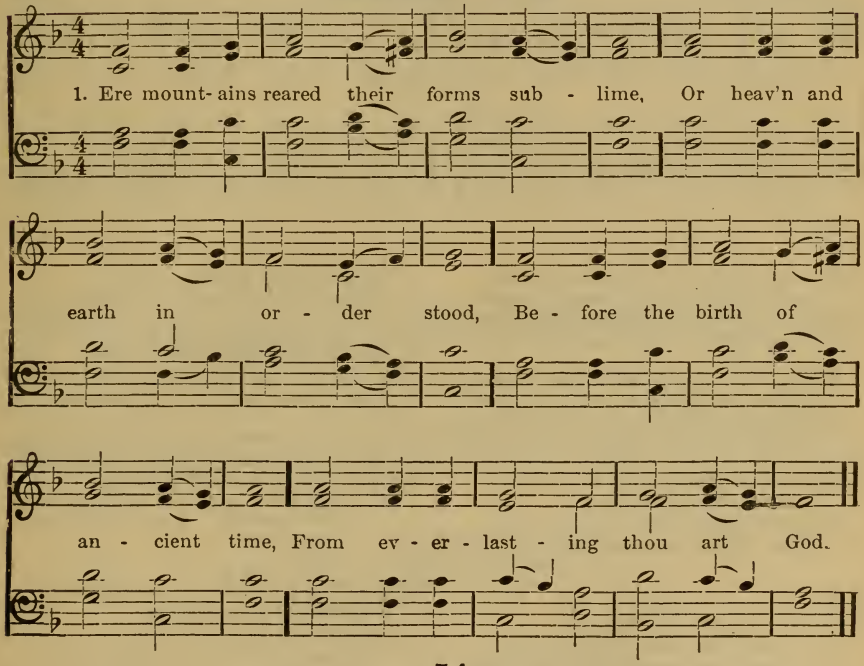
3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art;
But let me rather prove
That name inspoken to my heart,
That fav'rite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast:
Mercy is thy distinguished name,
And suits the sinner best.

Charles Wesley.

53 **HAMBURG. L. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

Harriet Auber.

54 L. M.

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thy own:
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours—a drop derived from thee.

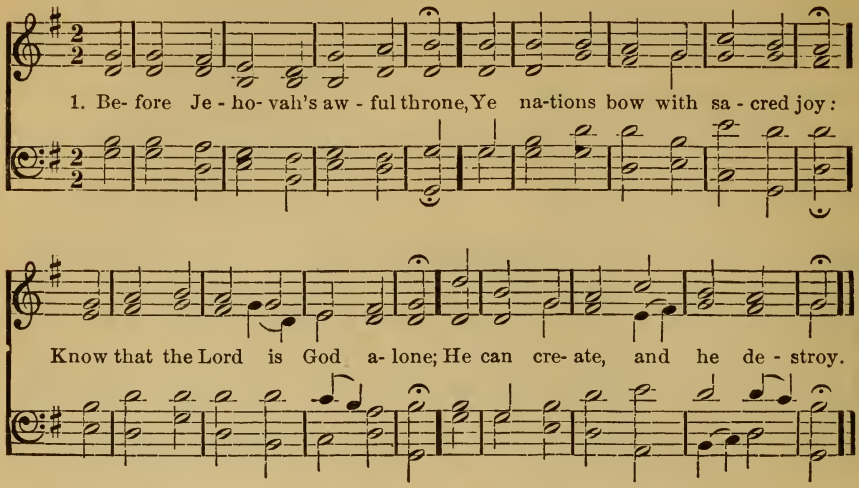
2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare:
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty.

Charles Wesley.

55 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts.

56 L. M.

1 ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed,
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race:
O God! what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace?

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive:
All thy delight in us fulfil:
Lo! all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign:
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal th' abode forever thine!

5 O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.

6 Still, Lord, thy saving health display
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal:
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

57 L. M.

1 PARENT of good! thy bounteous hand
Incessant benefits distills;
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

2 Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace:
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!

3 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath, we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

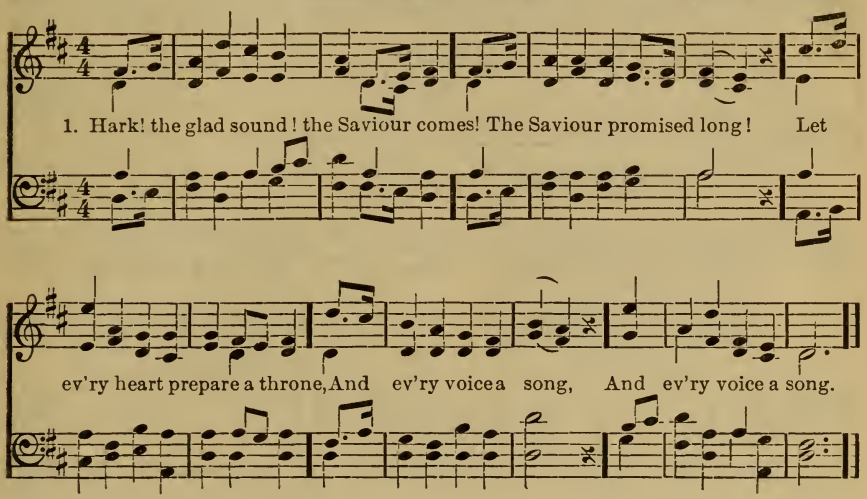
4 Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Ernest Lange. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

SECTION II.

MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

58 **CHRISTMAS. C. M.** GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst;
The iron fetters yield!

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

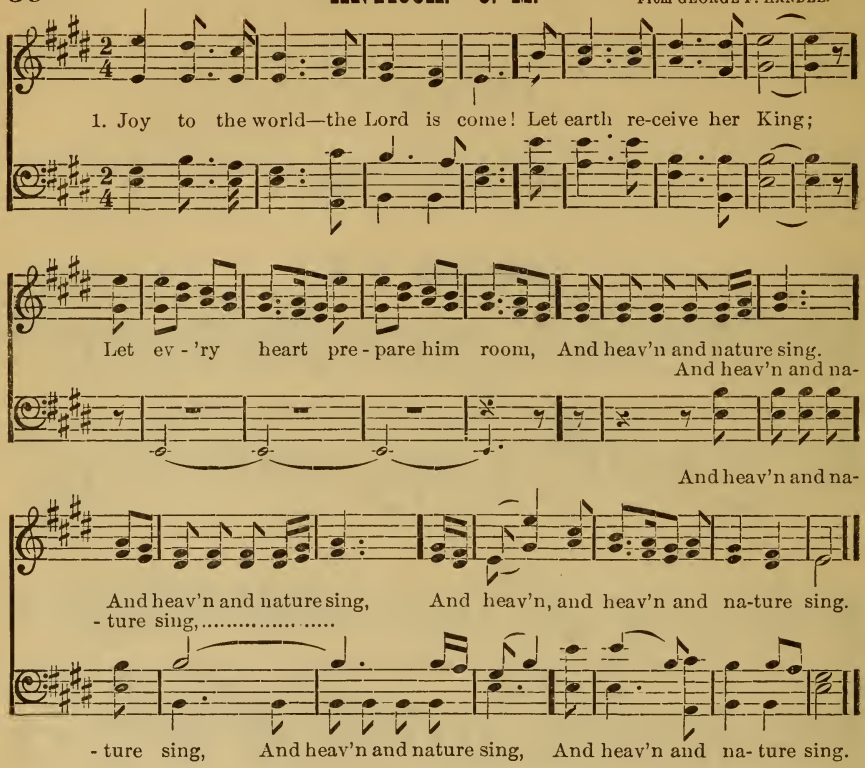
4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

35 *Philip Doddridge.*

59 ANTIOCH. C. M.

From GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace:
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

60 C. M.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled:
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

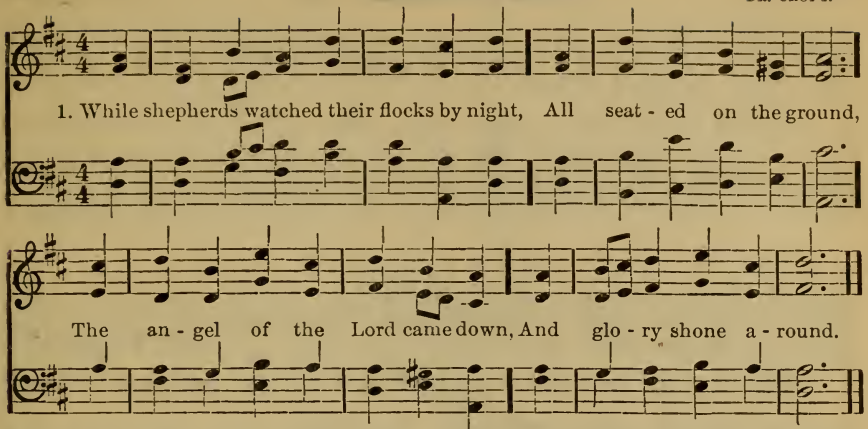
5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete:
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth and time and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

Samuel Medley.

61 ST. ANNS. C. M.

DR. CROFT.



2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

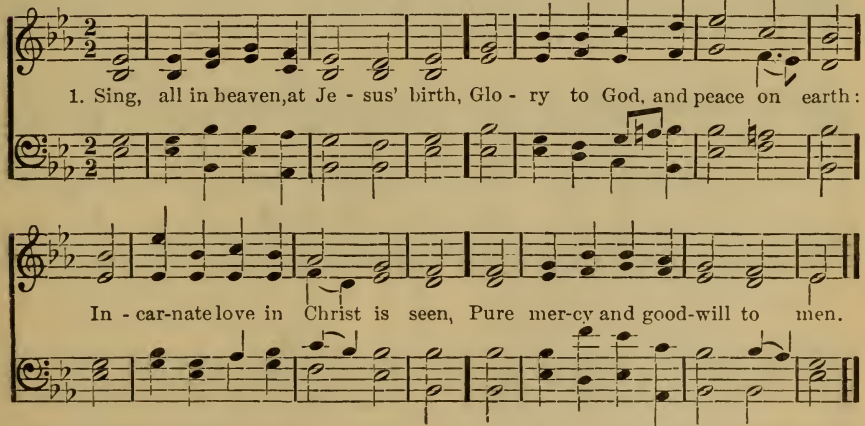
5 Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
And thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate.

62 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Praise him, extolled above all height,
Who doth in worthless worms delight:
God reconciled in Christ confess,
Your present and eternal peace.

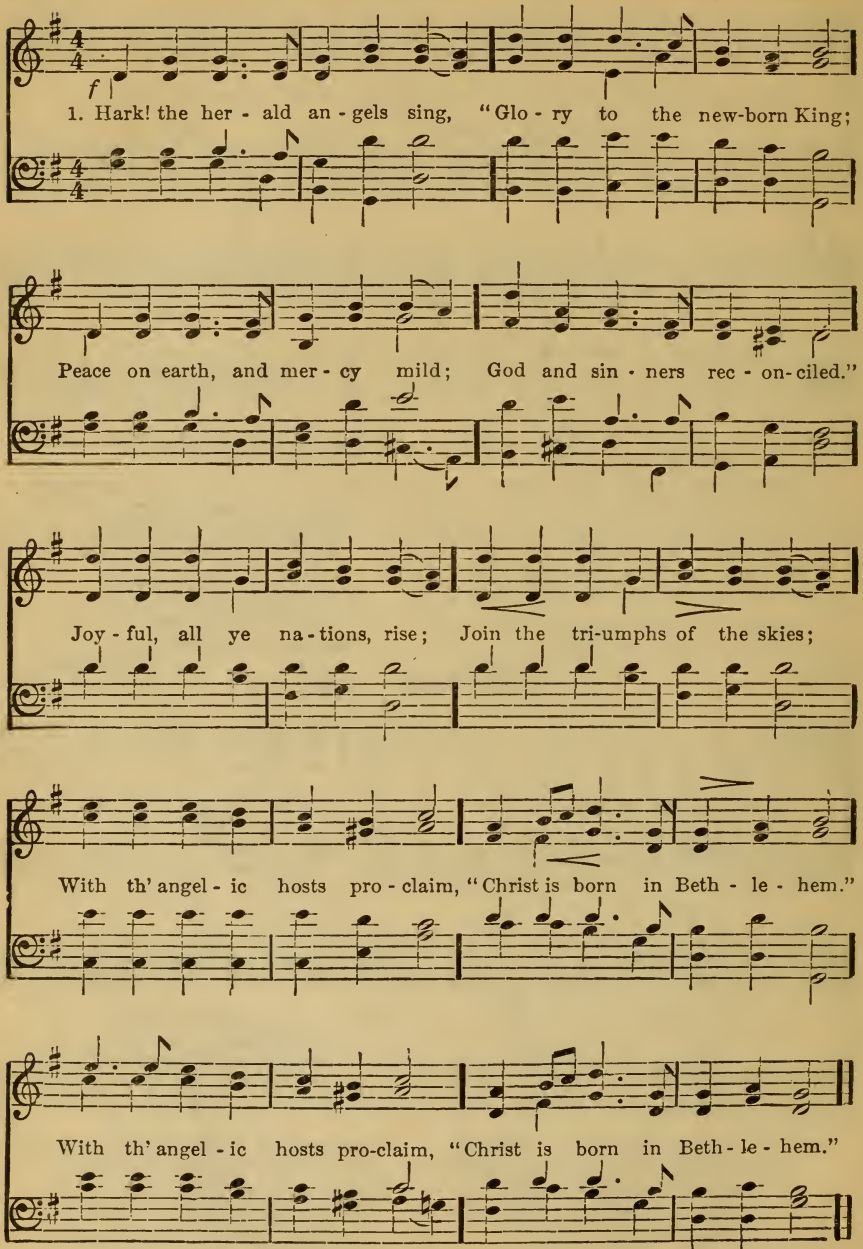
3 From Jesus, manifest below,
Rivers of pure salvation flow,
And pour on man's distinguished race
Their everlasting streams of grace.

4 Sing, every soul of Adam's line,
The fav'rite attribute Divine,
Ascribing, with the hosts above,
All glory to the God of love.

Charles Wesley.

63 HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.



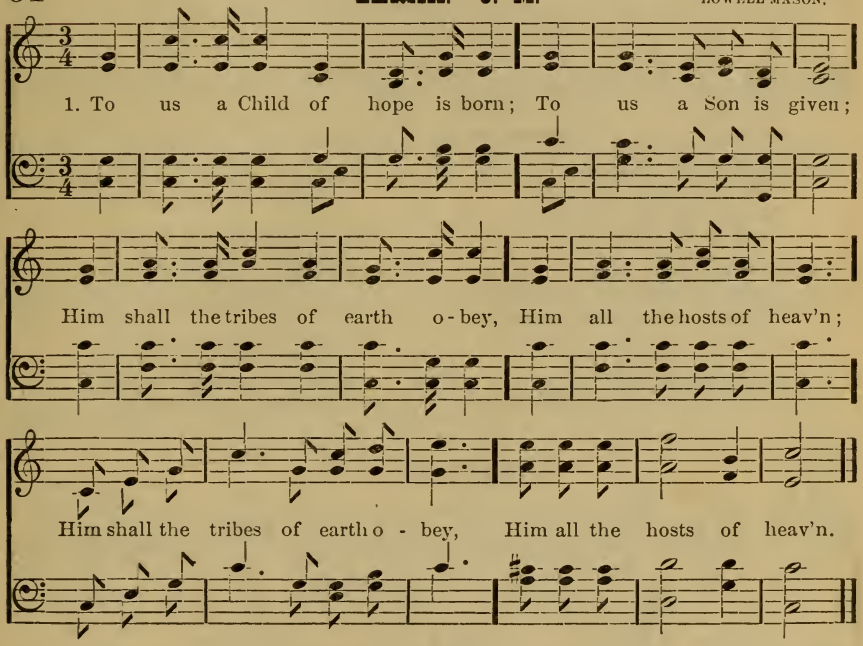
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord:
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home:
Rise, the woman's conq'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head;
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

Charles Wesley.

64 **ZERAH. C. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

John Morrison.

65 C. M.

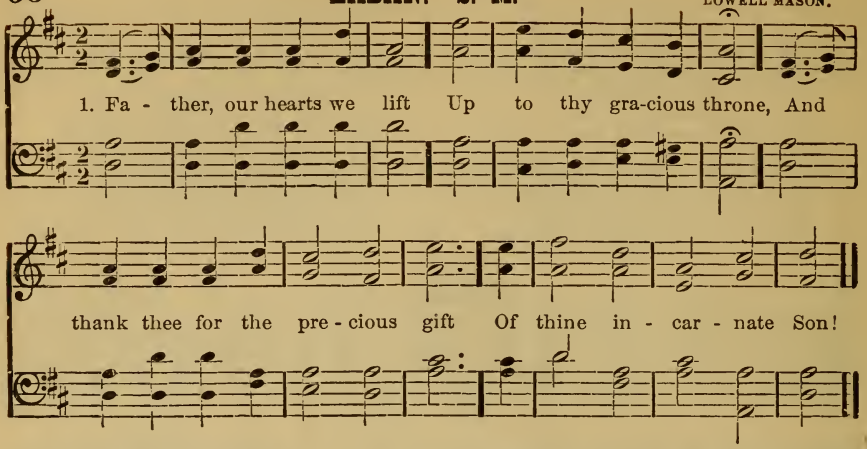
1 SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace Divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts.

66 **LABAN. S. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

3 Jesus, the holy child,
Doth, by his birth, declare
That God and man are reconciled,
And one in him we are.

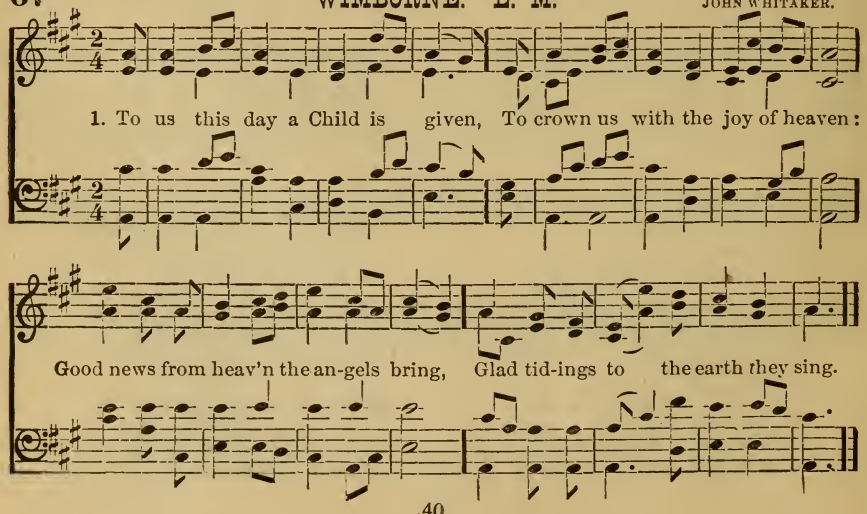
4 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end:
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our friend.

5 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart.

6 Changed in a moment, we
The sweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

67 **WIMBORNE. L. M.** JOHN WHITAKER.



2 All praise to thee, eternal Lord,
Clothed in the garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

3 A little Child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

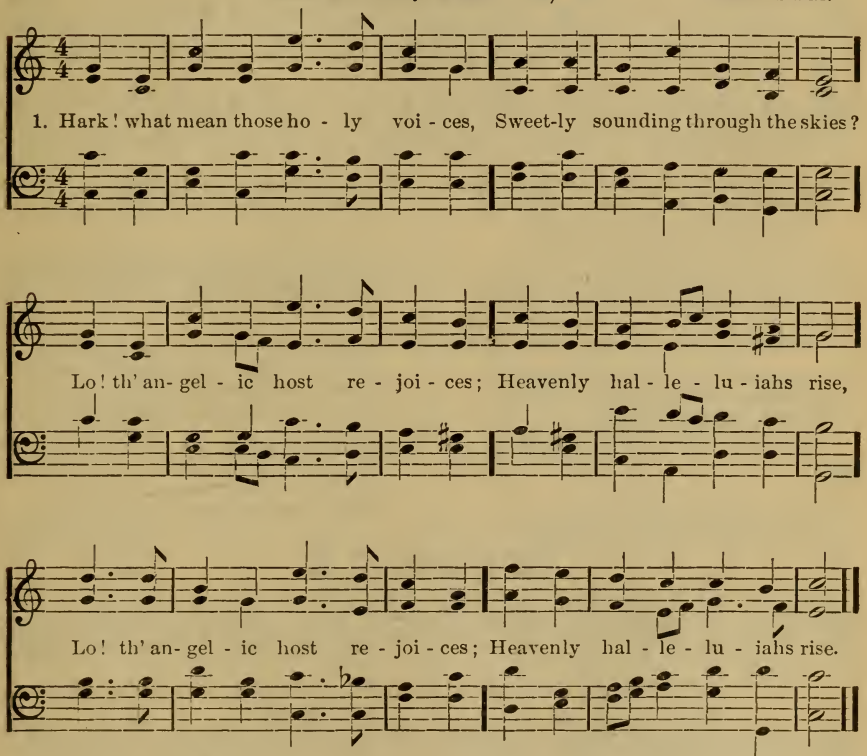
4 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

5 Ah, blesséd Jesus, holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

Martin Luther. Tr. by *A. T. Russell* (alt.)

68 REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s.

HENRY SMART.



2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

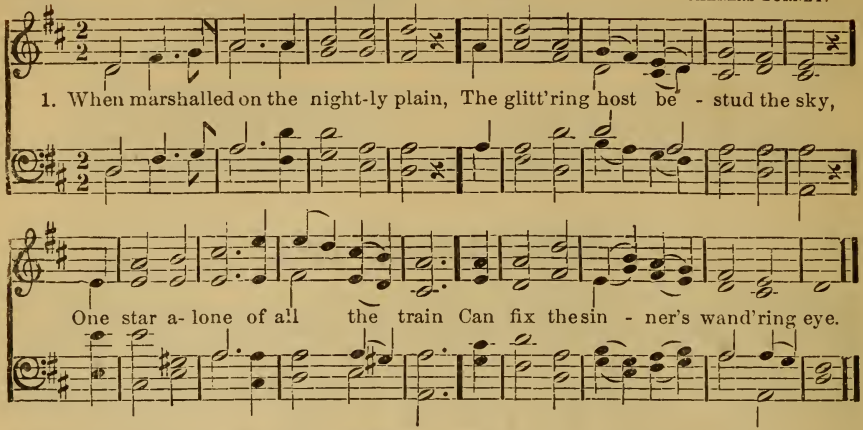
4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him:
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"

John Cawood.

69 TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY.



2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It is my guide, my light, my all;
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And, through life's storm and danger's thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.

4 Thus, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White.

70 L. M.

1 To us a child, of royal birth,
Heir of the promises, is given:
Th' Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Saviour born, in love supreme
He comes, our fallen souls to raise:
He comes, his people to redeem,
With all his plenitude of grace.

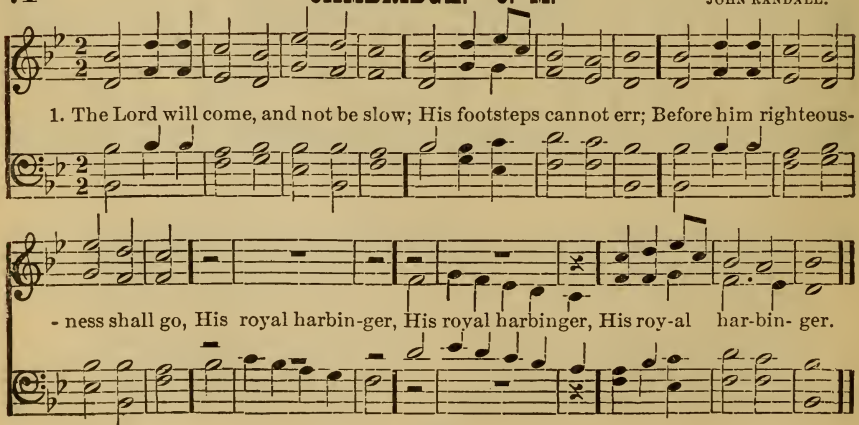
3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Filled with th' eternal Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King, behold,
And Lord of all the worlds adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

Charles Wesley.

71 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL.



2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

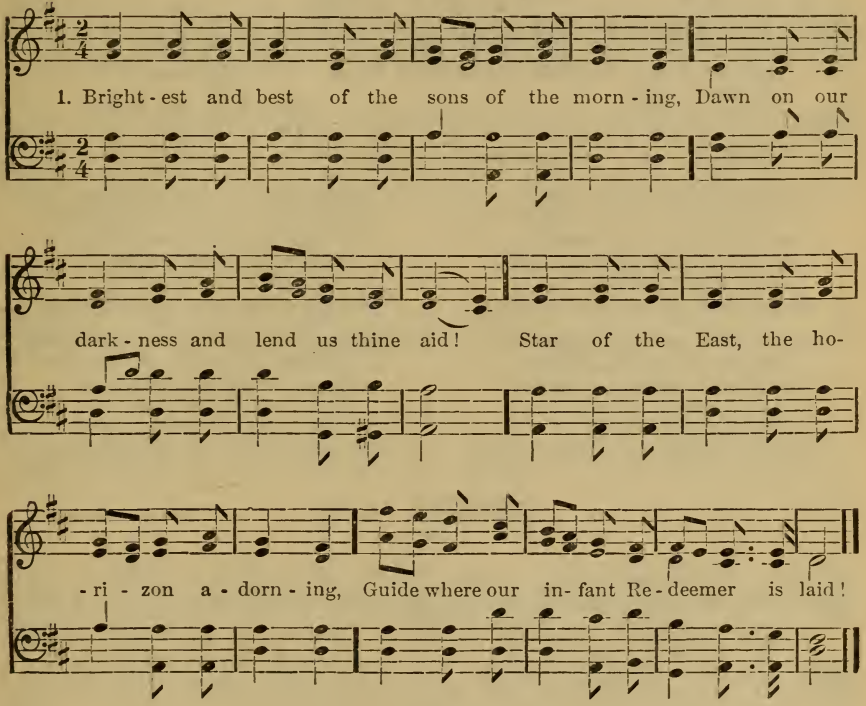
3 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

4 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

5 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart; and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore!

John Milton.

72 **HANOVER. 11s, 10s.** From W. A. MOZART



2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining.
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

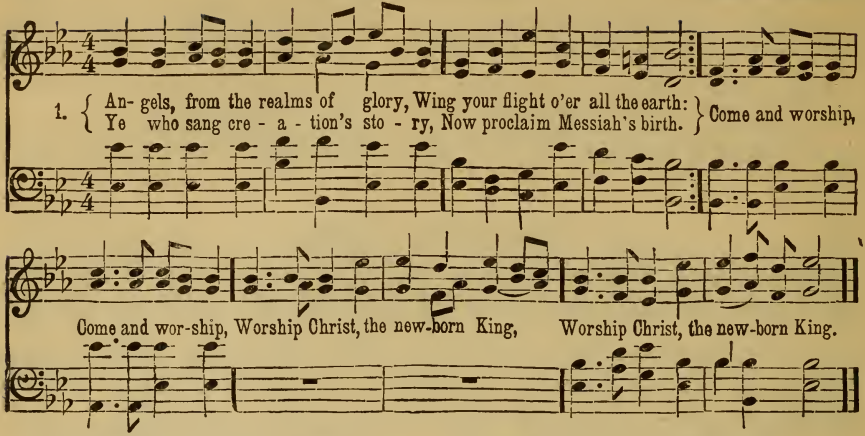
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber.

73 OSGOOD. 8s, 7s, & 4.

Fr. A. G. RITTER.



2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

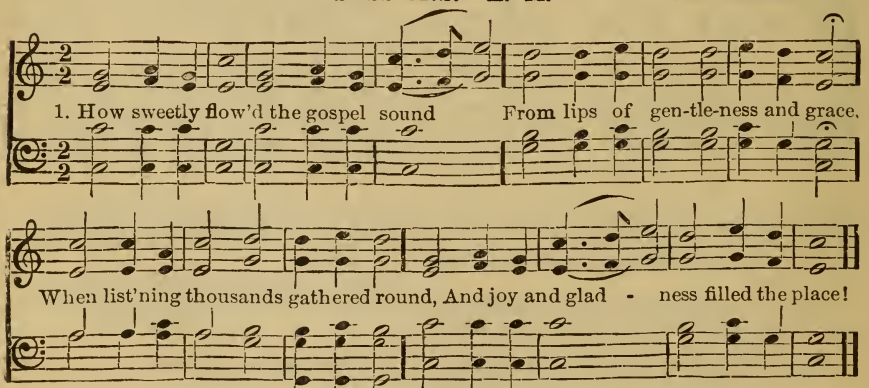
4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

James Montgomery.

74 SESSIONS. L. M.

LUTHER O. EMERSON.

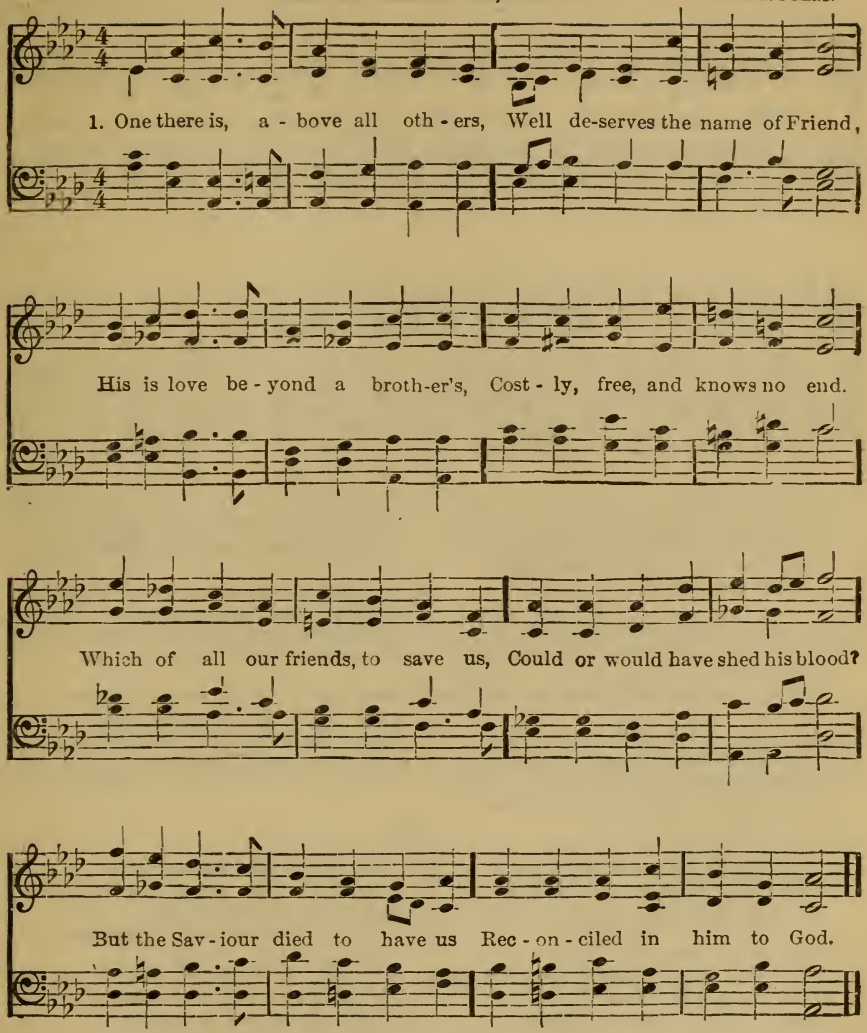


2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers way:
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

John Bowring.

75 **SANCTUARY. 8s, 7s. D.** JOHN B. DYKES.



2 When he lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

John Newton.

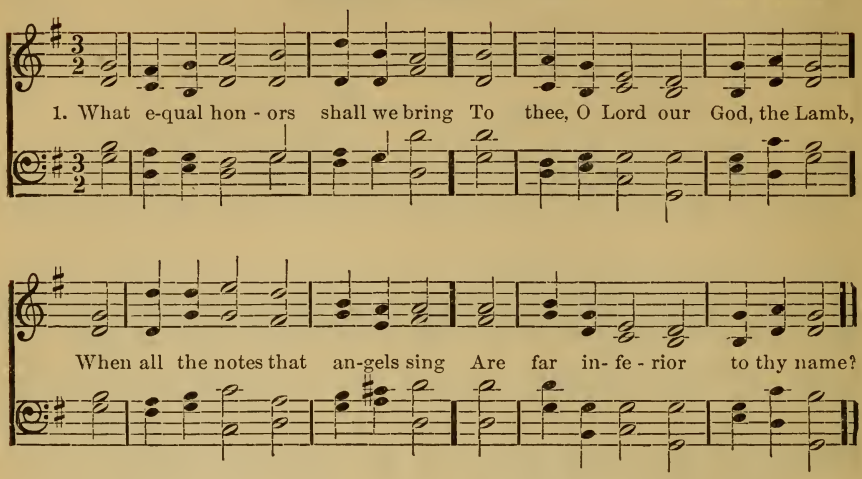
DOXOLOGY.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

76 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life, that groan'd and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too, [here.
Though he was charged with madness

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustained amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen!

Isaac Watts.

77 L. M.

1 Behold the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus does th' eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood!
He rises—and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence, and forever, from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

Isaac Watts.

78 L. M.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue:
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

4 O may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts

79 L. M. TUNE, "ROCKINGHAM."

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

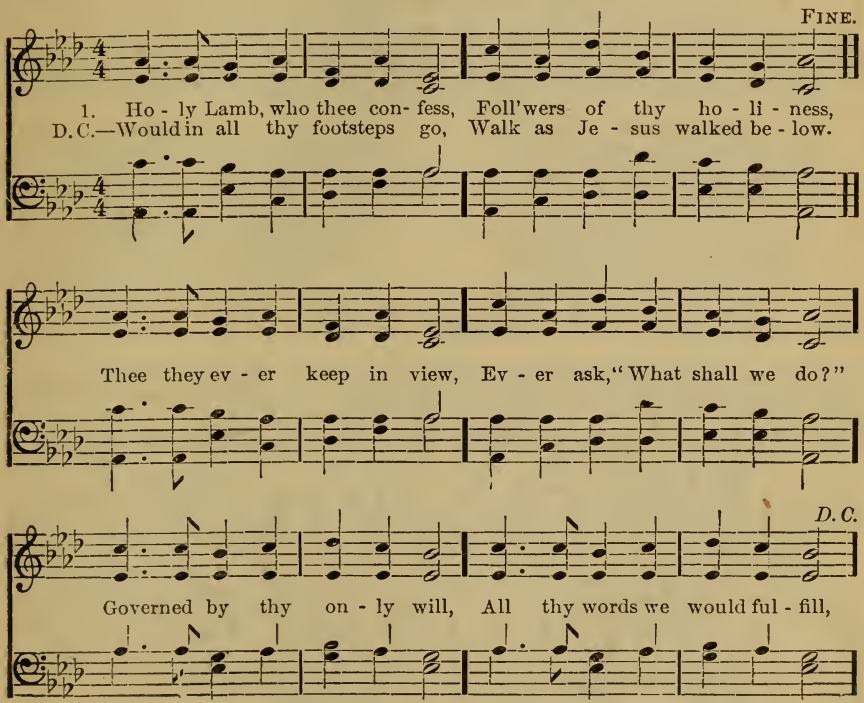
2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

80 **SPANISH HYMN.** 7s. D. Spanish Melody.



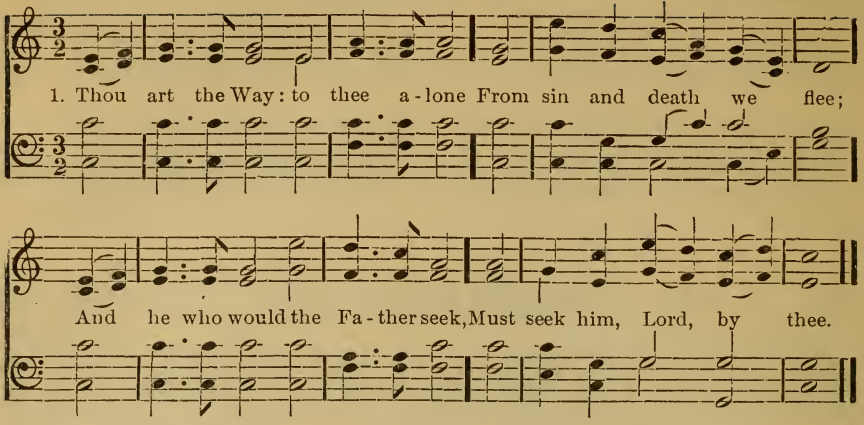
2 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love:
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity:
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple meet,
Let us still our Saviour greet:
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there:
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Power his image to retrieve,
Power like thee, our Lord, to live.

Charles Wesley.

81 HEBER. C. M.

GEO KINGSLEY



2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

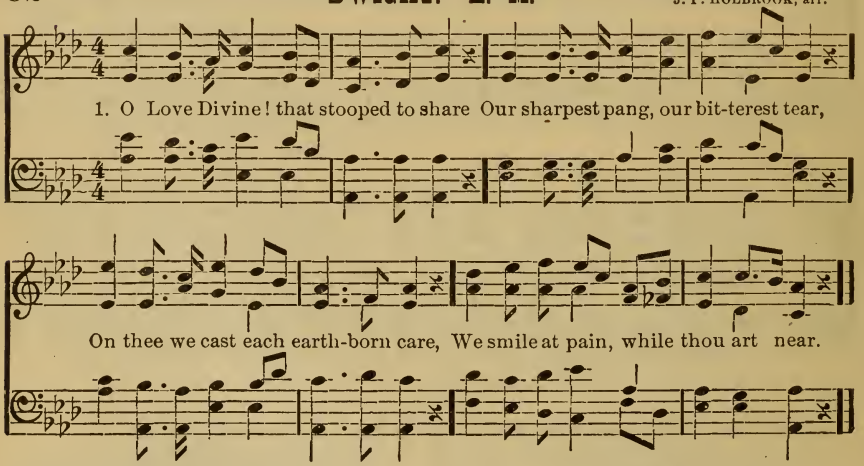
3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

82 DWIGHT. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK, arr.



2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread, [near!"
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art

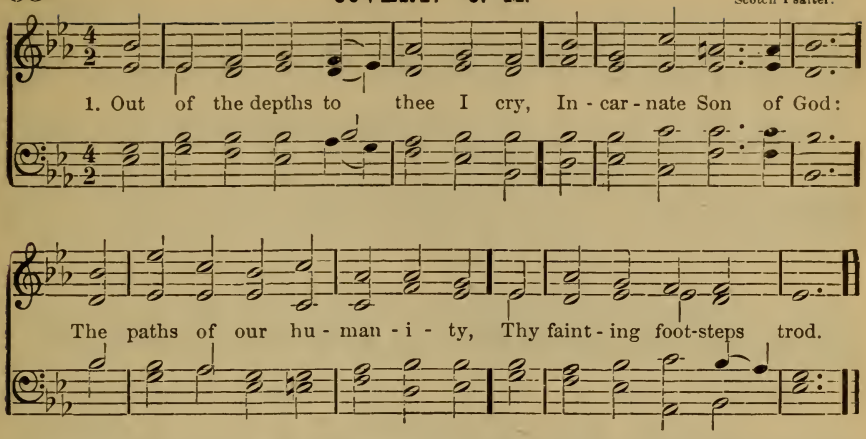
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

83 COVERT. C. M.

Scotch Psalter.



2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear—
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony, and prayer!

3 Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain?

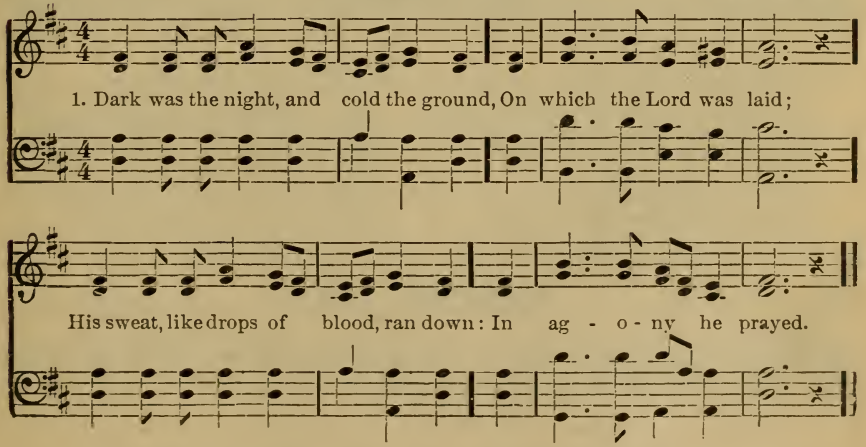
4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait;
Faint not, O faltering feet;
Press onward to that blest estate,
In righteousness complete.

5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power—
The power of endless life.

Elizabeth Eunice Marcy.

84 NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



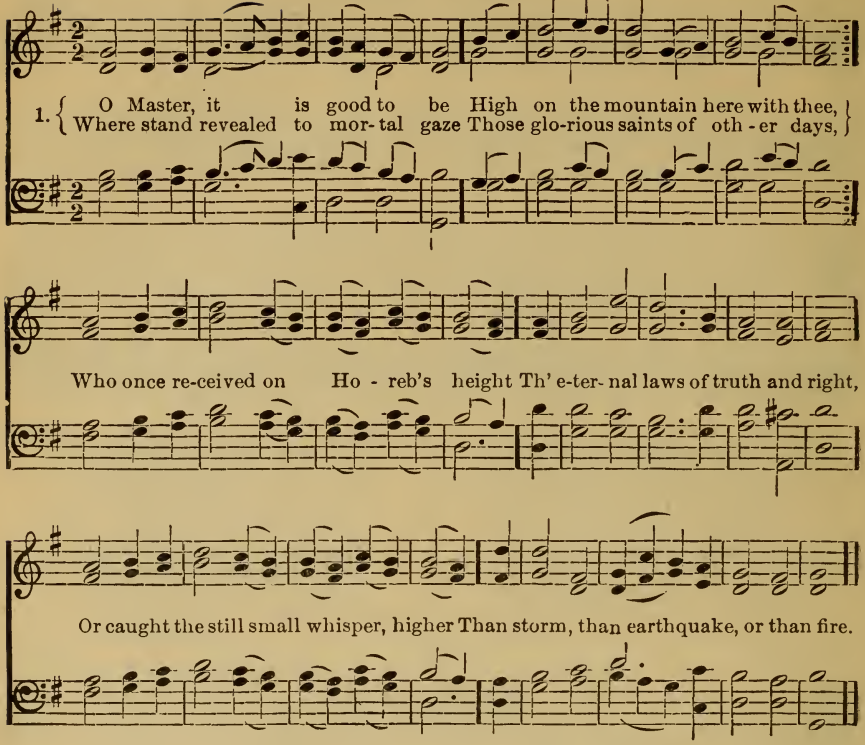
2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow:
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

Thomas Haweis

85 ADMAH. L. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.



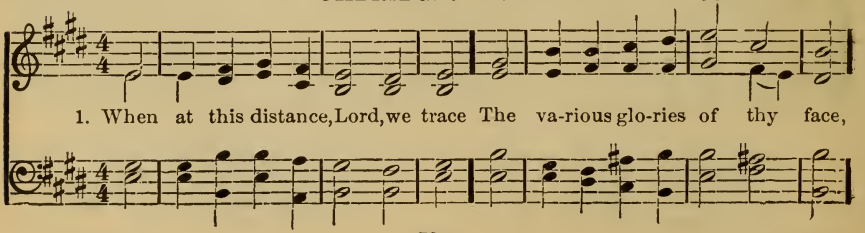
2 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee:
And watch thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine;
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

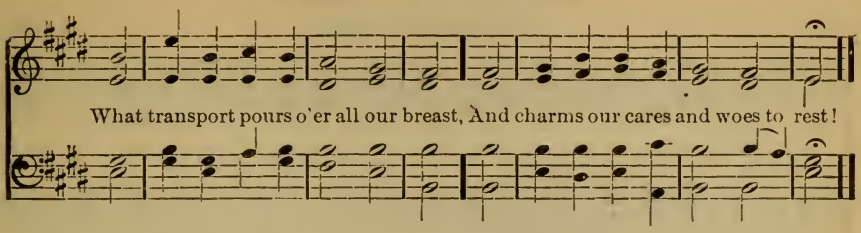
3 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with thee:
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim.
"This is my Son, O hear ye him."

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

86 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.





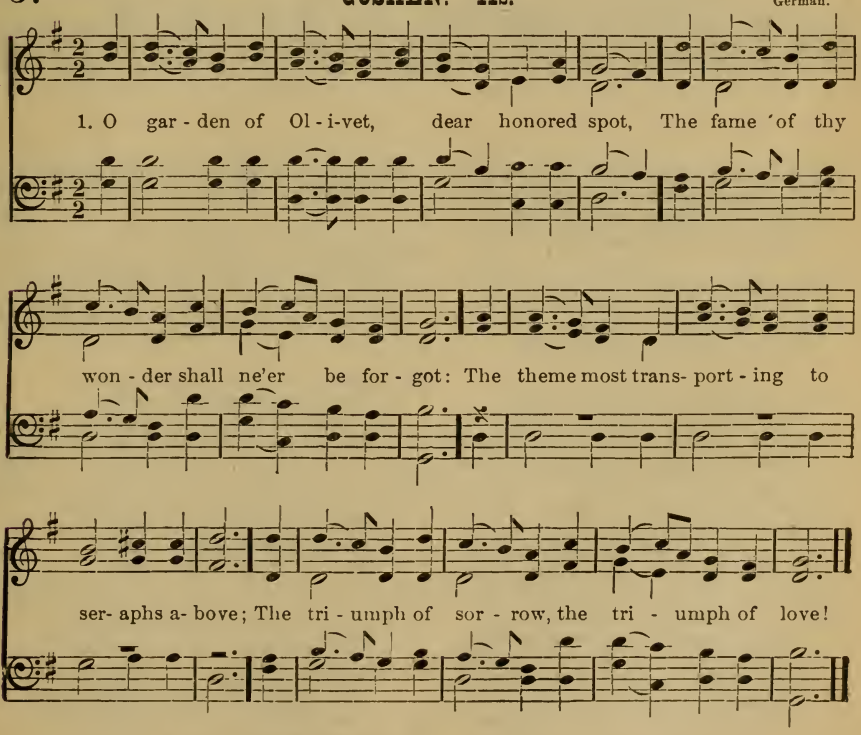
2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;
Raptures divine my thoughts employ:
I see the King of glory shine,
And feel his love, and call him mine.

3 On Tabor thus his servants viewed
His luster, when transformed he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell!"

4 Yet still our elevated eyes,
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

Philip Doddridge.

87 **GOSHEN.** 11s. German.

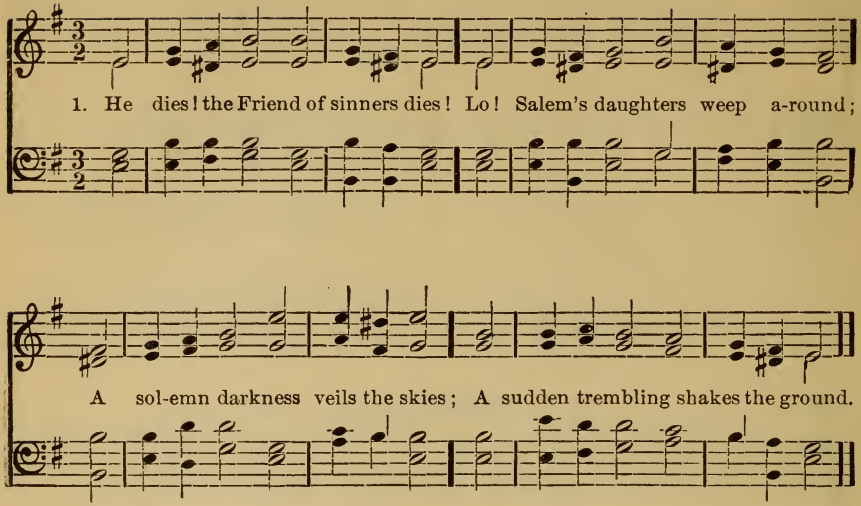


2 Come, saints, and adore him: come, bow at his feet!
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet:
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

Maria De Fleury.

88 WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.



2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree.
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns:
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!

6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

Isaac Watts.

89 L. M.

1 Ye that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of griefs, condemned for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue!

2 See there, his temples crowned with thorn!
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His streaming feet transfixed and torn!
The fountain gushing from his side!

3 Where is the King of glory now,
The everlasting Son of God?
Th' Immortal hangs his languid brow:
Th' Almighty faints beneath his load!

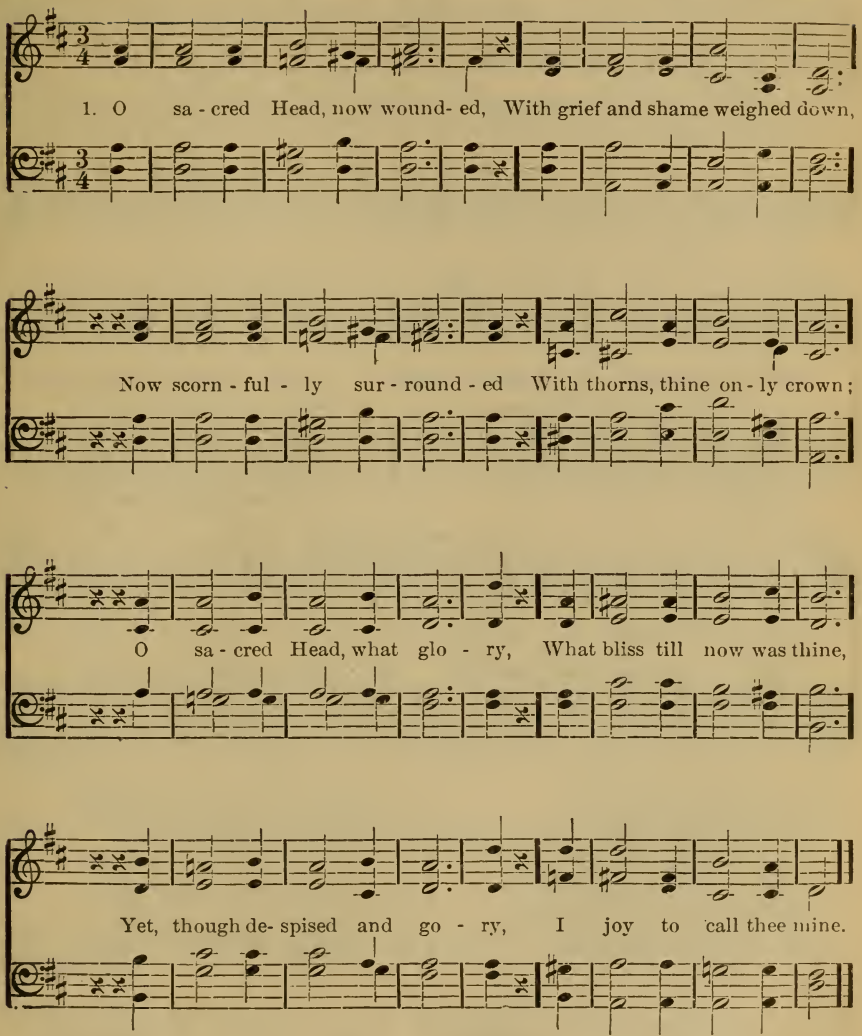
4 The earth could to her center quake,
Convulsed while her Creator died:
O let my inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified!

5 At thy last gasp the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies:
O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quickened by thy death, arise!

6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O rend with thine expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart!

Charles Wesley.

90 **SHIPP.** 7s & 6s. D. SIGISMUND THALBERG.



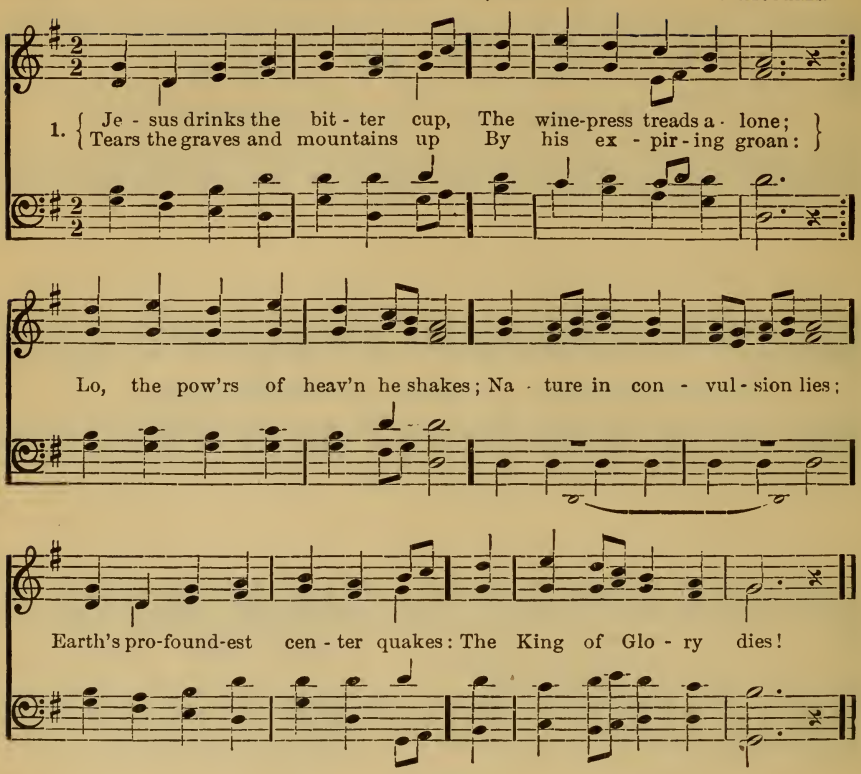
2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely, through thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by *J. W. Alexander.*

91 AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s. Pec.

JAMES NARES.



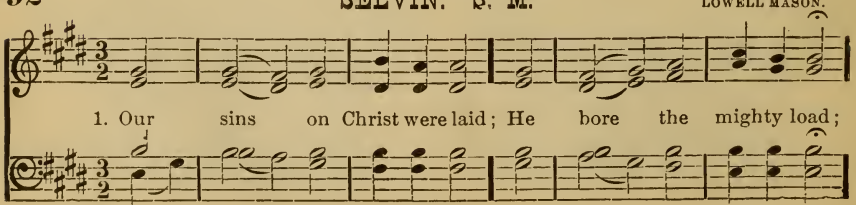
2 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too:
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

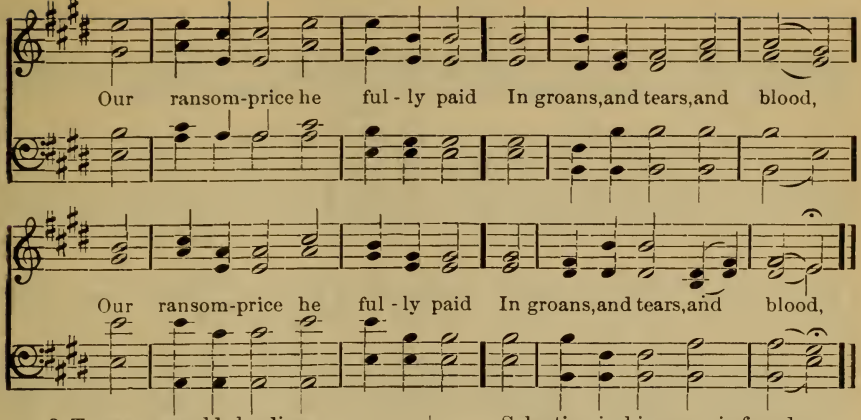
3 Weep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love!
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above!
Lives our Head to die no more,
Power is all to Jesus given,
Worshiped as he was before,
Th' immortal King of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

92 SELVIN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.





2 To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

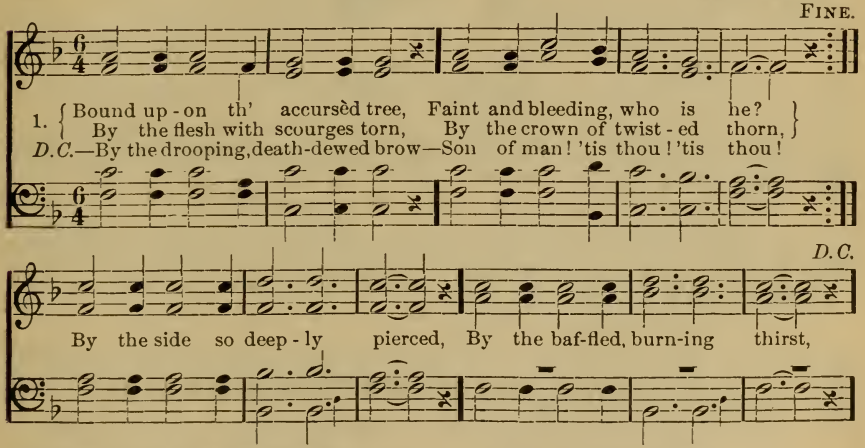
3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive:
Salvation in his name is found—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

John Fawcett.

93 MARTYN. 7s. D.

SIMEON B. MARSH.



2 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shiv'ring rock, and rending veil,
Eden promised, ere he died,
To the felon at his side.
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow—
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

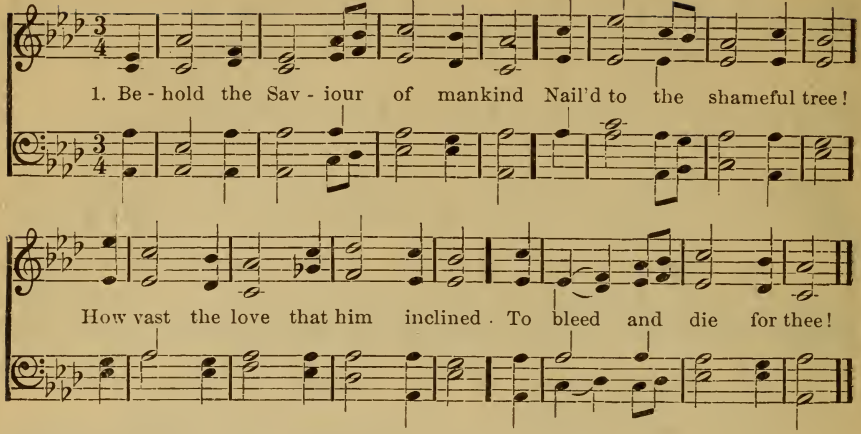
3 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
Ghost given up in agony,
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead,
Crucified! we know thee now—
Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

4 Bound upon th' accursèd tree
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow—
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Henry Hart Milman.

94 AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

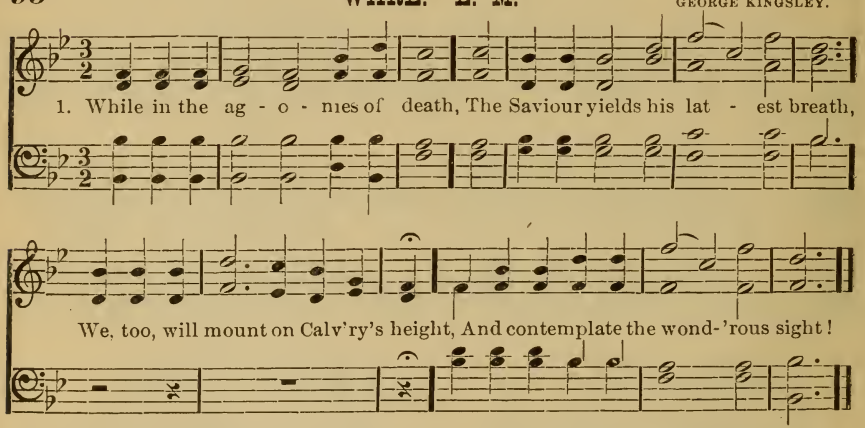
3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine!

Samuel Wesley, Sr.

95 WARE. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 O Lamb of God, by faith we see
How all our hopes are fixed on thee:
Thy cross we see ordained by Heaven
For man to look, and be forgiven.

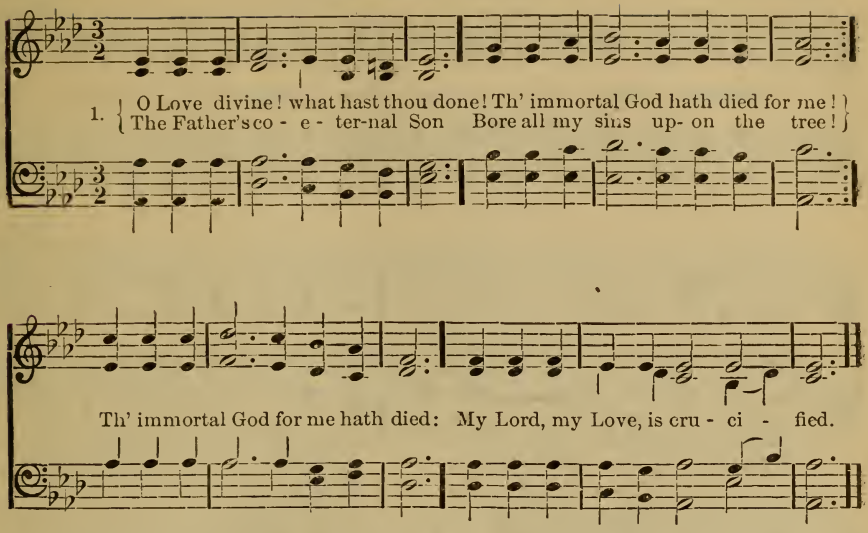
3 By this thy saints to glory come;
By this they brave the martyr's doom;
In this the surest proof we find
Of God's vast love to lost mankind.

4 O banner of the cross, unfurled
To shine with glory through the world,
O may we ever cleave to thee,
And thou shalt our salvation be!

From the Latin. Tr. by *John Chandler.*

96 SELENA. L. M. 61.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream:
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley.

97 L. M. 61.

1 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me);
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by me they live!"

2 Jesus, descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

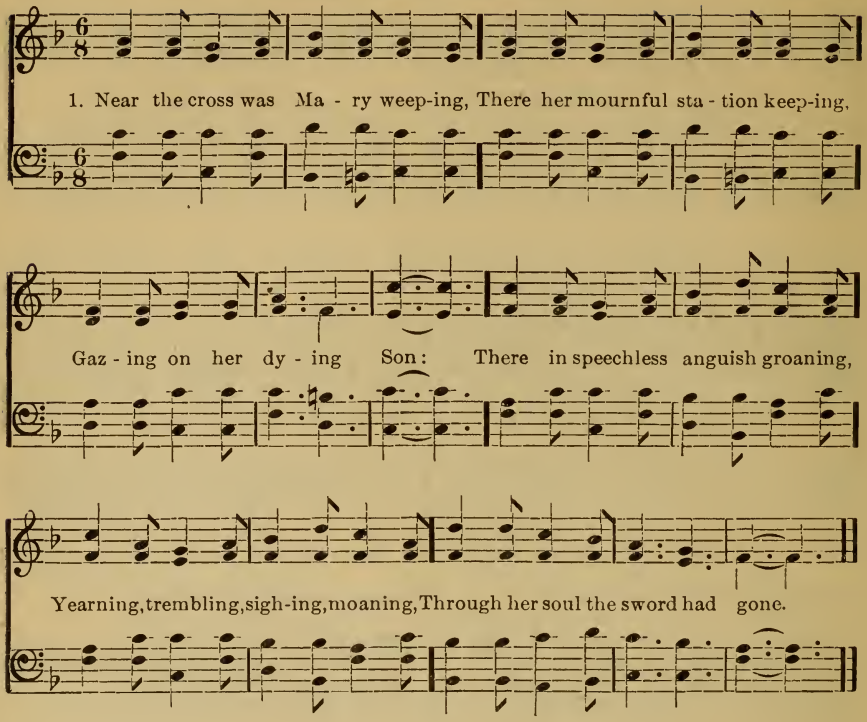
4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears;
That all may hear the quick'ning sound;
Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.

5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that found out me,
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

98 STABAT MATER. 8, 8, 7. D.

Unknown.



2 What he for his people suffered,
Stripes, and scoffs, and insults offered,
His fond mother saw the whole:
Never from the scene retiring,
Till he bowed his head expiring,
And to God breathed out his soul.

3 But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
At our Saviour's cross to mourn.
'Twas our sins brought him from heaven;
These the cruel nails had driven:
All his griefs for us were borne.

4 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and power displayed:
By his stripes he wrought our healing,
By his death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

5 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve:
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy glory ever living,
May we in thy glory live.

Jacoponi da Todi.
Tr. by *James Waddell Alexander.*

99

8, 8, 7. D.

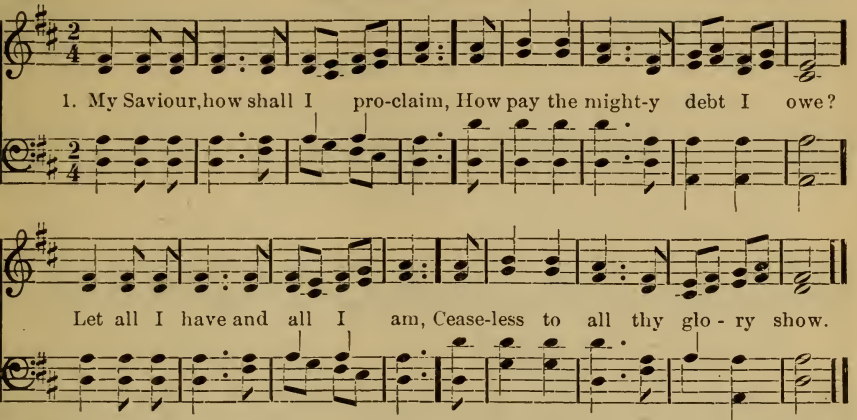
1 From the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver clear:
'Tis the voice announcing pardon—
It is finished, is its burden,—
Pardon to the far and near.

2 Peace that glorious blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load;
Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between mankind and God.

Horatius Bonar.

100 MALVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee:
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Grav'n on my heart forever be!

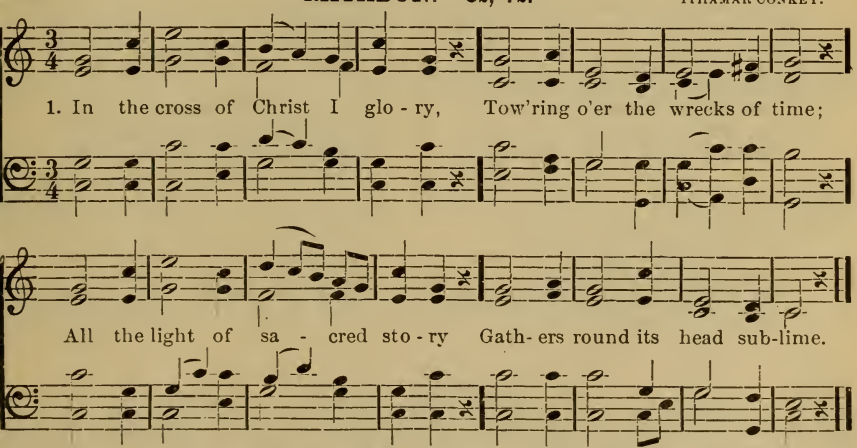
3 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God;
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on thy blood!

4 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

101 RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

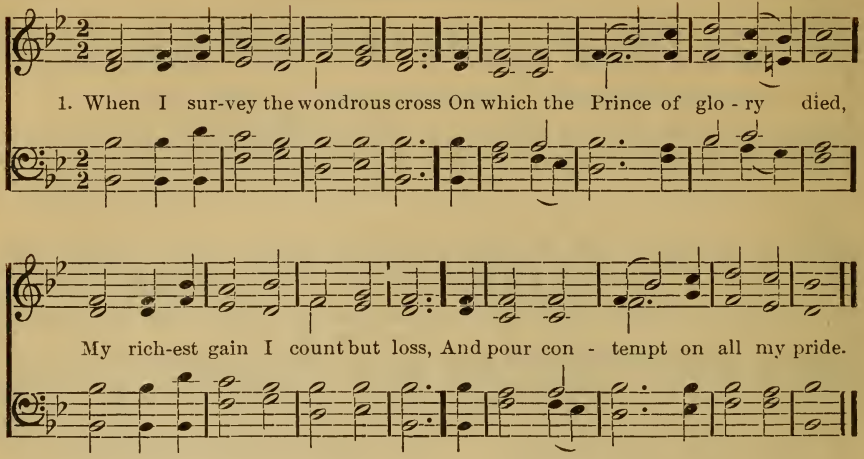
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring.

102 WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, arr.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

103

L. M.

1 'Tis finished! The Messiah dies,
Cut off for sins, but not his own!
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished! All the debt is paid;
Justice Divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made:
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent in Christ alone;
The living way to heaven is seen:
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

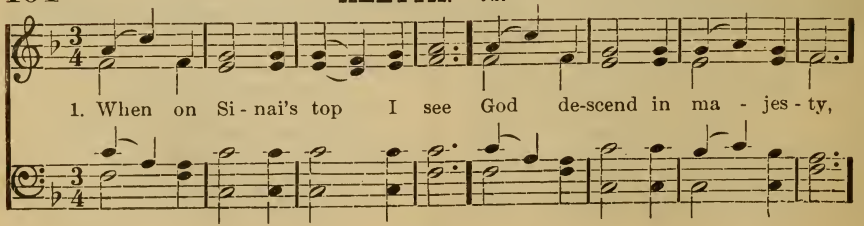
4 The types and figures are fulfilled;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed:
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

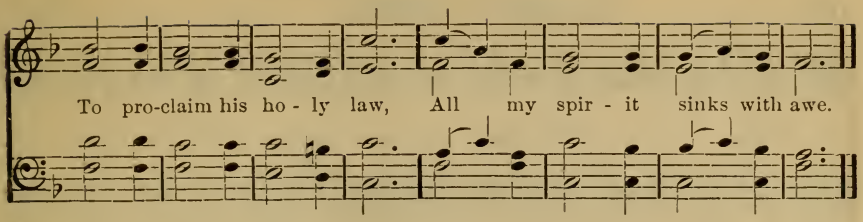
5 Death, hell, and sin, are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And lo! I plead th' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim thy heaven.

Charles Wesley.

104 ALETTA. 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.





2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

James Montgomery.

105 7s. TUNE, "ALETTA."

1 SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplished sacrifice!
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!

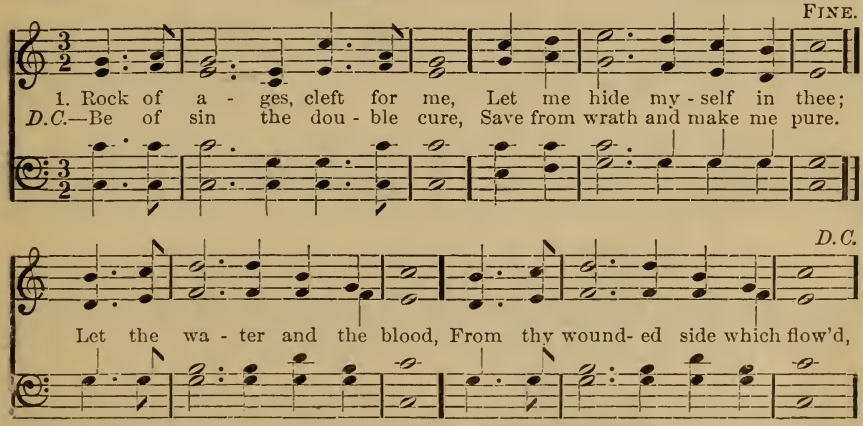
2 Ye that round our altars throng,
List'ning angels, join the song:
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory, ours!

3 Love's mysterious work is done:
Greet we now th' atoning Son:
Healed and quickened by his blood,
Joined to Christ, and one with God.

4 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordained to know,
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

106 **TOPLADY. 7s. 6 l.** THOMAS HASTINGS.



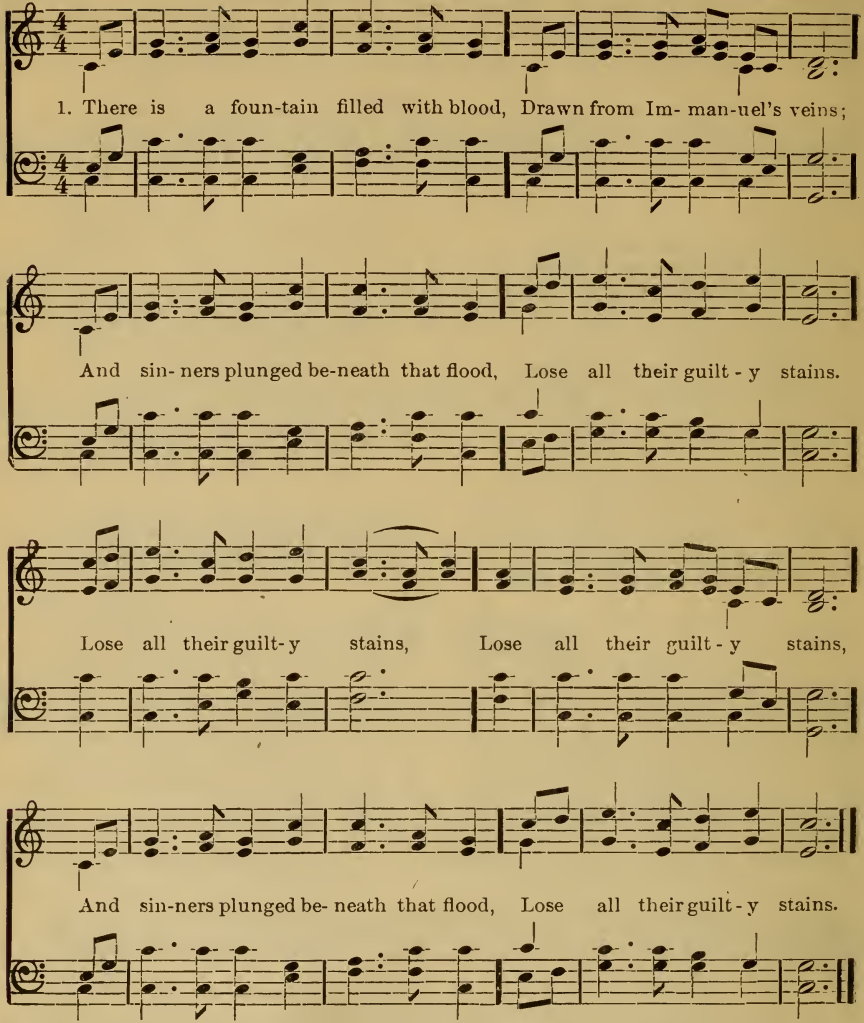
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady.

107 CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Fr. LOWELL MASON.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power.
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

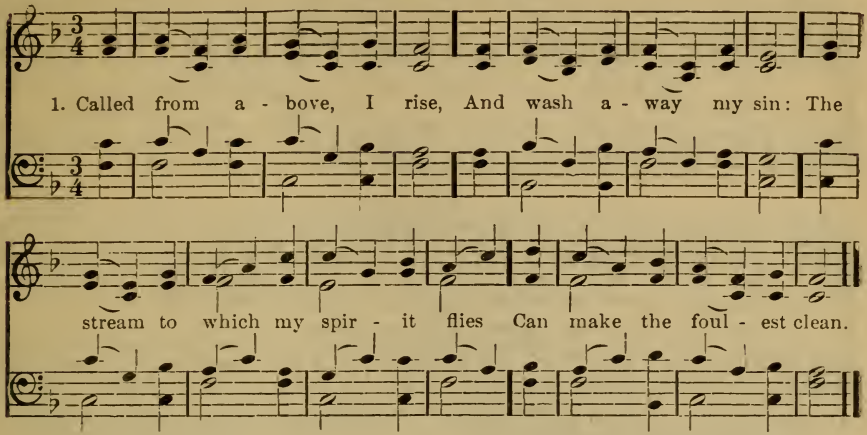
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

108 DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NÄGELI.



2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide:
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side!

Charles Wesley.

109

S. M.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

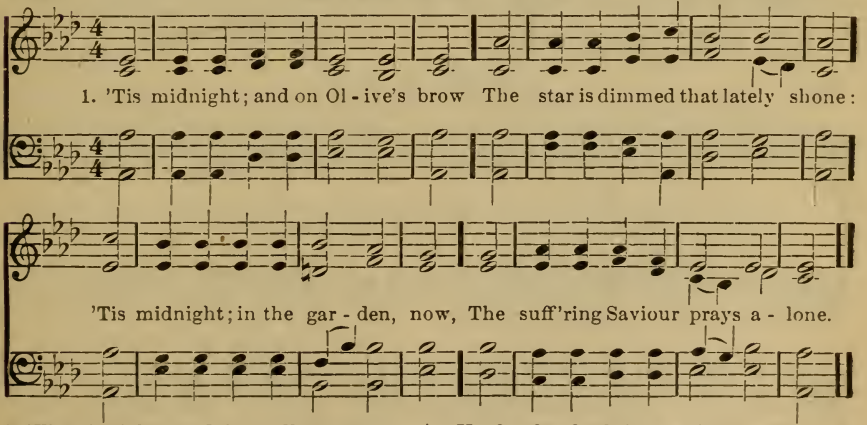
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

Isaac Watts.

110 OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

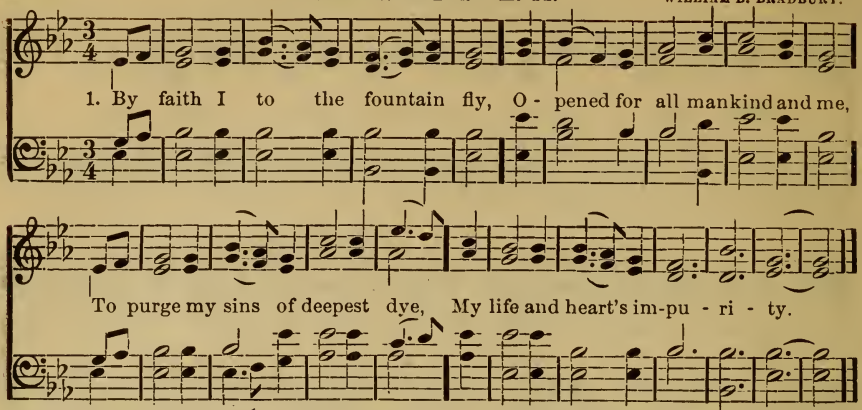
3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William Bingham Tappan.

111 WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows:
The purple and the crystal stream
Pardon and holiness bestows;
And both I gain through faith in him.
Charles Wesley.

112 L. M.

1 O THOU whose off'ring on the tree
The legal off'rings all foreshowed,
Borrowed their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood:

2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain
Could never for one sin atone:
To purge the guilty off'rer's stain,
Thine was the work, and thine alone.

3 Vain in themselves their duties were,
Their services could never please,
Till joined with thine, and made to share
The merits of thy righteousness.

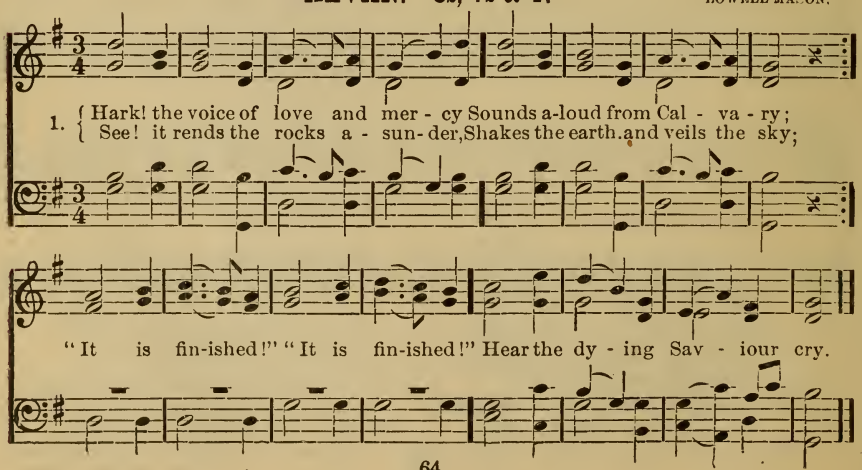
4 Forward they cast a faithful look
On thy approaching sacrifice;
And thence their pleasing savor took,
And rose accepted in the skies.

5 Those feeble types and shadows old
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfilled:
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites revealed.

6 Thy meritorious suff'rings past,
We see, by faith, to us brought back;
And on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.
Charles Wesley.

113 ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4.

LOWELL MASON.

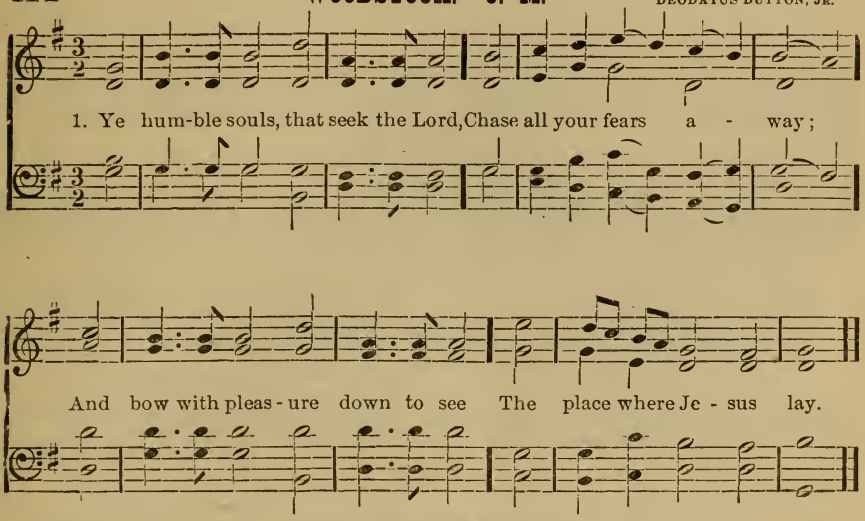


2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans

114 **WOODSTOCK. C. M.** DEODATUS DUTTON, JR.



2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs;
The Saviour lives again:
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqu'ror could detain.

4 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Through all his shining way.

Philip Doddridge.

115 C. M.

1 THE Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more:
Adore the Scatt'rer of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore.

2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes:
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

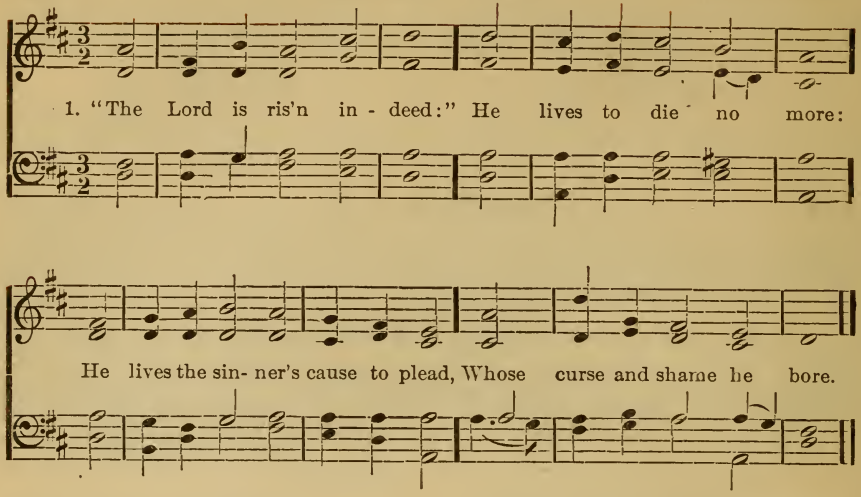
3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod:
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

116 DOVER. S. M.

Aaron Williams Col.



2 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him has risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

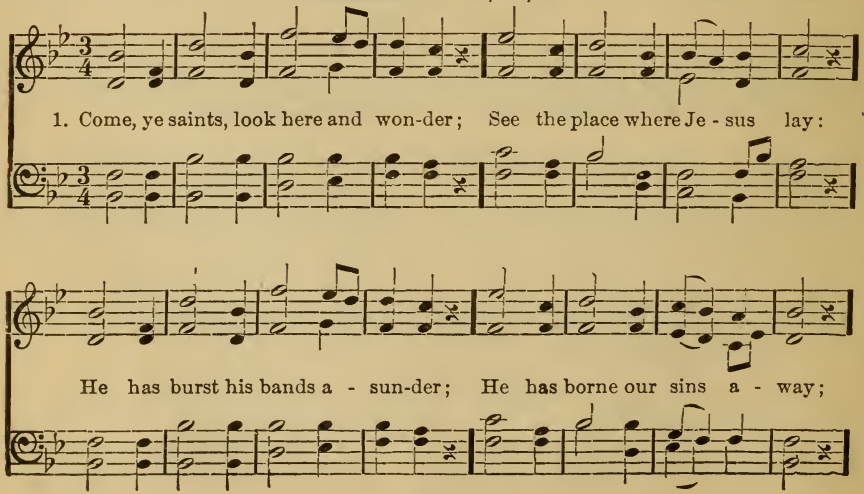
3 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Attending angels hear—
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

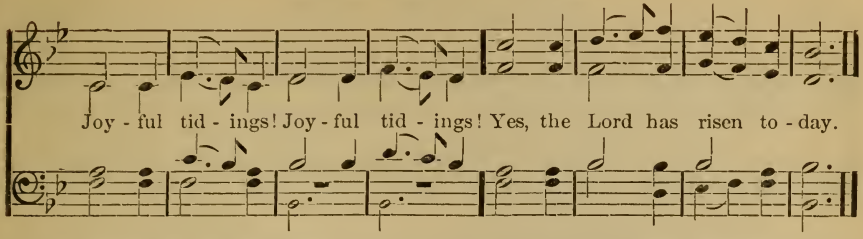
4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly.

117 FARLAND. 8s, 7s, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



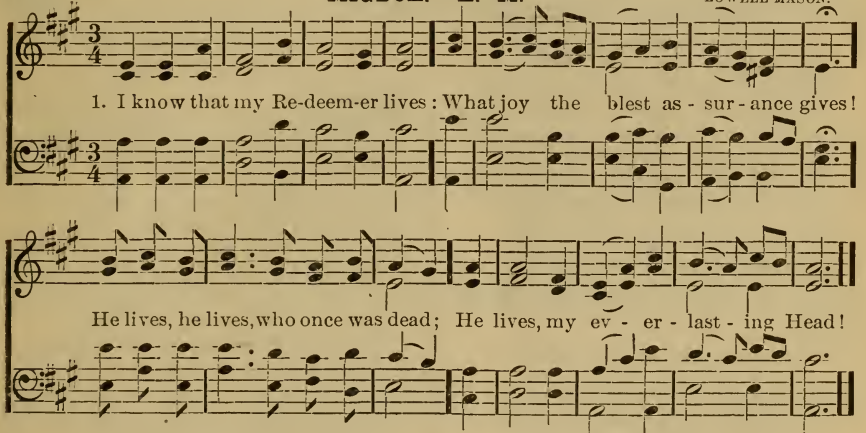


2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessèd regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

Thomas Kelly.

118 **MIGDOL. L. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley

119 L. M.

1 Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven!
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right-hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp, to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

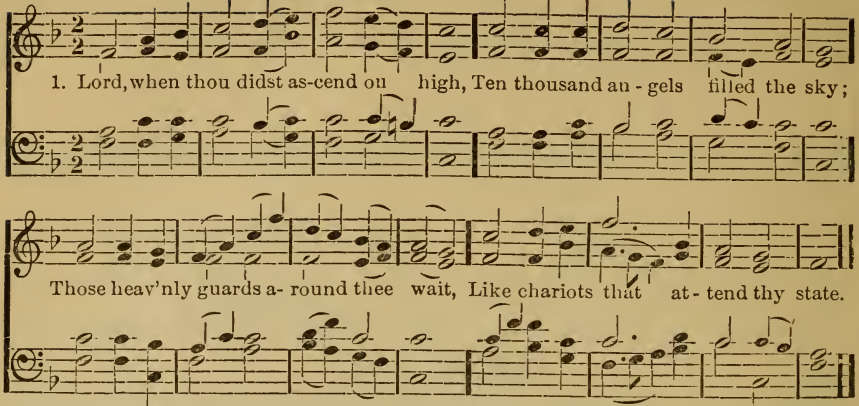
5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside:
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

120 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there:
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

Isaac Watts.

121 L. M.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way;

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqu'rors name.

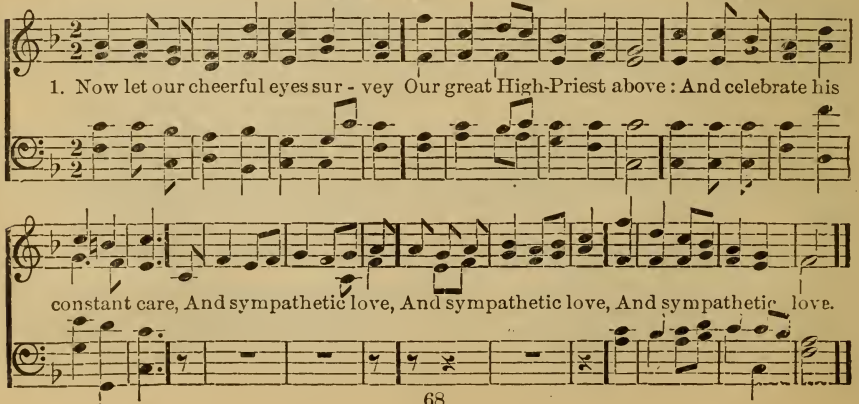
5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all forever blessed.

Charles Wesley.

122 MERIDEN. C. M.

THOMAS CLARK.



2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honors crowned,

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Philip Doddridge.

123 C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

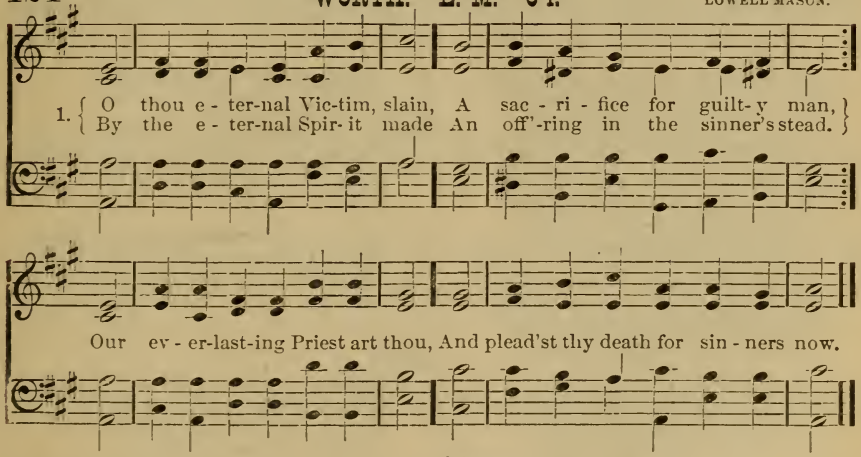
3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out strong cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame:
The bruisèd reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts.

124 **WORTH. L. M. 6 l.** LOWELL MASON.



2 Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered Lamb;
Thy priesthood still remains the same:
Thy years, O God, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love:
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

Charles Wesley.

125 L. M. 6 l.

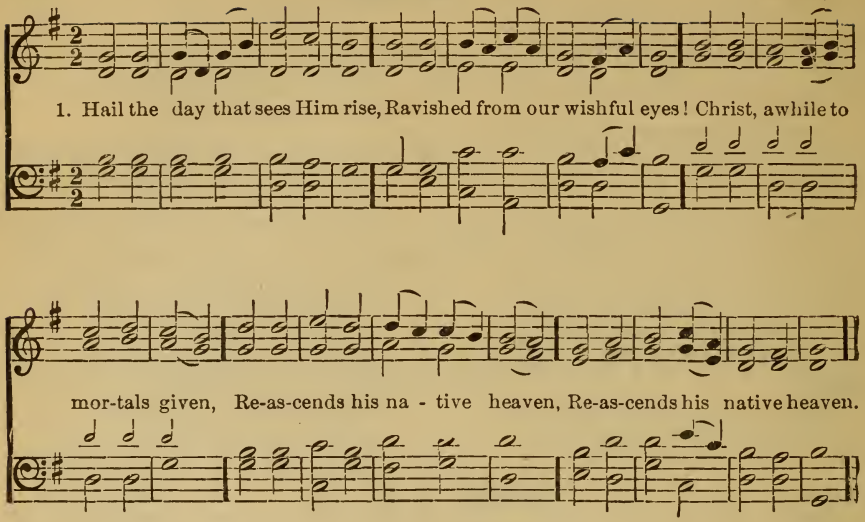
1 BEFORE the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears:
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

2 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer:
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit, in his hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands

Charles Wesley.

126 HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.



2 There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene:
Take the King of glory in!"

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqu'ror over death and sin—
Take the King of glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below.

Charles Wesley.

127

7s.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens—thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save:
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led
Foll'wing our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley.

128

7s.

1 EARTH, rejoice, our Lord is King!
Sons of men, his praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns!

2 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine;
All in Jesus' praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.

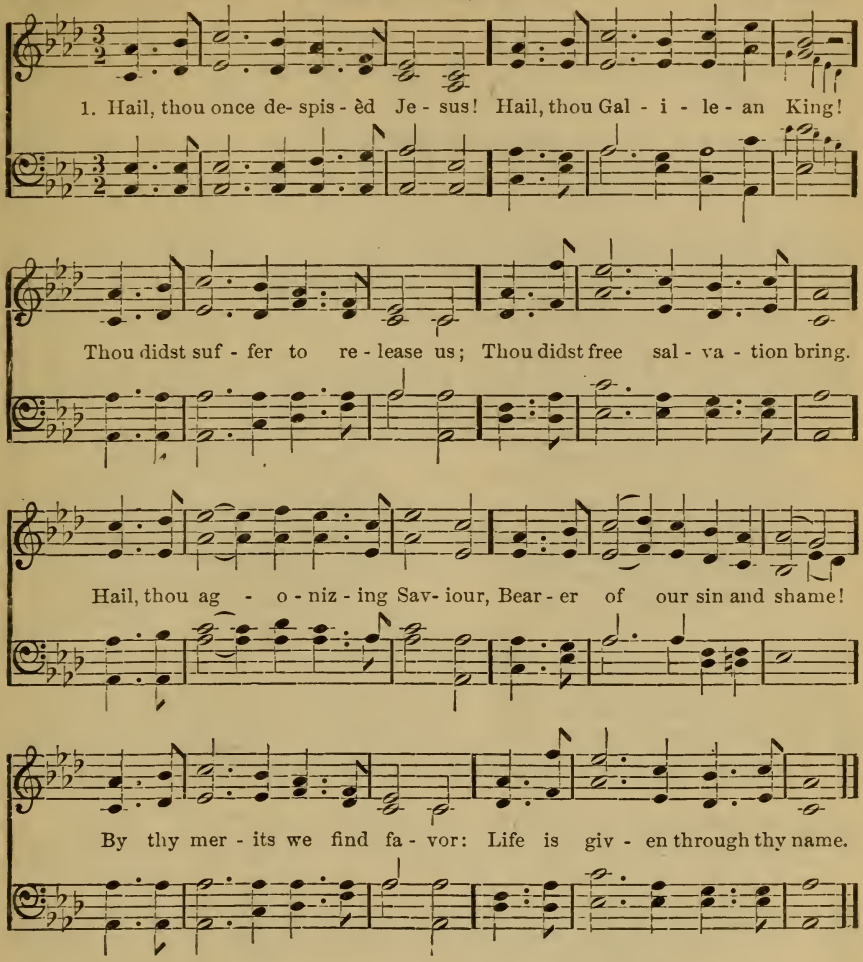
3 Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them:
God with us, we cannot fear—
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

4 Lo! to faith's enlightened sight
All the mountain flames with light:
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

Charles Wesley.

129 AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.

Spanish Melody.



2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

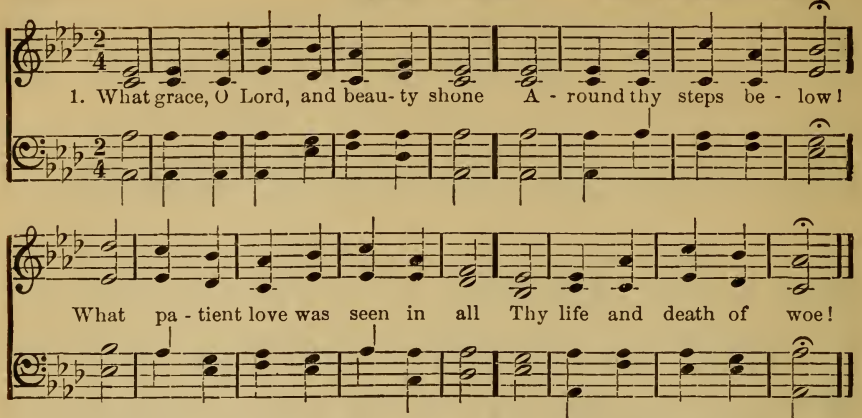
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell.

130 EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung:
Yet no ungentle, murm'ring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

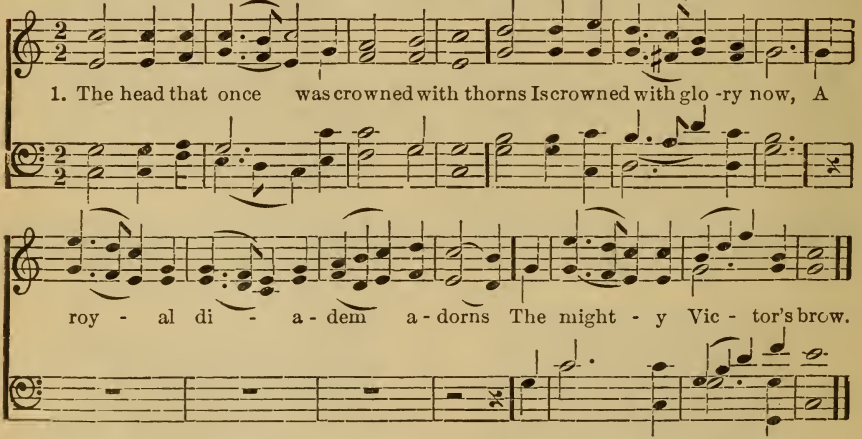
4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

Edward Denny.

131 HENRY. C. M.

SYLVANUS B. POND.



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name—
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

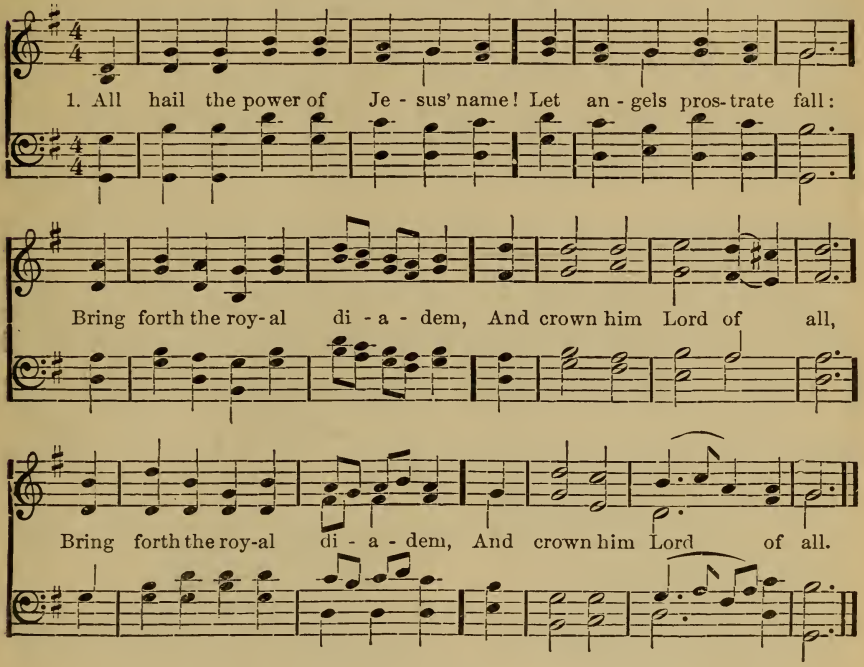
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.

6 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly.

132 CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race—
A remnant weak and small—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

133

C. M.

1 How great the wisdom, power, and grace
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all Divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns—
Those crowns which Jesus gave—
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

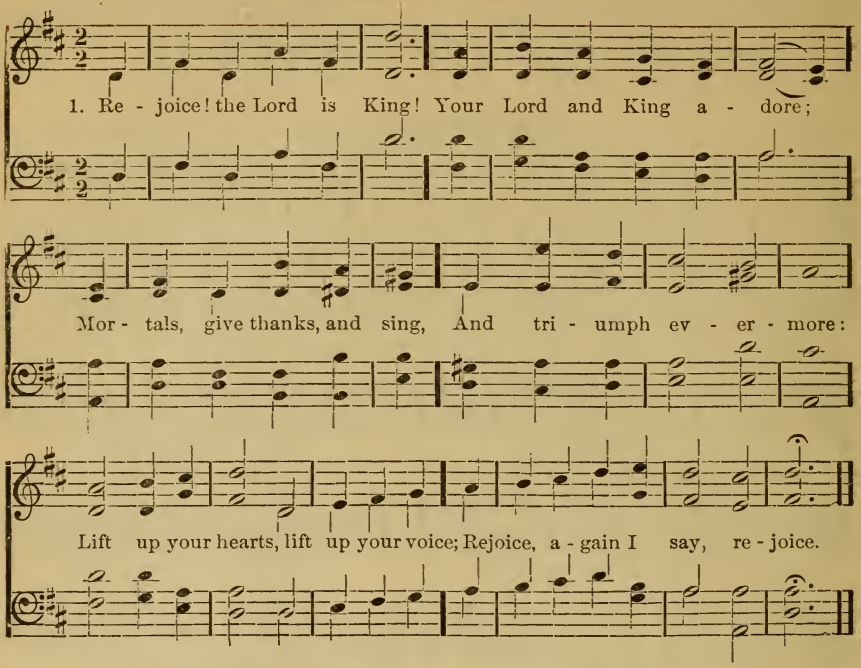
3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The suff'rings which he bore—
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 O let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew:
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too!

Benjamin Beddome.

134 DARWALL. H. M.

JOHN DARWALL.



2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

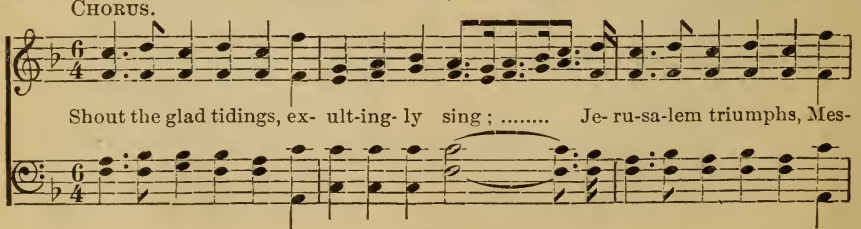
4 He sits at God's right-hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

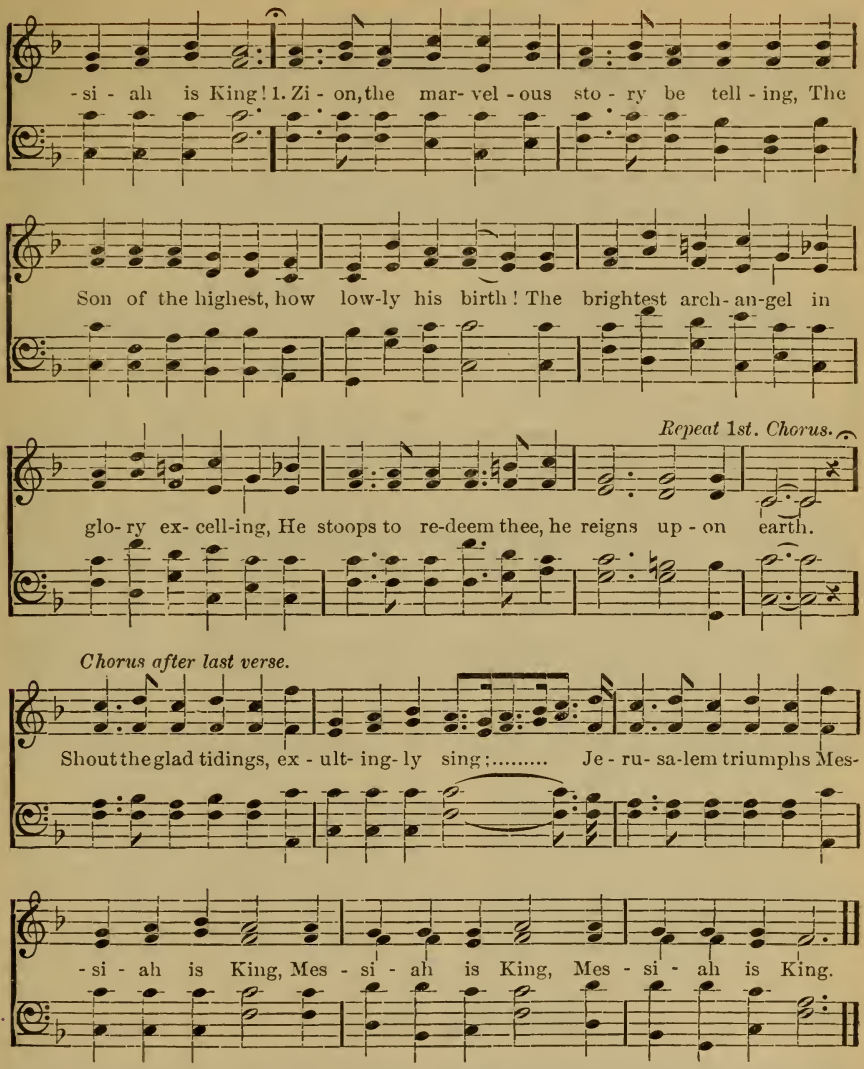
5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

Charles Wesley.

135 AVISON. 10s, 11s. Pec.

CHARLES AVISON.





2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crowned!

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna [arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

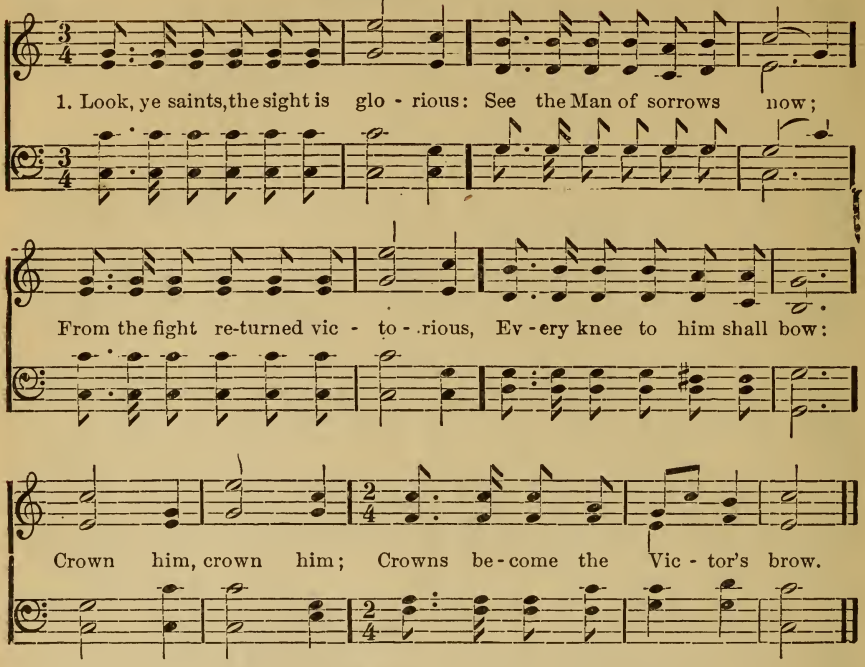
Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

William Augustus Muhlenberg.

136 VICTORY. 8s, 7s, 4.

HARRY HOBERT BEADLE.



2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

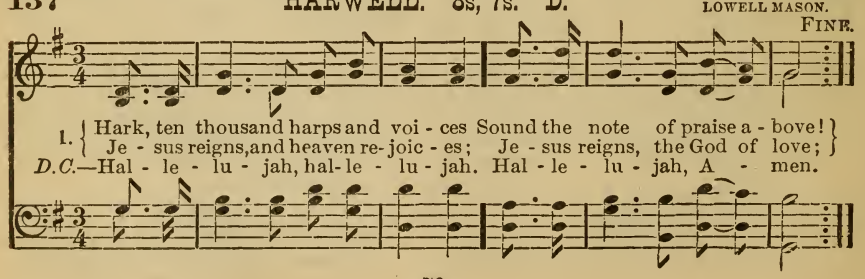
3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

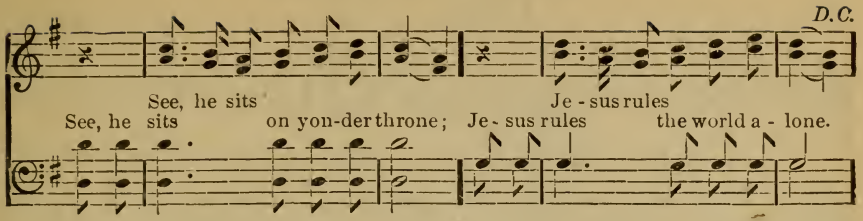
4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly

137 HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.





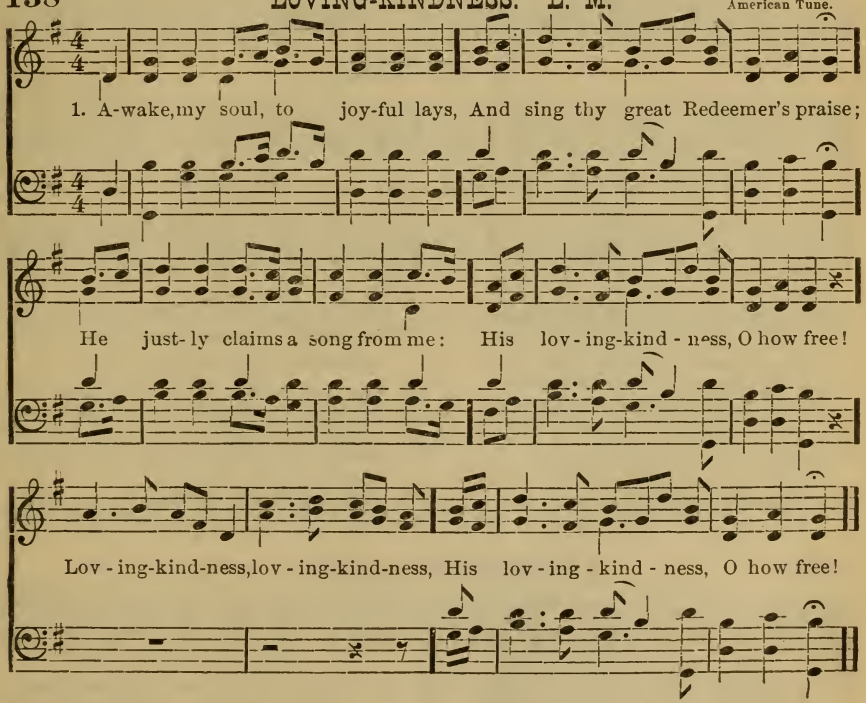
2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah. etc.

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah, etc.

Thomas Kelly.

138 LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

American Tune.



2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, O how great!

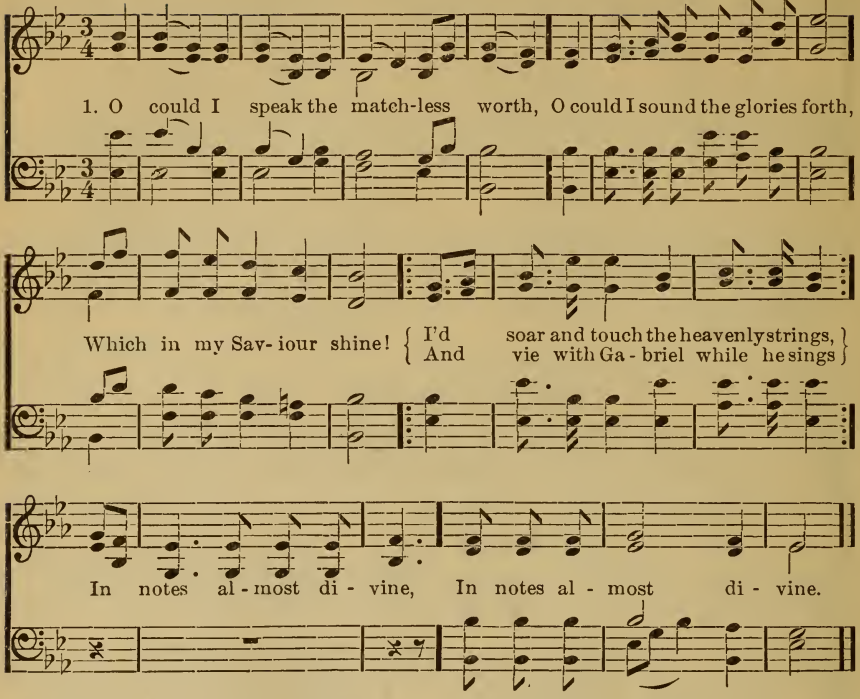
3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O how good!

Samuel Medley.

139 ARIEL. C. P. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.
from W. A. MOZART.



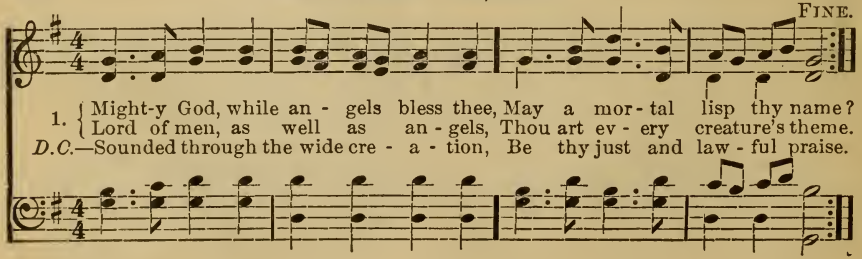
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

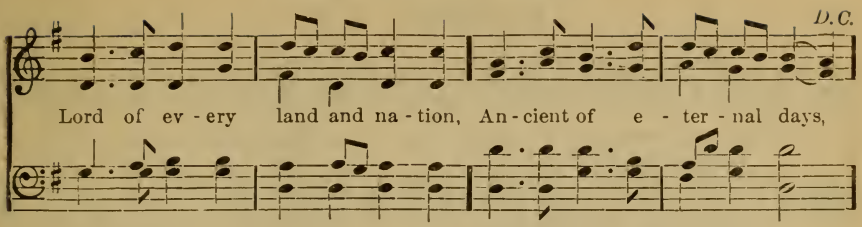
3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

140 MIDDLETON. 8s, 7s. D.





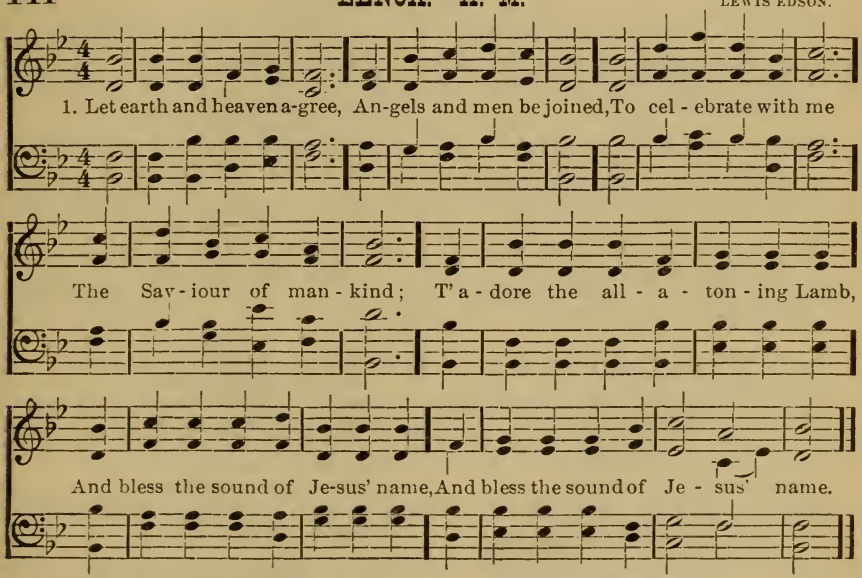
2 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessèd be thy gentle reign.

3 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe—
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow, my praise, forever flow!

Robert Robinson.

141 **LENOX. H. M.** LEWIS EDSON.



2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

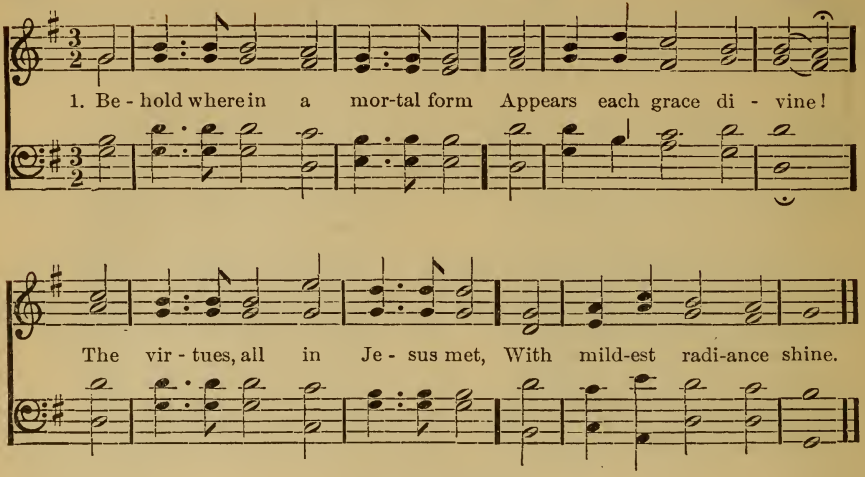
3 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

4 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died.

Charles Wesley.

142 ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found:
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life:
He labored for their good.

5 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

6 Be Christ our Pattern and our Guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

William Enfield.

143 C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

144 C. M.

1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessèd Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers:
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts.

145 C. M. Tune, "Arlington."

1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

Ray Palmer.

146 C. M. Tune, "Arlington."

1 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

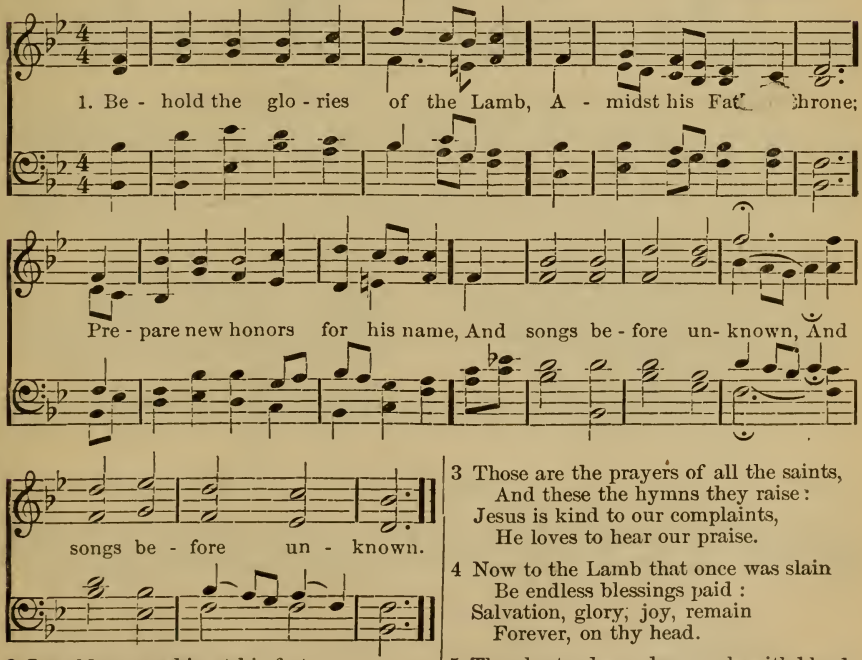
3 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto thee we send;
To thee our inmost spirit cries,
To thee our prayers ascend.

4 Abide with us, and let thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

5 O Jesus, King of earth and heaven,
Our Life and Joy! to thee
Be honor, thanks, and blessing given
Through all eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by *E. Caswall.*

147 **MILES LANE. C. M.** WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

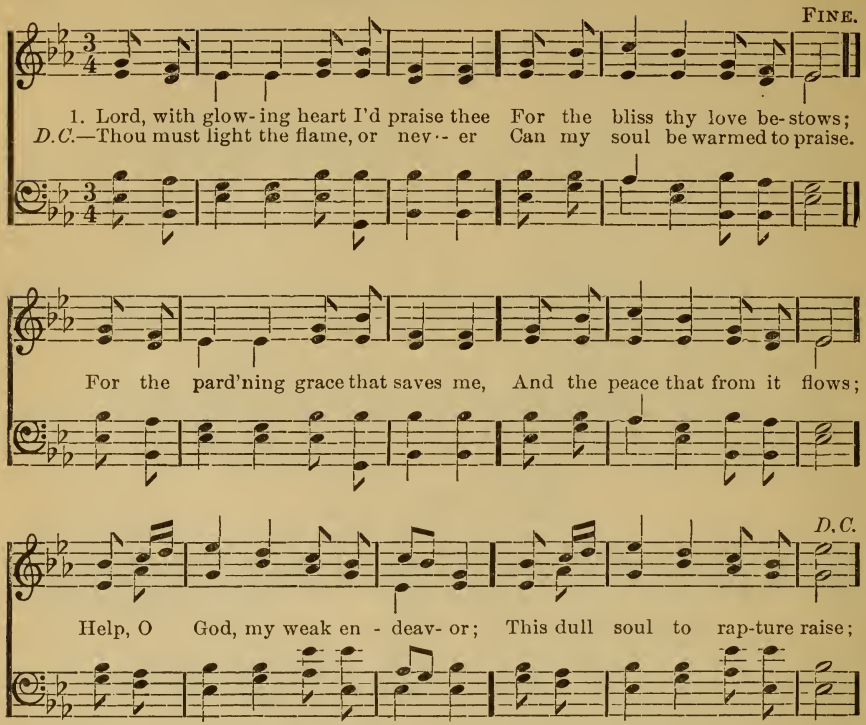
4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever, on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God;
And we shall reign with thee.

Isaac Watts.

148 NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



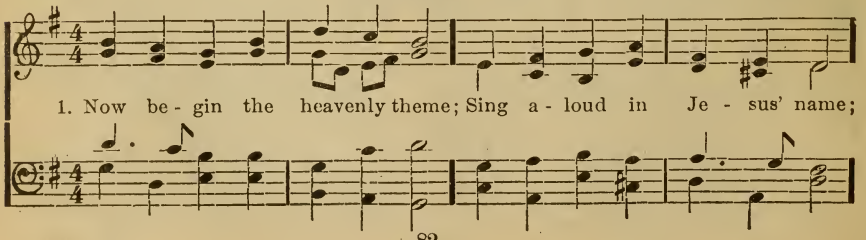
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

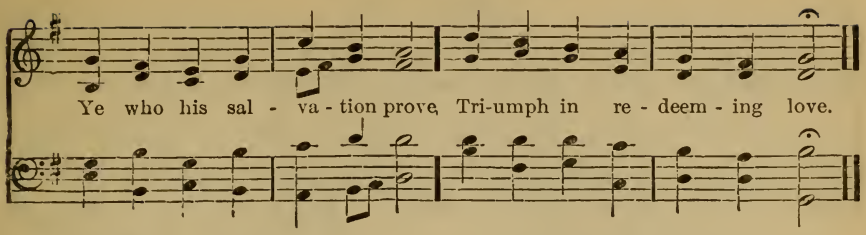
3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis Scott Key.

149 VIENNA. 7s.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.





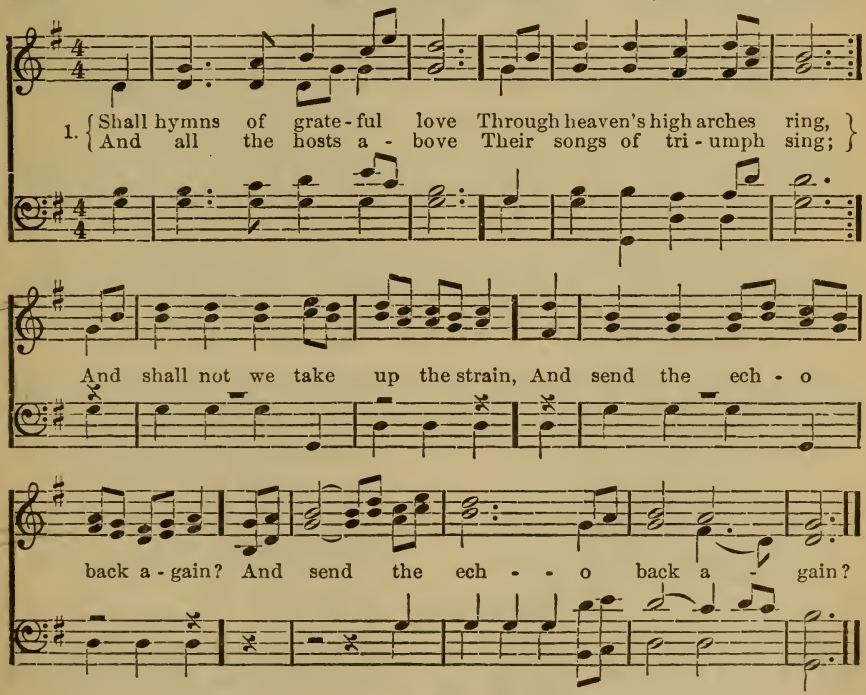
2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

3 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

John Langford.

150 **LISCHER. H. M.** FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.



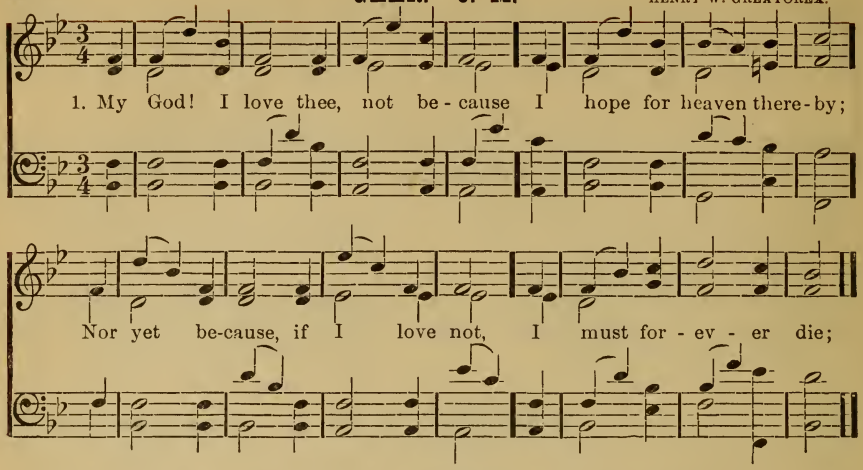
2 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through his name;
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

James J. Cummins.

151 GEER. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.



2 Not for the sake of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward,
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord.

3 Thou, O my Saviour, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace,
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace,

4 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself—and all for me,
Who was thine enemy.

5 Then why, since thou first lovedst me,
Should I not love thee well,
E'en though I had not heaven to win
Or to escape from hell?

6 So will I love thee, dearest Lord,
And in thy praise will sing,
Because thou art my Saviour God,
And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier. Tr. by *Edward Caswall.*

152

C. M.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

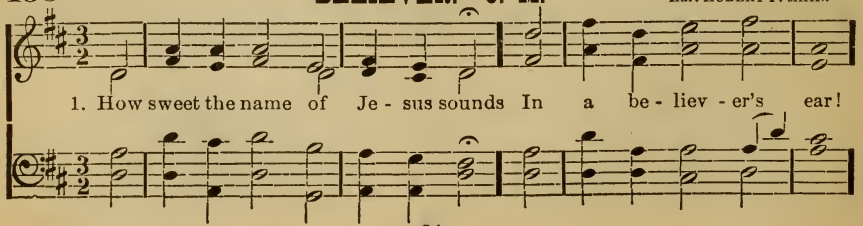
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

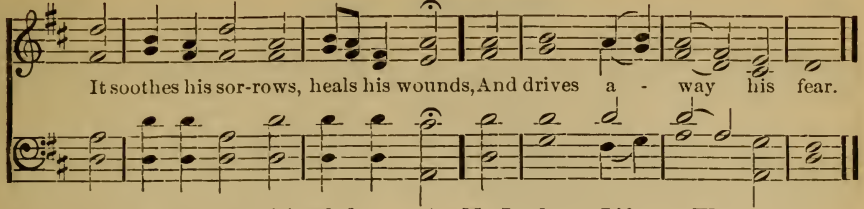
5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by *Edward Caswall.*

153 BELIEVER. C. M.

Har. HUBERT P. MAIN.





2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

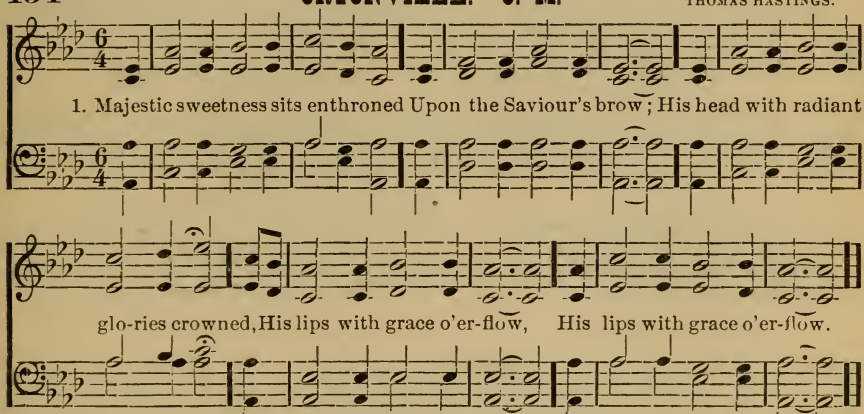
4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End.
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton.

154 **ORTONVILLE. C. M.** THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

155 C. M.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

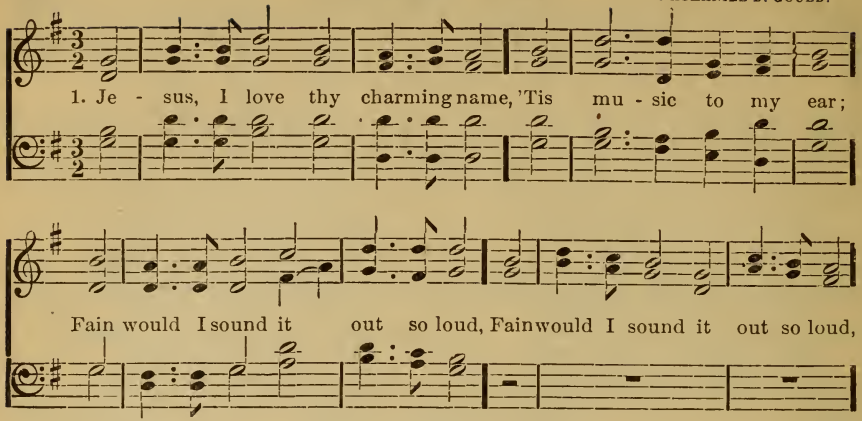
4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

Isaac Watts.

156 WOODLAND. C. M.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD.



2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

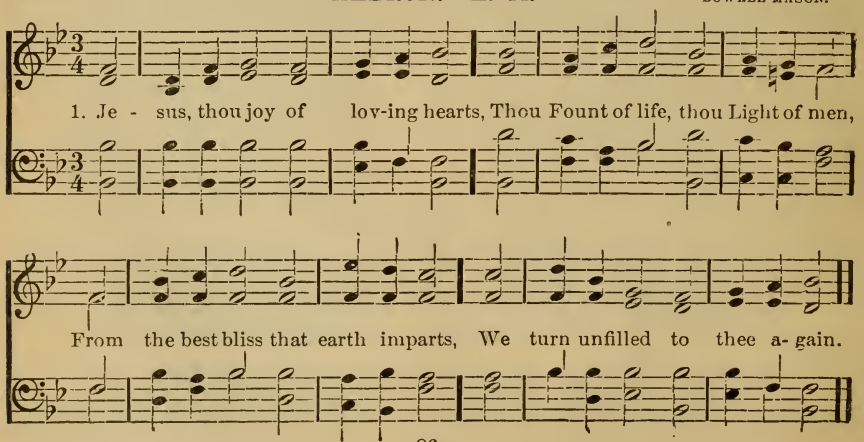
4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge.

157 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good;
To them that find thee, all in all.

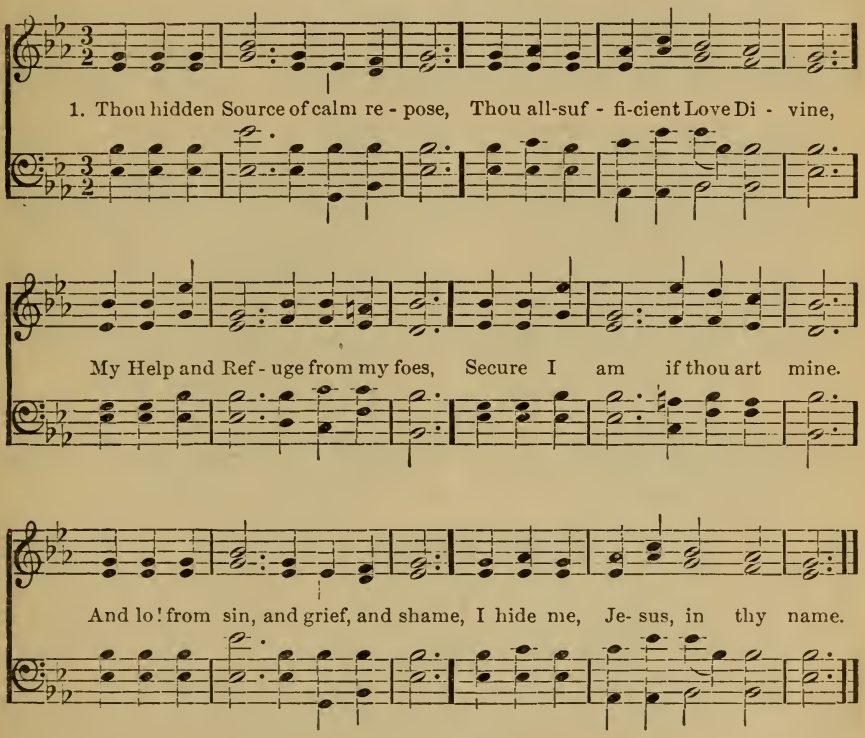
3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by *Ray Palmer.*

158 **RAKEM. L. M. 6 l.** ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



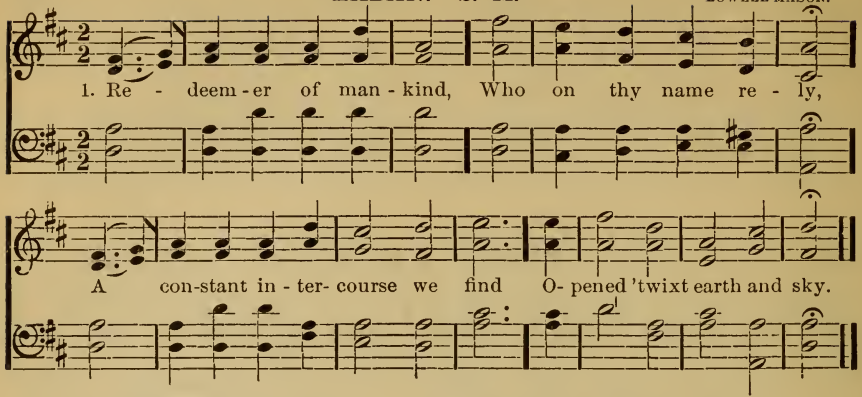
2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my All in all thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death—my All in all.

Charles Wesley.

159 **LABAN. S. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 Mercy, and grace, and peace,
Descend through thee alone;
And thou dost all our services
Present before the throne.

3 On us thy Father's love
Is for thy sake bestowed:
Thou art our Advocate above,
Thou art our way to God:

4 Our way to God we trace,
And through thy name forgiven,
From step to step, from grace to grace,
On thee we climb to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

160 S. M.

1 My Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glories known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.

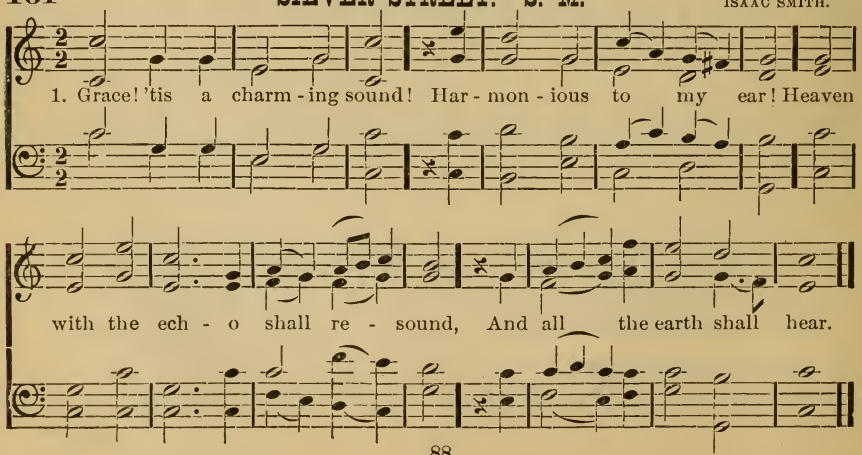
3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A scepter in thy hand.

5 Thy Father and thy God
Hath, without measure, shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.

Isaac Watts.

161 **SILVER STREET. S. M.** ISAAC SMITH.



2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge.

162 S. M.

1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

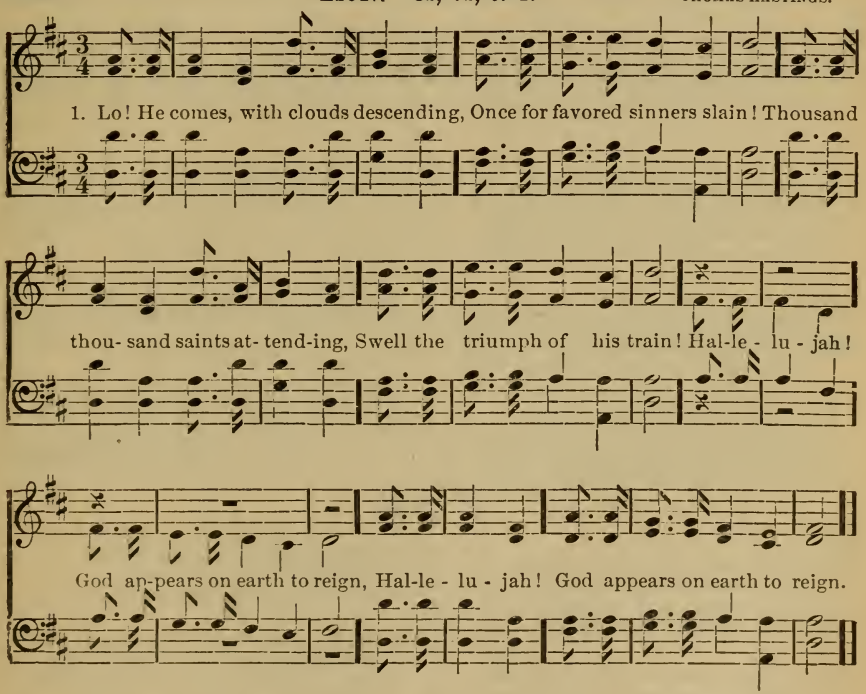
2 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

3 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

4 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Isaac Watts.

163 **ZION.** 8s, 7s, & 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.



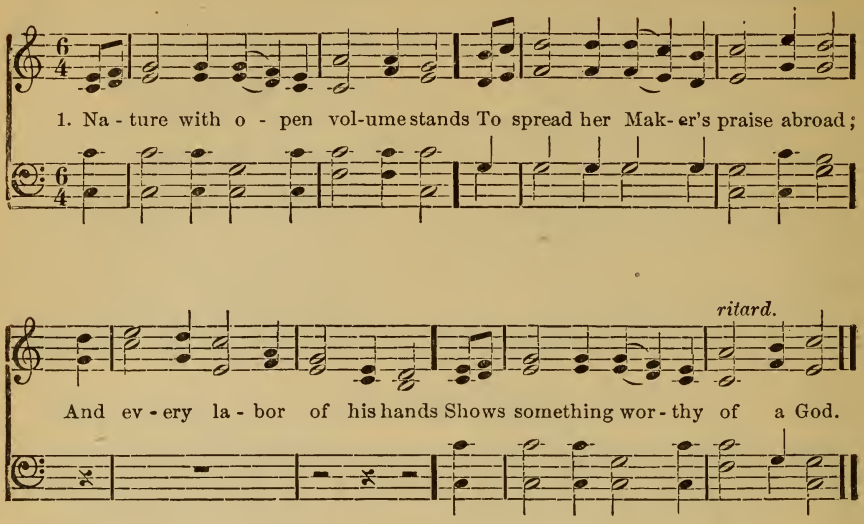
2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

Charles Wesley.

164 RETREAT. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines:
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

Isaac Watts.

165 L. M.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring
I could forever think and sing:
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux.
Tr. by *Anthony Wilhelm Boehm*

166 L. M.

1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood:
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

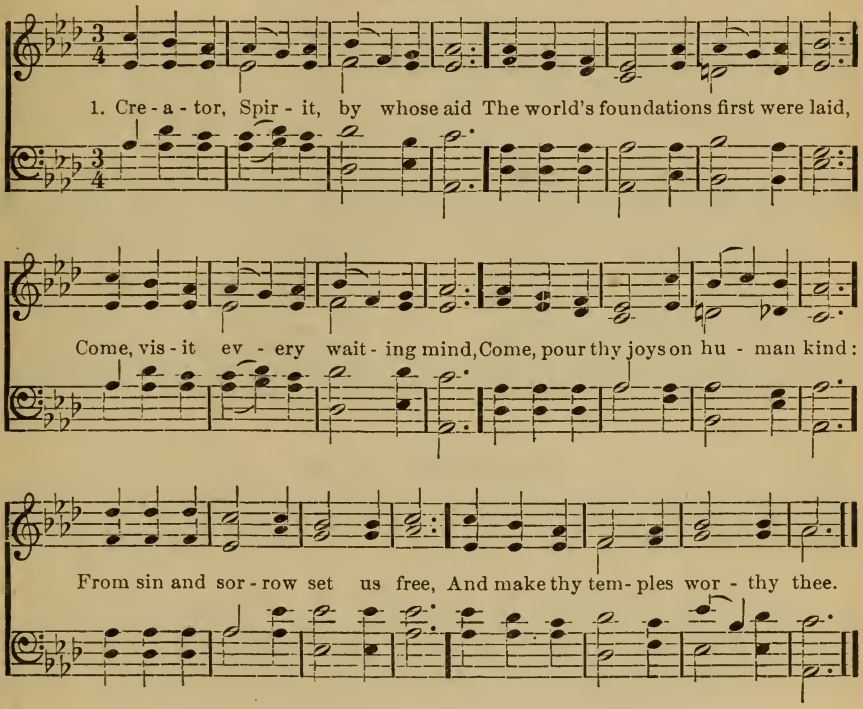
3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed—
Let every tongue his glory sing.

Isaac Watts

SECTION III.

OFFICES OF THE HOLY GHOST.

167 **ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 6 l.** Adapted by J. G. WALTON.



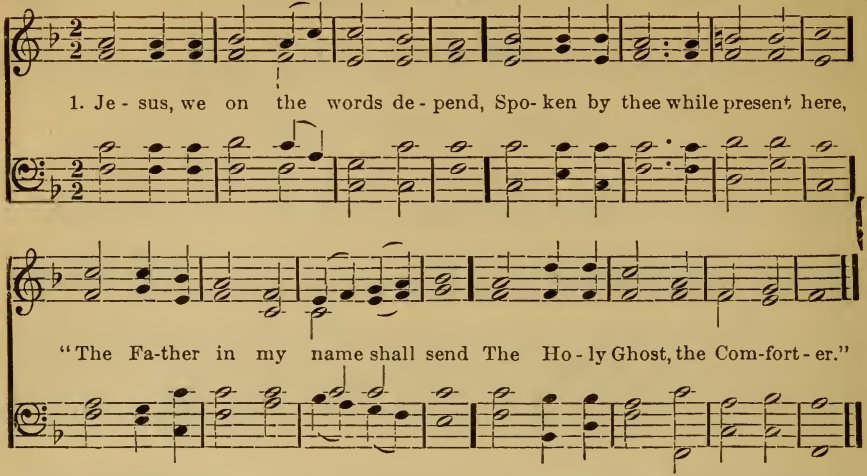
2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

Rabanus Maurus. Tr. by *John Dryden.*

168 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.



2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, e'en us, fulfill;
And give the Spirit of thy grace
To teach us all thy perfect will.

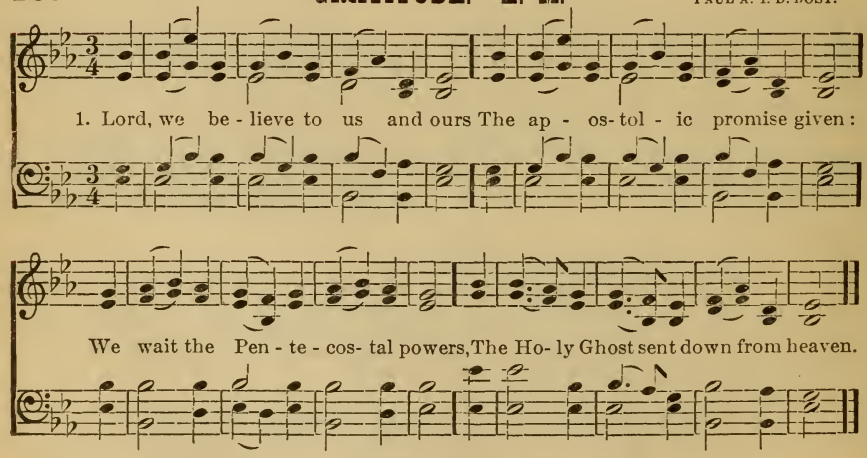
3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible, impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
O might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin!

Charles Wesley.

169 GRATITUDE. L. M.

PAUL A. I. D. BOST.



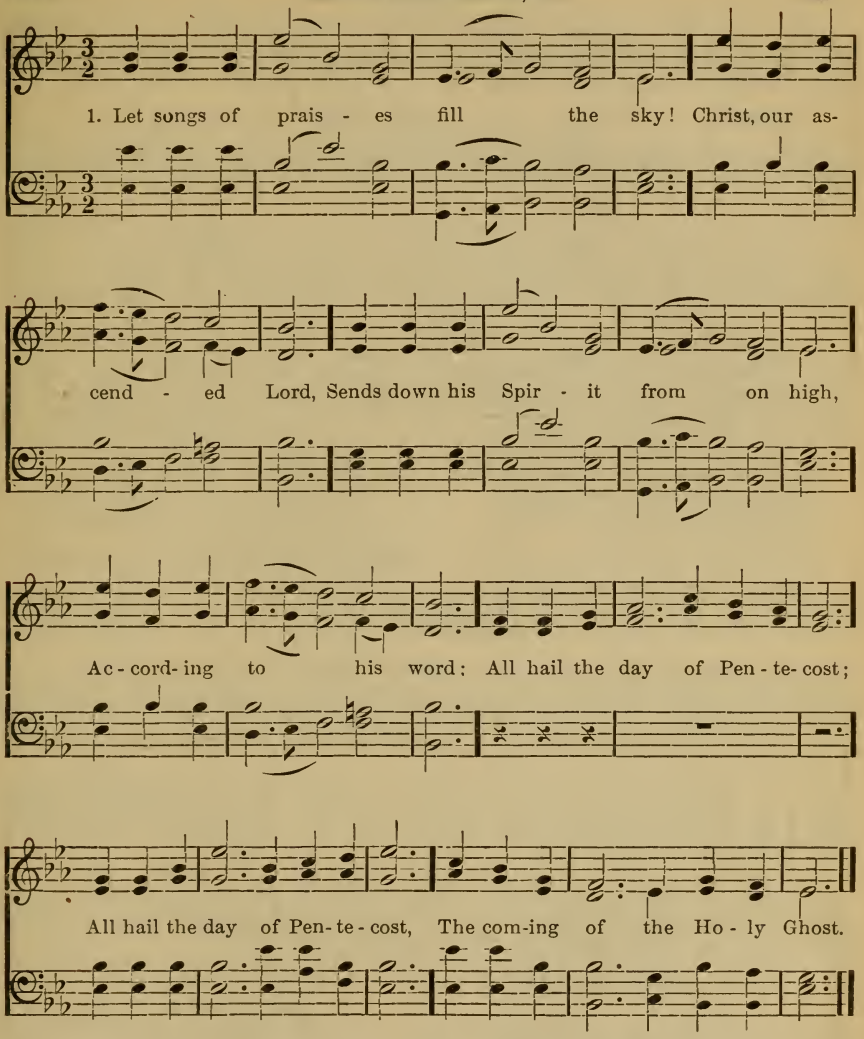
2 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine:
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest Divine.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

Charles Wesley.

170 PENTECOST. 8s. 6s, 8s.

ANON.



2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

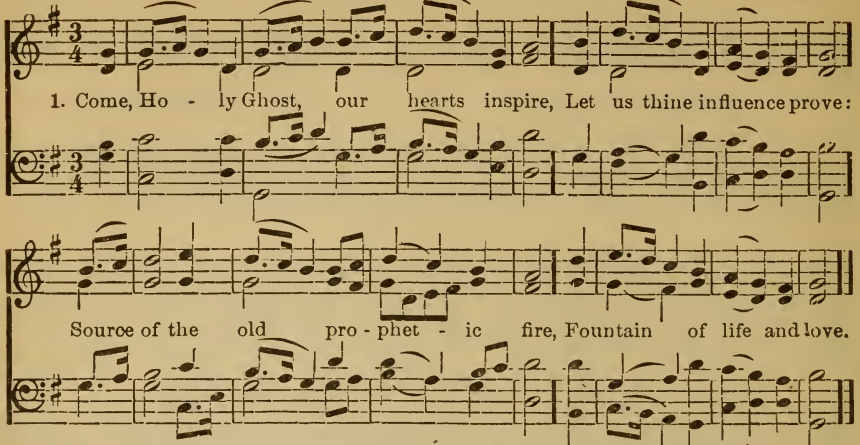
3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes;
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire:
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

Thomas Cotterill.

171 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR



2 Come, Holy Ghost—for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke—
Unlock the truth, thyself the key:
Unseal the sacred book.

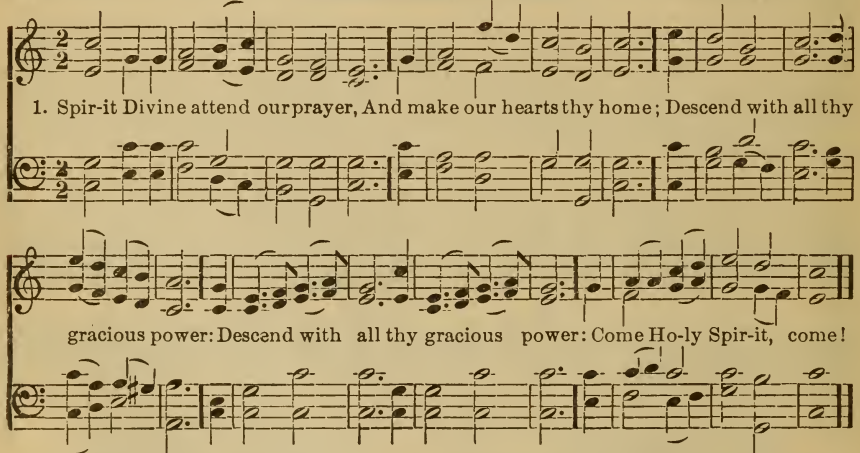
3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

172 LANESBORO. C. M.

WILLIAM DIXON.



2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

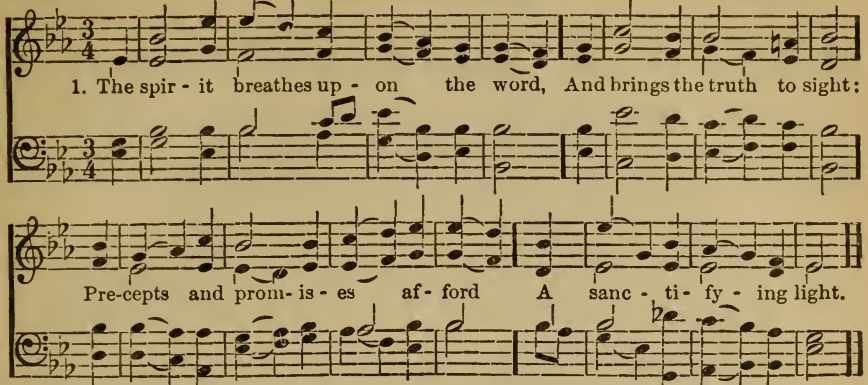
4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

5 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy Church on earth become
Blest as thy Church above.

Andrew Reed.

173 ABRIDGE. C. M.

ISAAC SMITH.



2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.

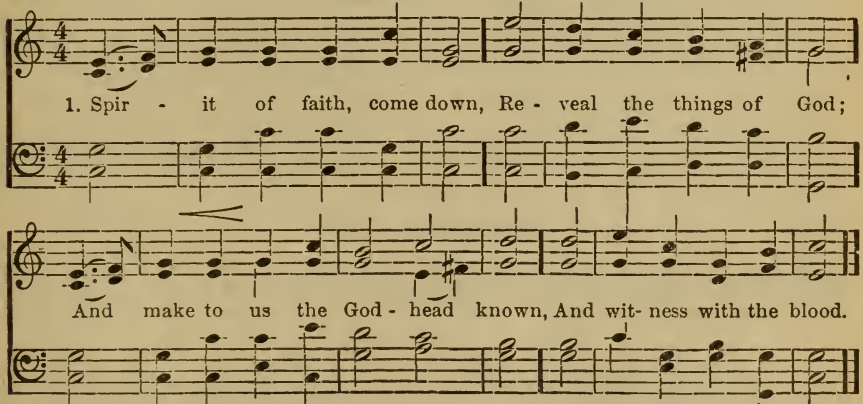
3 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

William Cowper.

174 LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.

4 Then, only then, we feel
Our int'rest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

5 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

6 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

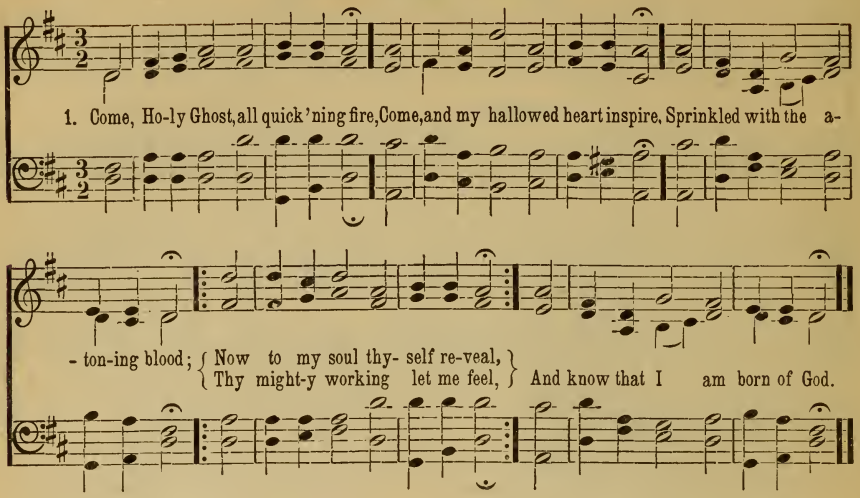
7 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;

8 The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

Charles Wesley

175 NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

Adapted by LOWELL MASON.



2 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone:
In love create thou all things new.

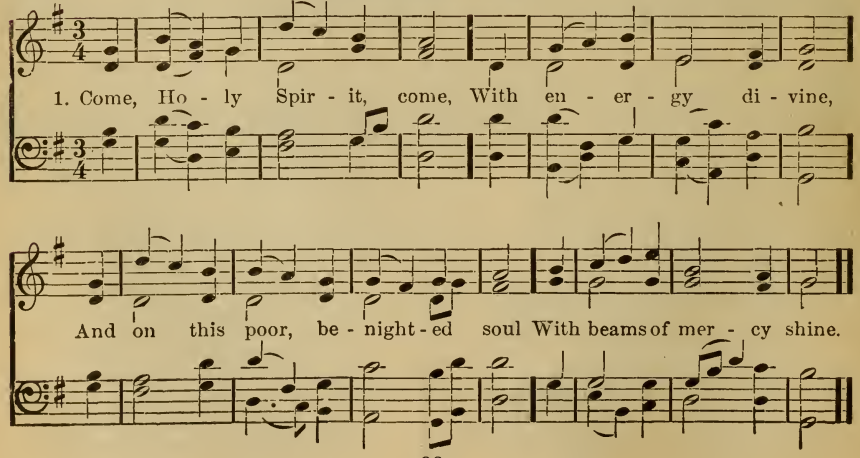
3 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire:
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

4 My will be swallowed up in thee!
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face:
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

Charles Wesley.

176 THATCHER. S. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 O melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew!

3 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome.

177 S. M.

1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 This inward, dire disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

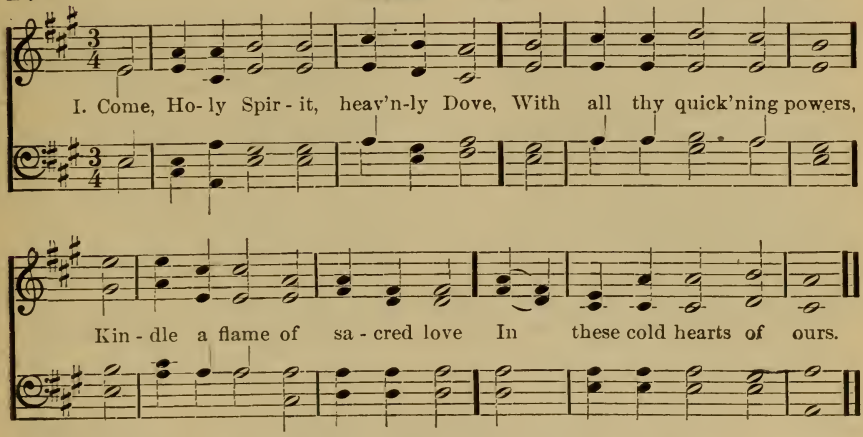
3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this;
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley.

178 **AZMON. C. M.** CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 And shall we then forever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

179 C. M.

1 CELESTIAL Dove, come from above,
And guide me in thy ways:
My heart prepare for solemn prayer,
And tune my lips to praise.

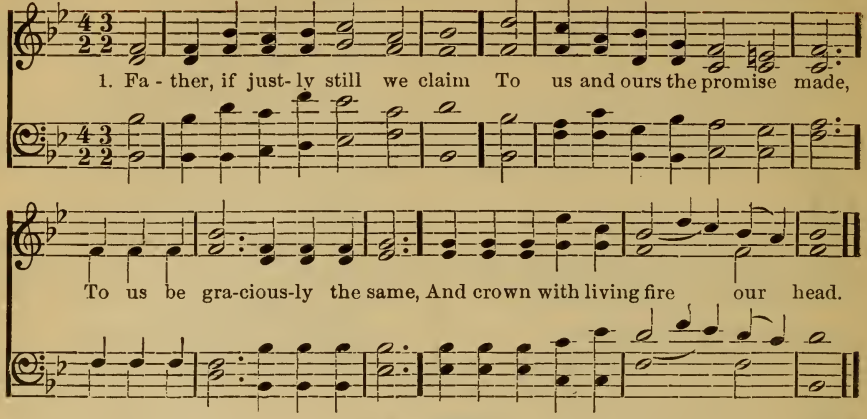
2 Open mine eyes, and make me wise,
My int'rest to discern:
From ev'ry sin, without, within,
Incline my heart to turn.

3 Fly to my aid, when I'm afraid,
Or plunged in deep distress;
My foes subdue, and bring me through
This howling wilderness.

Benjamin Beddome.

180 NEUKOMM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart;
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart.

4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind.

5 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife;
'Tis nature all and all delight.

Henry More.

181

L. M.

1 On all the earth thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy scepter all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

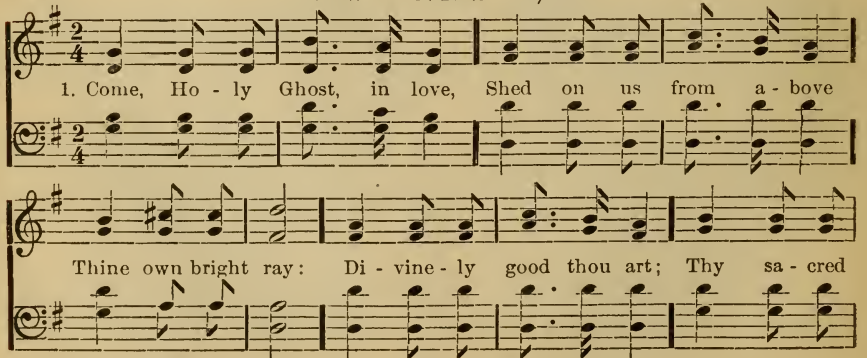
3 Yea, let it, Lord, in every place
Its richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

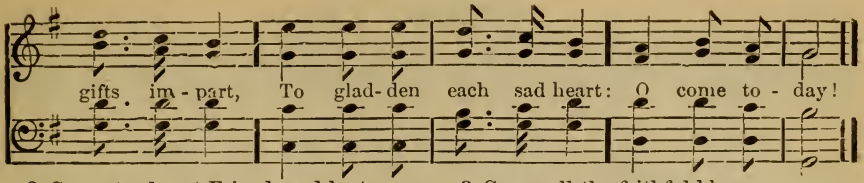
4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due—
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

Henry More.

182 NEW HAVEN. 6s, 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



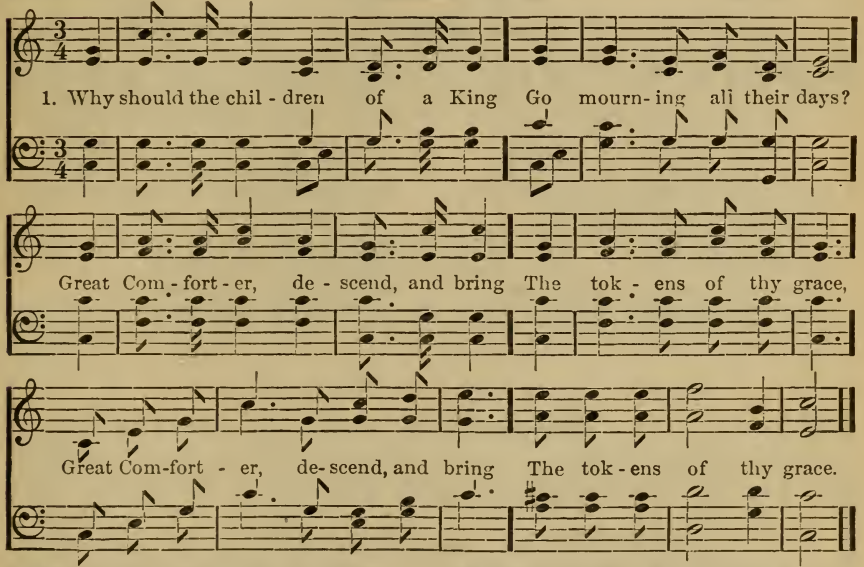


2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

From the Latin. Tr. by *Ray Palmer.*

183 **ZERAH. C. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home!

Isaac Watts.

184 C. M.

1 Sovereign of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 "My Father, God!" how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

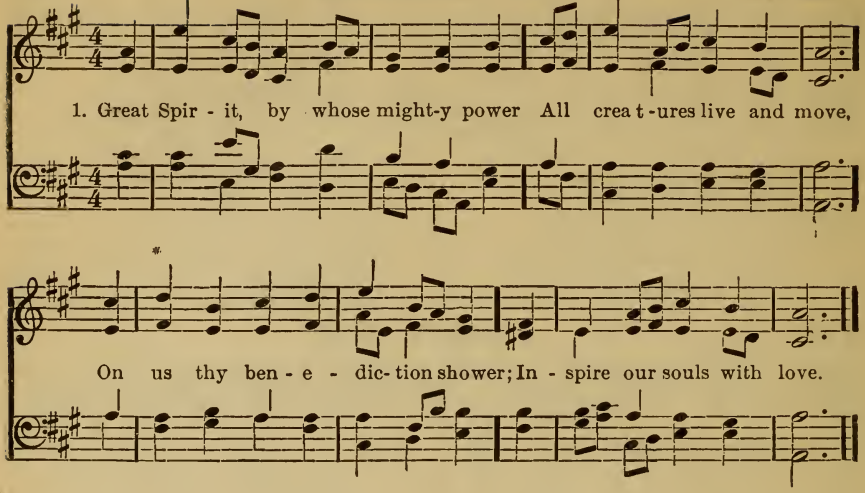
3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe:
Thou know'st I "Abba, Father," cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

Philip Doddridge.

185 STEPHENS. C. M.

WILLIAM JONES.



2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
Darkness and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

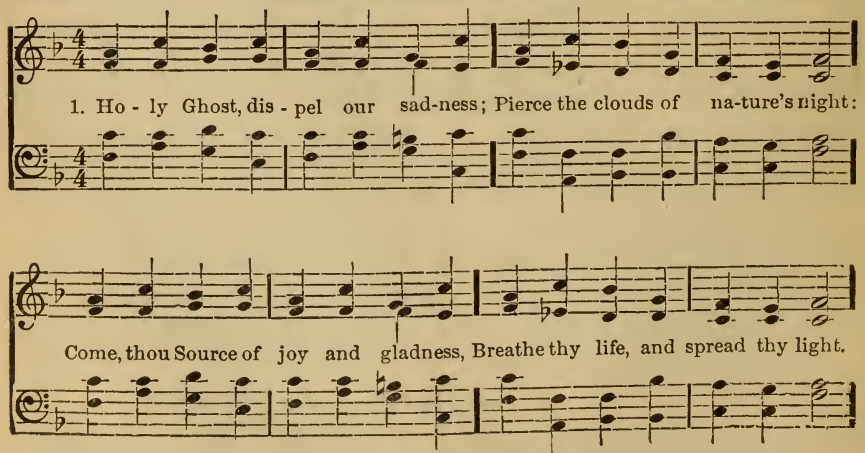
3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

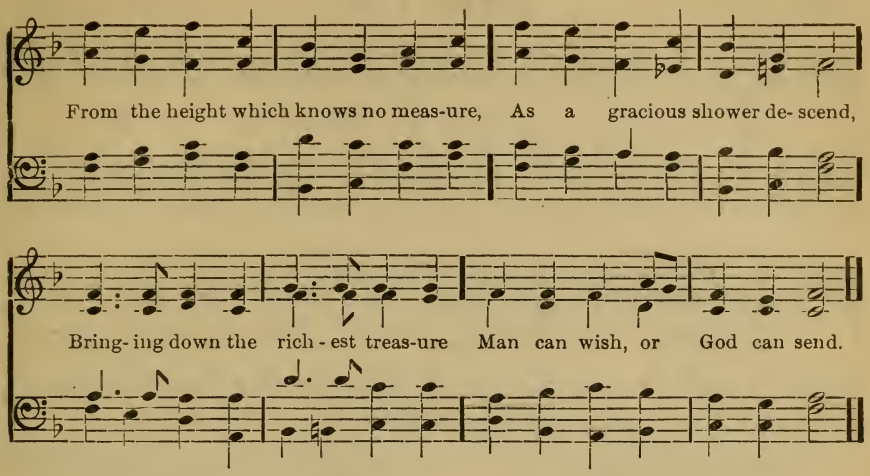
4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exulting then we feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

Thomas Haweis.

186 VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s. D.

DIMITRI S. BORTNIANSKY.





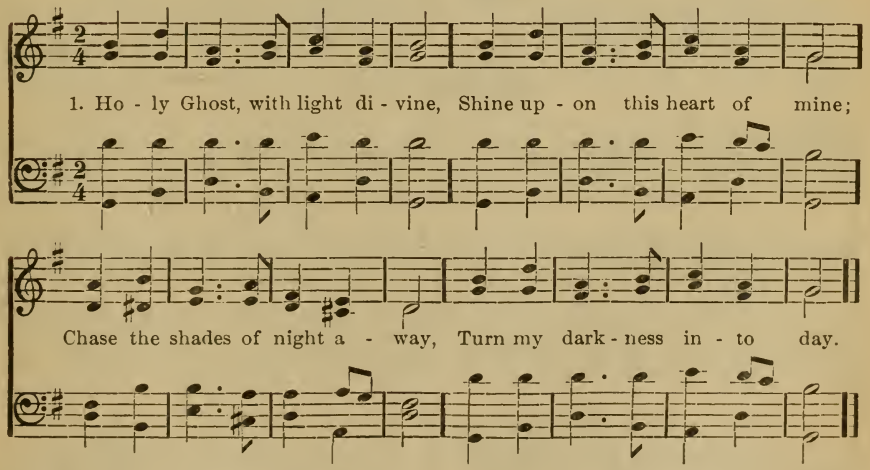
2 Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower.

Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessèd Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of thy grace.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *J. C. Jacobi.*

187 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

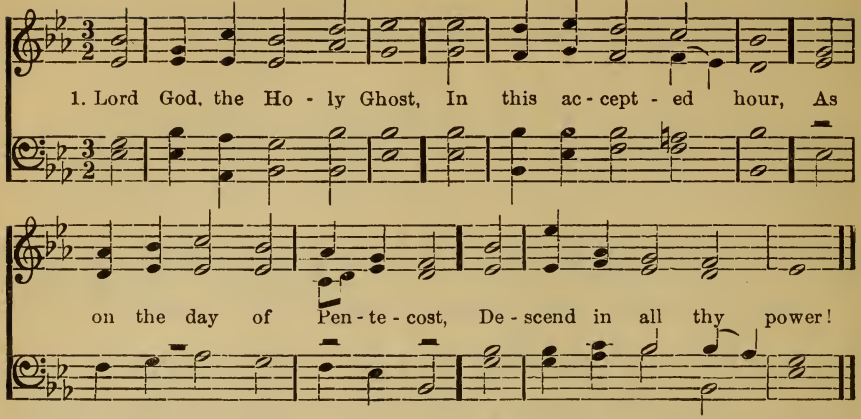
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

188 DOVER. S. M.

Aaron Williams's Coll.



2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

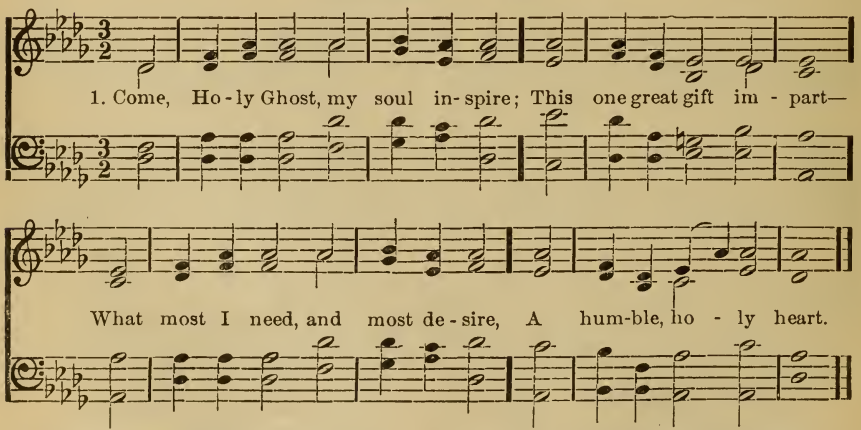
5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide:
O Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery.

189 CORINTH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

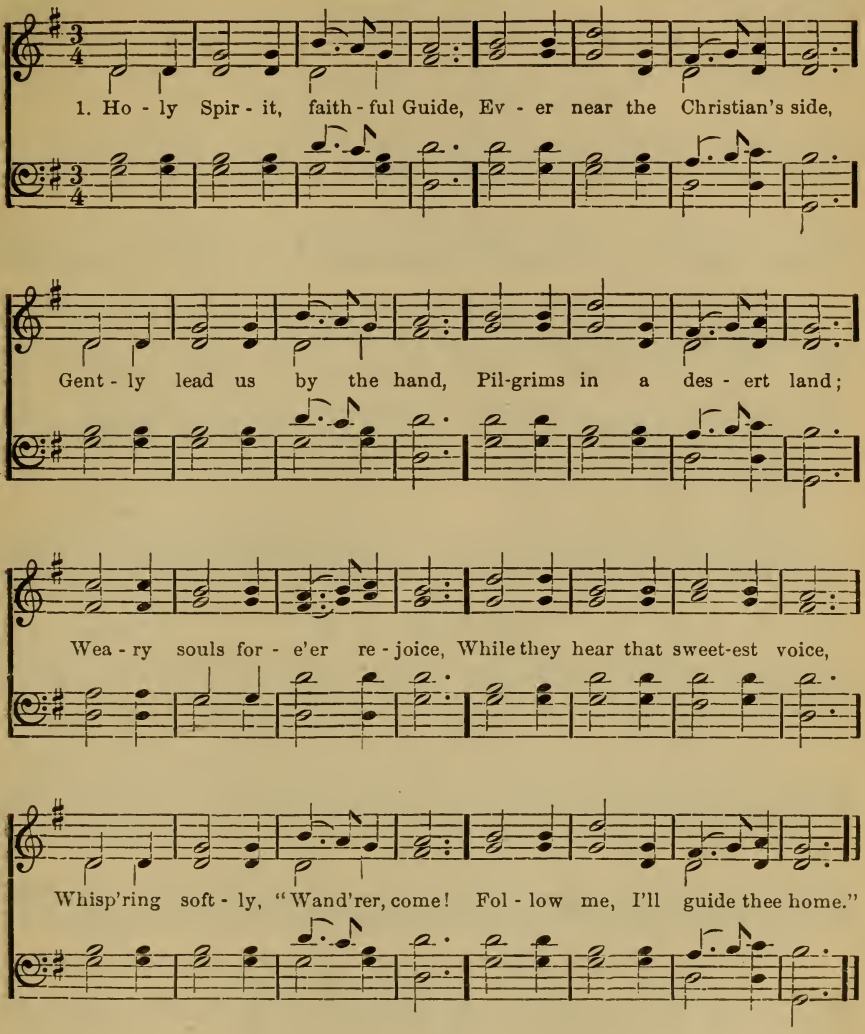


2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven;
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free;
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

Asahel Nettleton.

190 **GUIDE.** 7s. D. MARCUS M. WELLS.



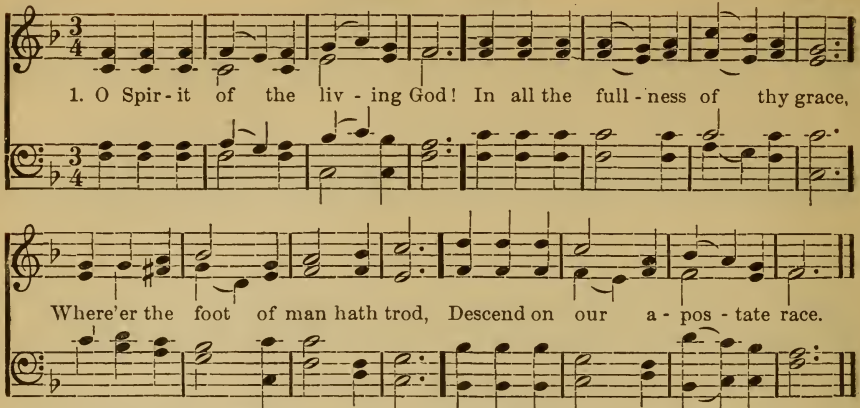
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood—
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Marcus M. Wells.

191 HURSLEY. L. M.

Fr. PETER RITTER.



2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word:
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

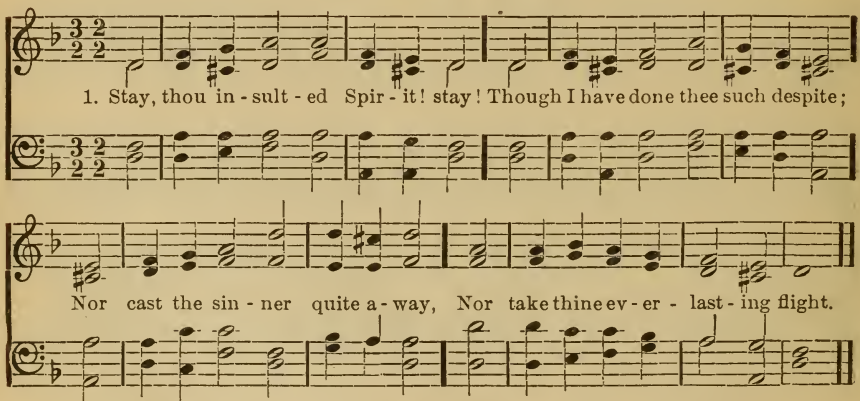
4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record:
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

5 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see:
So be the Father's love fulfilled, [thee!
The Saviour's suff'rings crowned thro'

James Montgomery.

192 WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.



2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

4 Yet O the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High-priest:
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

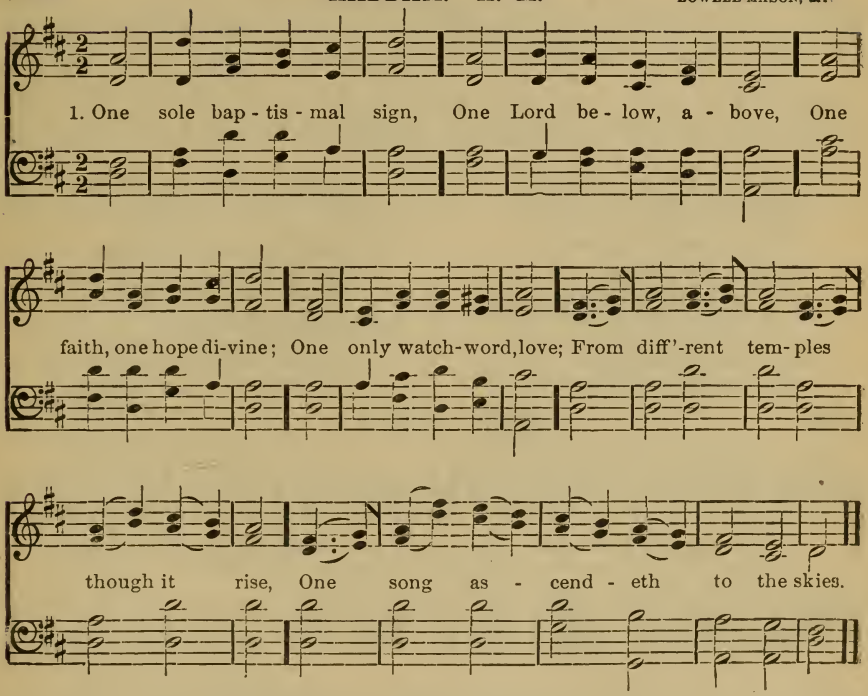
Charles Wesley.

SECTION IV.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

1. THE CHURCH.

193 **HADDAM. H. M.** LOWELL MASON, arr.



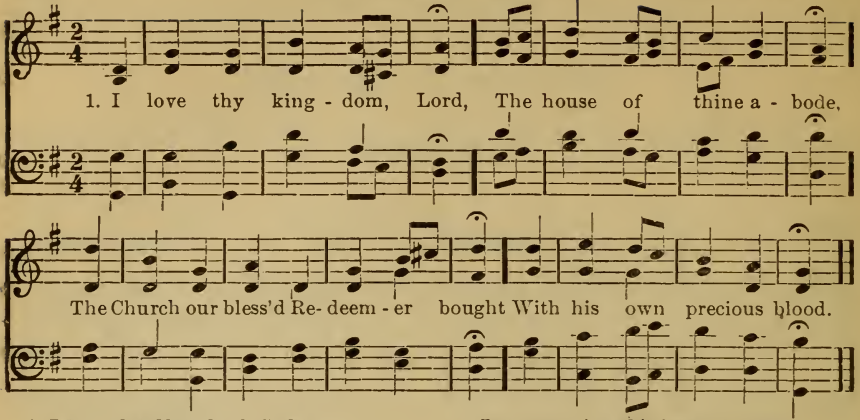
2 Our Sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
Thou who didst raise him from the dead,
Unite thy people in their Head.

3 Head of thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her unity renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson.

194 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless her sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

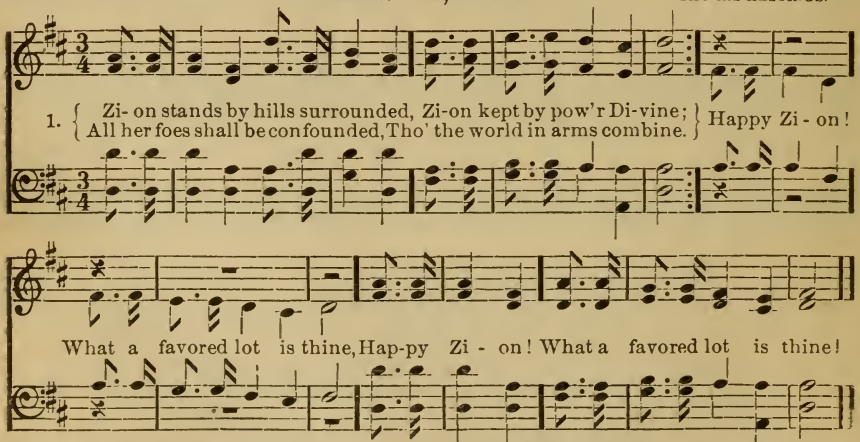
5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Timothy Dwight.

195 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



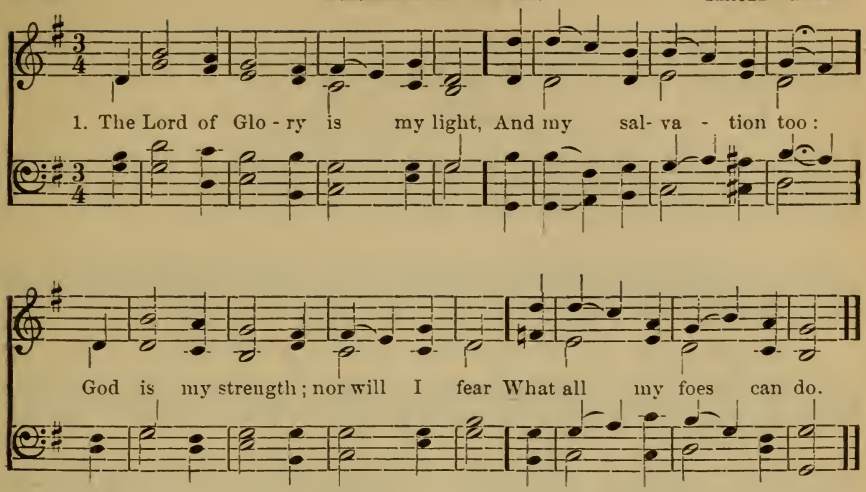
2 Every human tie may perish:
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

196 BELMONT. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



2 One privilege my heart desires—
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Isaac Watts.

197

C. M.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road!
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble, and rejoice!

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Isaac Watts.

198

C. M.

1 BLEST are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defense,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

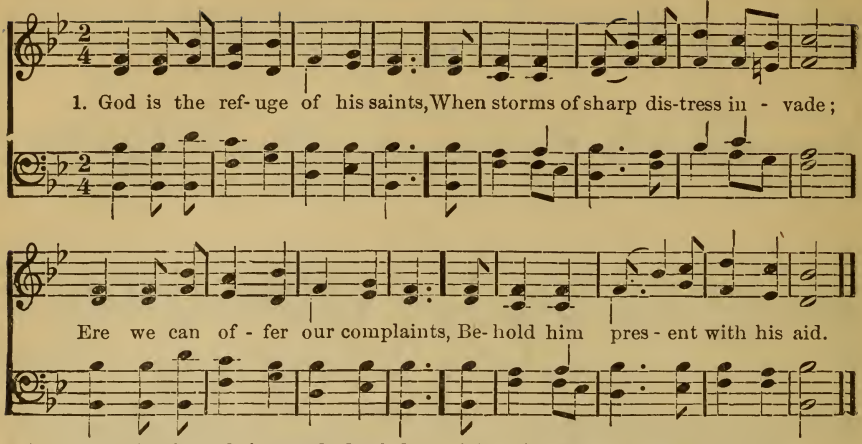
Isaac Watts.

DOXOLOGY.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored;
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

199 WARD. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there—
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

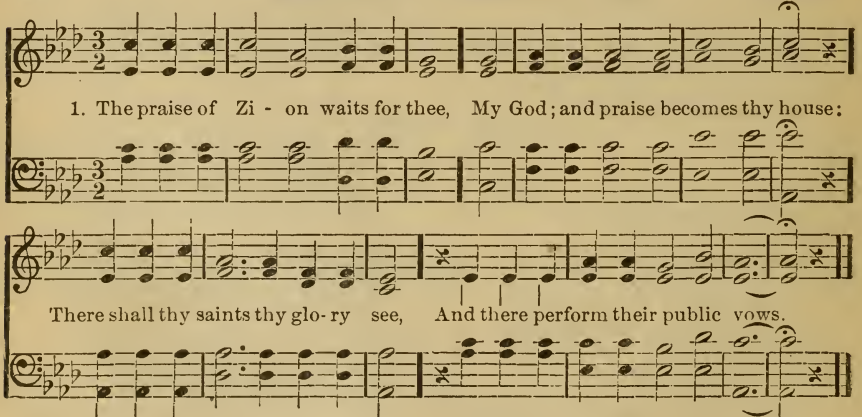
4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Isaac Watts.

200 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.



O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And grateful isles of every sea.

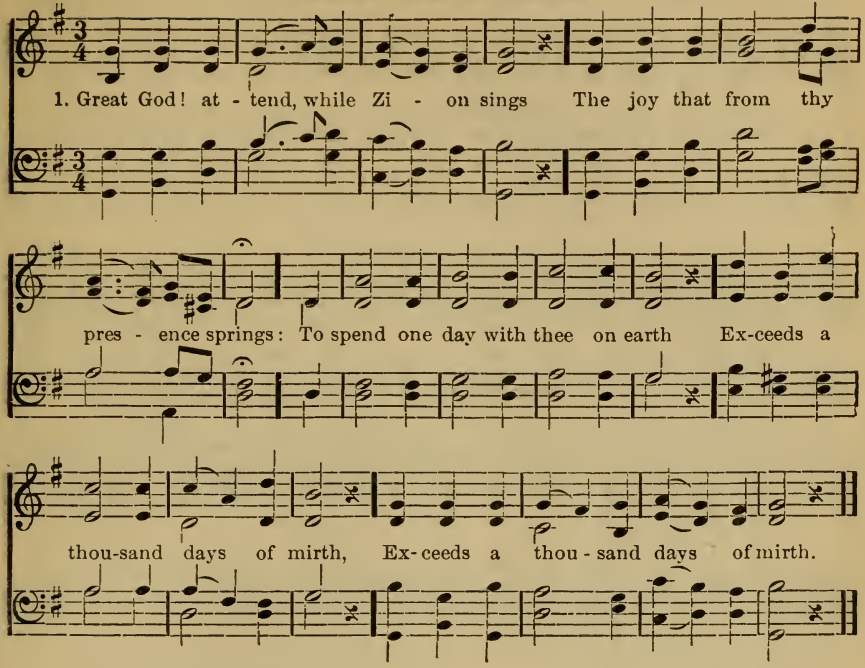
3 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee—
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

4 Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord:
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

Isaac Watts.

201 PARK STREET. L. M.

FREDRICO M. A. VENUA.



2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin—
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

Isaac Watts.

202 L. M.

1 God, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one newborn or nourished there.

Isaac Watts

203 L. M.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

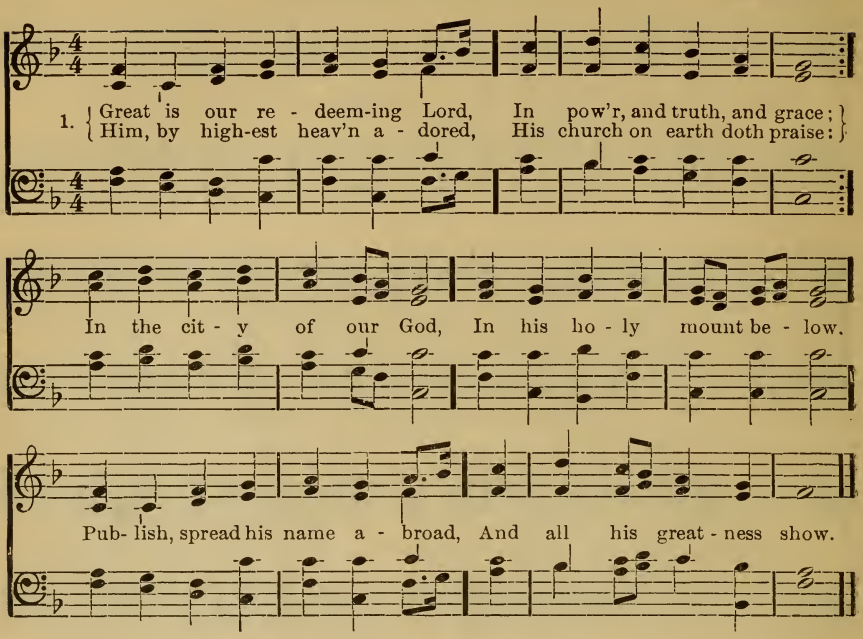
4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

204 AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s. Pec.

JAMES NARES.



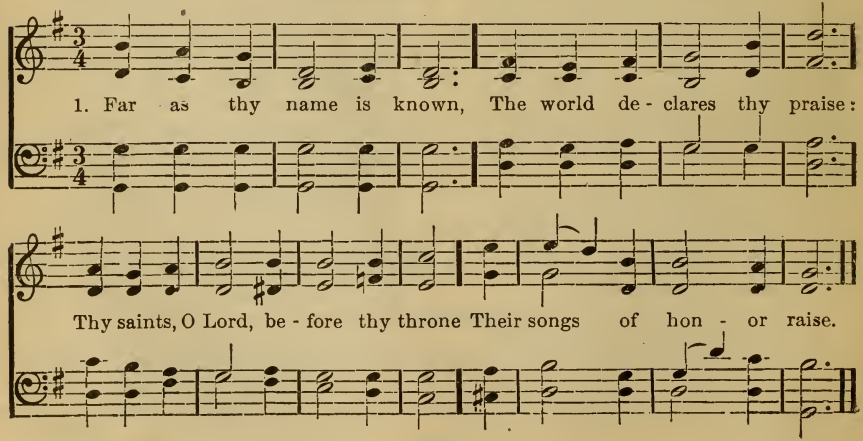
2 Sion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pard'ning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die:

To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

205 GREENWOOD. S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well—

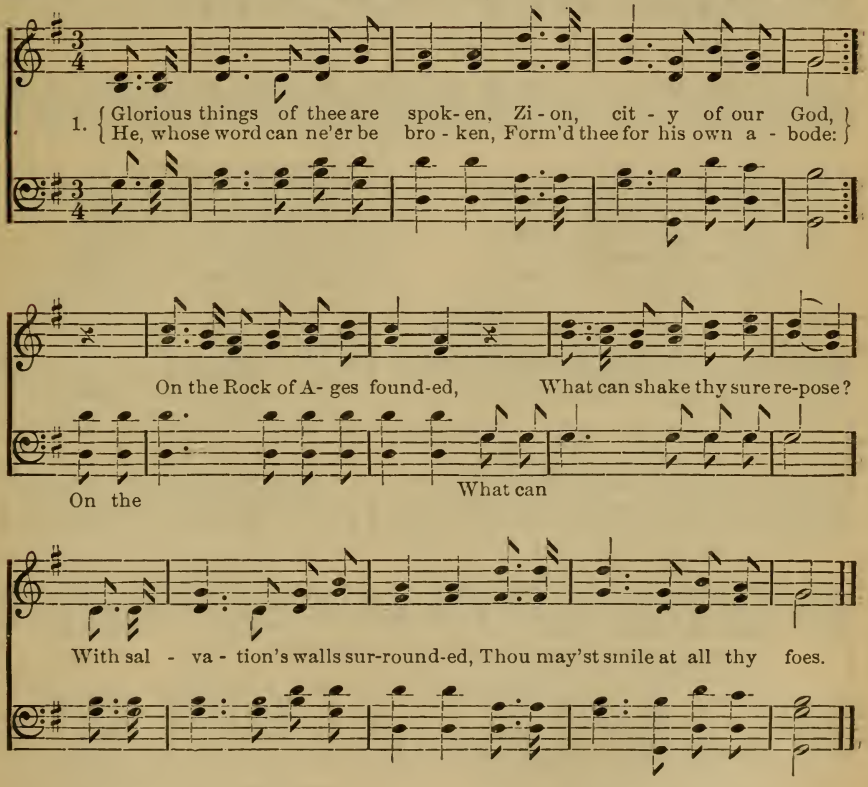
3 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows—
And make a fair report.

4 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

5 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die—
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

206 **HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D.** LOWELL MASON.



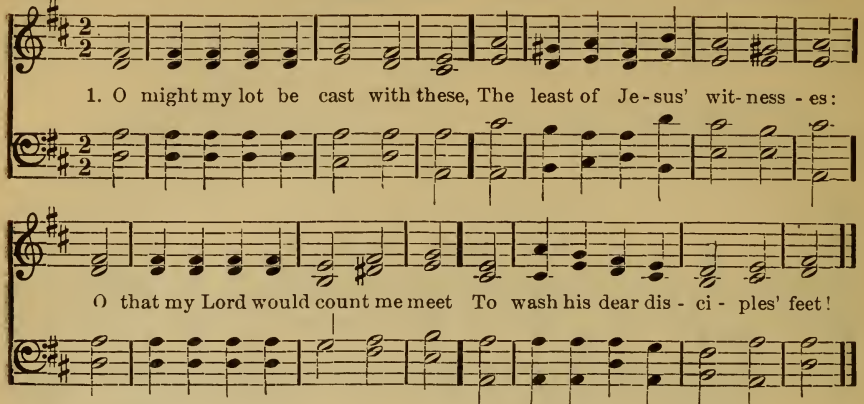
2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring—
Showing that the Lord is near:
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

John Newton.

207 ASHWELL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy Church to live;

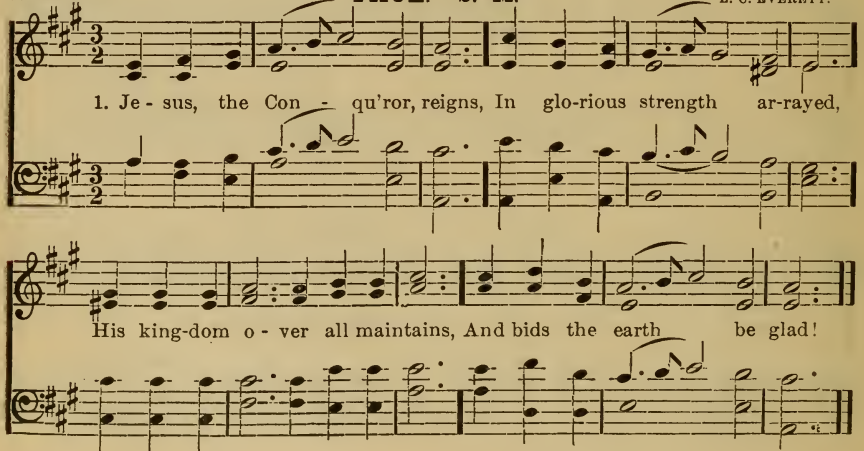
3 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

4 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

Charles Wesley.

208 PAUL. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT.



2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his cross.

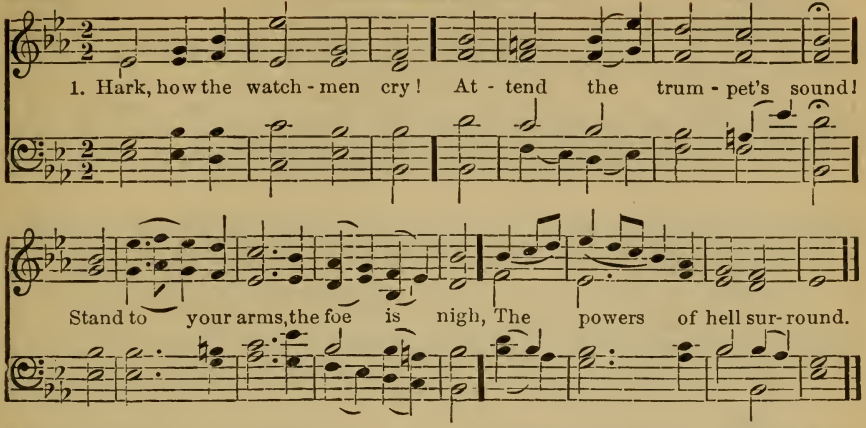
5 That bloody banner see,
And, in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight.

6 In mighty phalanx joined,
To battle all proceed;
Armed with th' unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

Charles Wesley.

209 WATCHMAN. S. M.

JAMES LEACH.



2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

3 See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.

4 His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh;
He bore the cross for all.

5 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

6 All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

210 S. M.

1 ANGELS your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:

2 From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

3 But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?

4 By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And, conqu'ring them thro' Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go.

5 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:

6 "Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

Charles Wesley.

211 S. M.

1 URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands:
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands.

2 See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize!

3 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain;
Yet O disdain to fear.

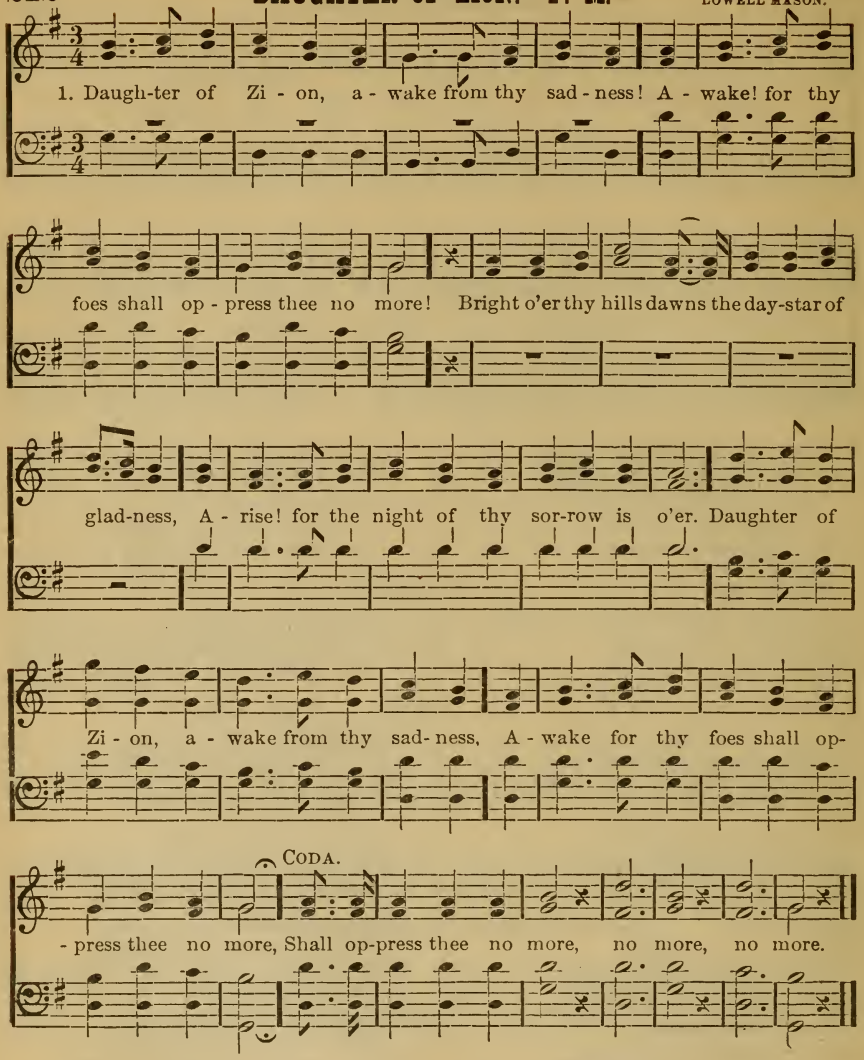
4 "Courage!" your Captain cries
(Who all your toil foreknew)
"Toil ye shall have; yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you."

5 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror:
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war.

6 This is the victory—
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all!

Charles Wesley.

212 **DAUGHTER OF ZION. P. M.** LOWELL MASON.



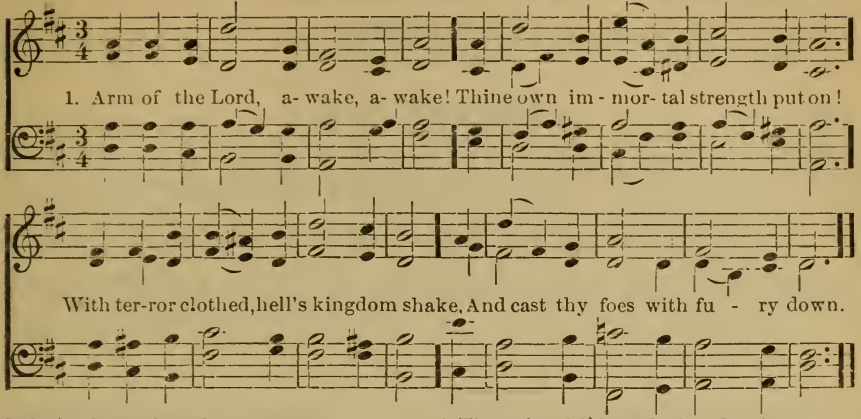
2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war!

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

Author unknown.

213 THANKSGIVING. L. M.

FRANCIS R. STATHAM.



2 As in the ancient days, appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

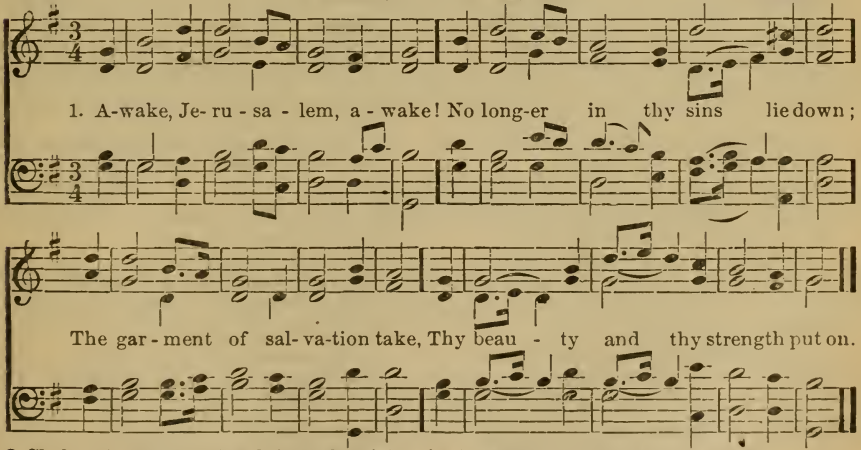
4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

5 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

Charles Wesley.

214 PILESGROVE. L. M.

ENGLISH.



2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light,
The great Deliv'rer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Sion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

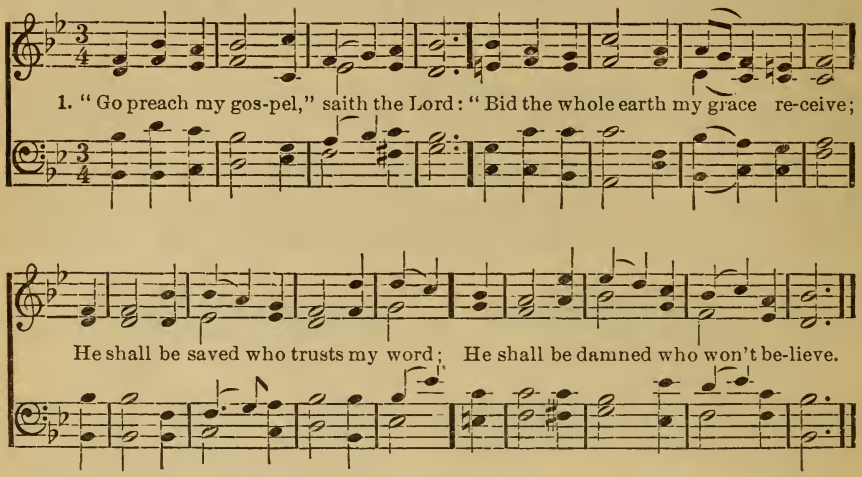
5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

Charles Wesley.

2. THE MINISTRY.

215 GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end:
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Isaac Watts.

216 L. M.

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord:
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there!

3 The Lord your God shall quickly come:
Sinners, repent, the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

4 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain:
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crookèd be straight, and rugged plain.

5 The glory of the Lord displayed
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

Charles Wesley

217 "TUNE—STATE STREET." S. M.

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

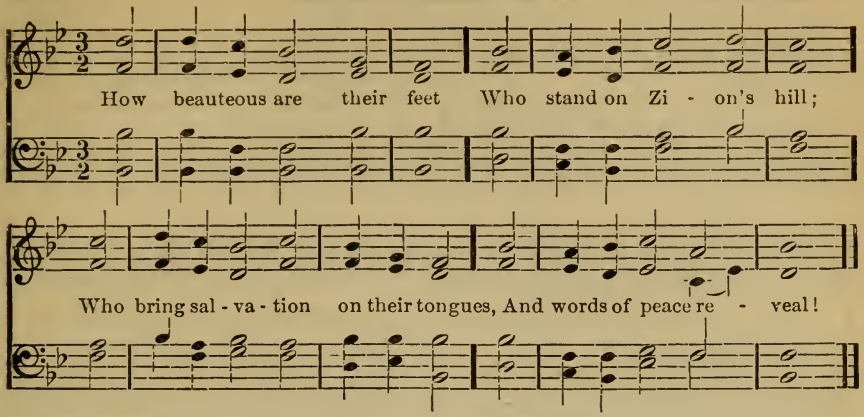
3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

Charles Wesley

218 STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.



2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

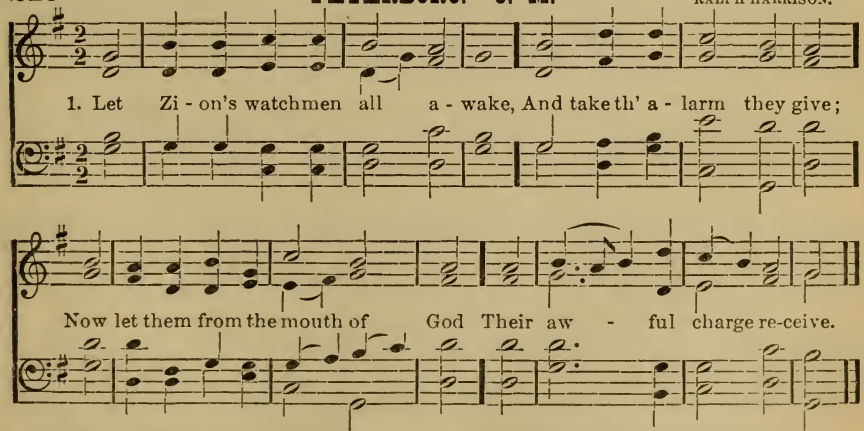
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts.

219 PETERBORO. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON.



2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

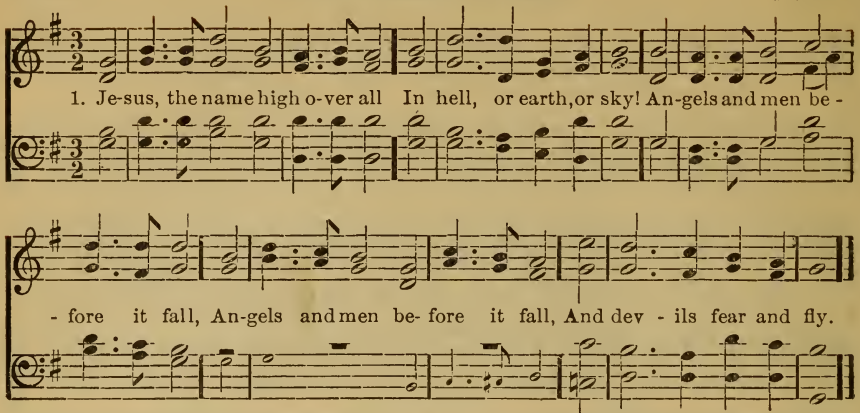
3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego!
For souls which must forever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge.

220 WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ners' fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace!

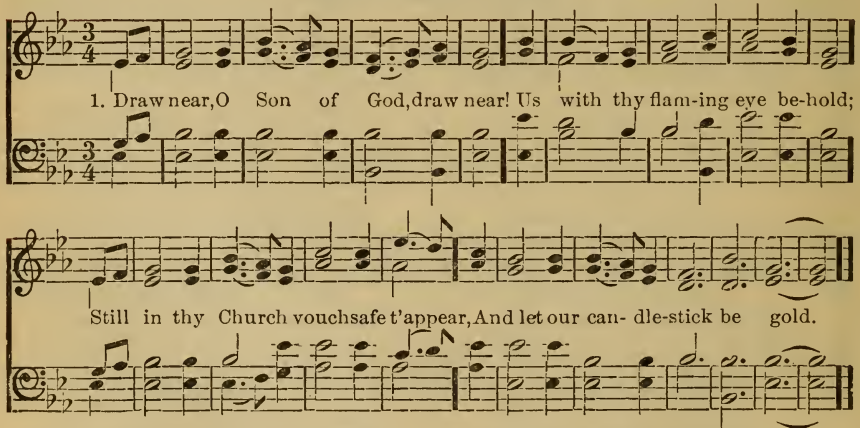
5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley.

221 WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 Still hold the stars in thy right-hand,
And let them in thy luster glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy Church below.

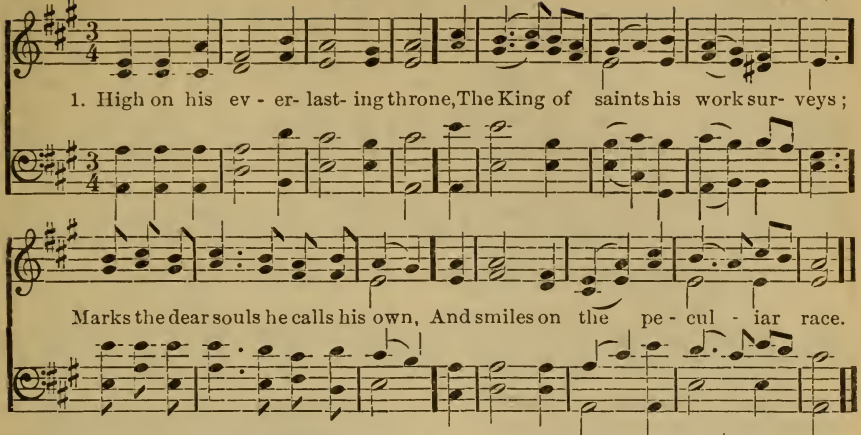
3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear,
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

Charles Wesley.

222 MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move;
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.

3 See, where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude, appear:
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.

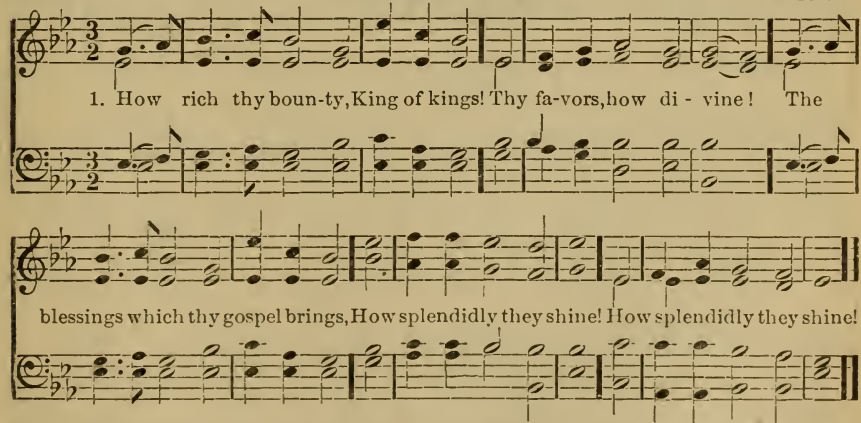
4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 O multiply thy sowers' seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear:
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thine everlasting truth declare!

A. G. Spangenburg. Tr. by John Wesley.

223 COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare;
How mean, when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share!

3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay;
And the weak sons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.

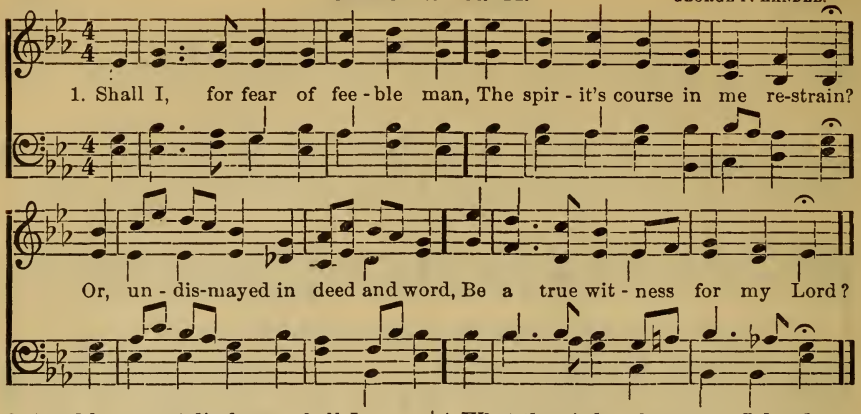
4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the vict'ry gives:
Quickly they molder back to earth,
Yet still thy gospel lives.

5 Such wonders power divine effects;
Such trophies God can raise;
His hand, from crumbling dust, erects
His monuments of praise.

Philip Doddridge.

224 SAMSON. L. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

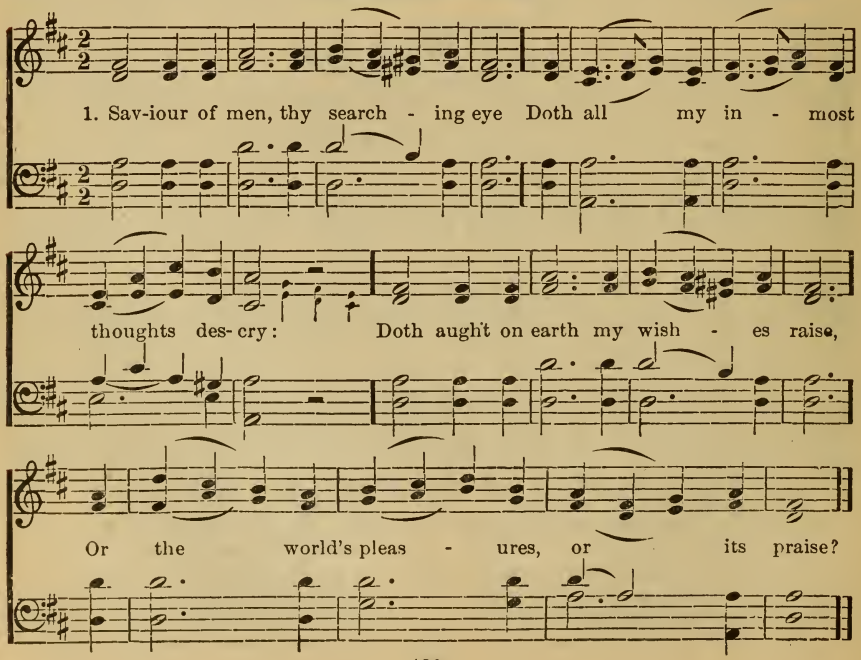
4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shad'wing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

John Joseph Winkler. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

225 STEVENS. L. M.

L. B. WOODBURY.



2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail reproach, and welcome pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be.
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee.

John Joseph Winkler. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

226 TUNE—"—STEVENS." L. M.

1 We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant,—so *He* came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin,
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

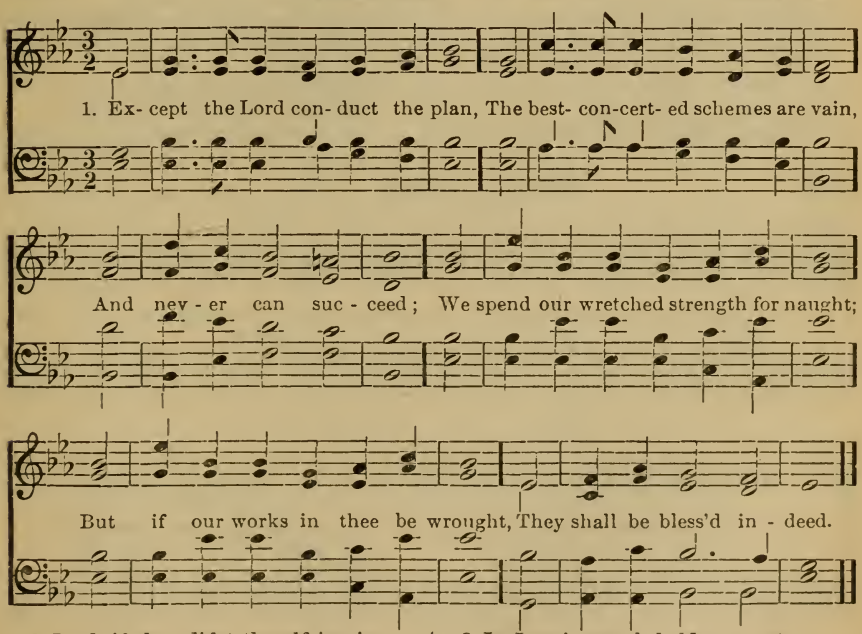
3 Come as a watchman; take thy stand
Upon the tower amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an angel; hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

James Montgomery.

227 **MERIBAH. C. P. M.** LOWELL MASON.



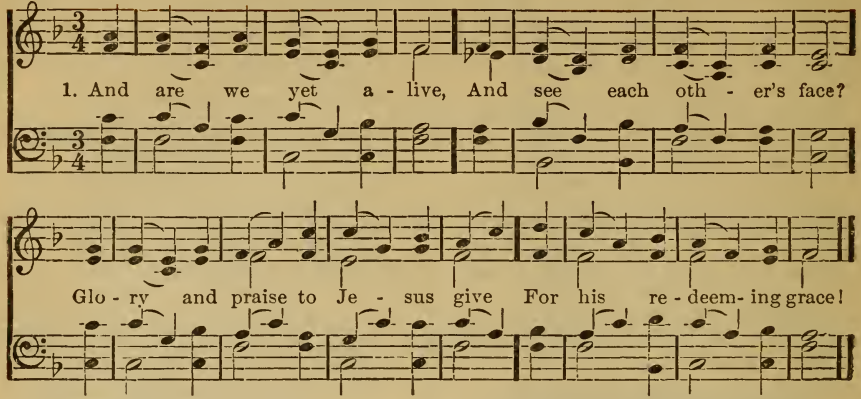
2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name!

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

Charles Wesley.

228 DENNIS. S. M.

HANS GEORGE NAEGELI



2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

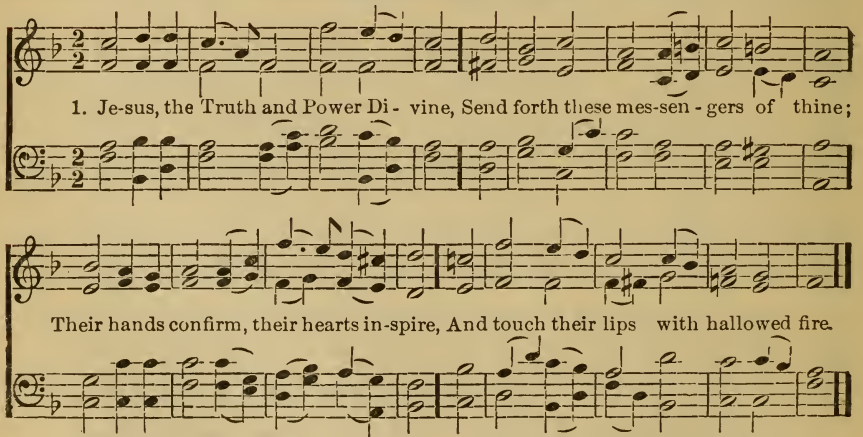
5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley.

229 RUSSIAN HYMN. L. M.

ALEXIS THEODORE LWOFF.



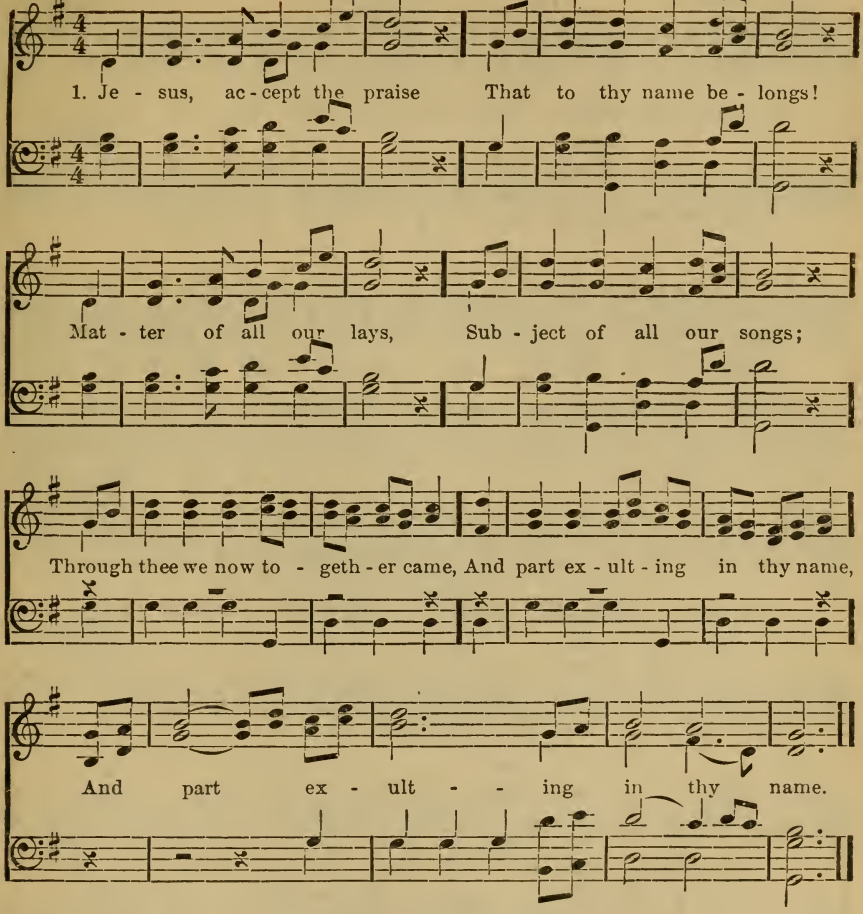
2 Be thou their mouth and wisdom, Lord;
Thou, by the hammer of thy word,
The rocky hearts in pieces break,
And bid the sons of thunder speak.

3 To those who would their Lord embrace,
Give them to preach the word of grace;
Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,
And melt them with the fire of love.

4 Let all with thankful hearts confess
Thy welcome messengers of peace;
Thy power in their report be found,
And let thy feet behind them sound.

Charles Wesley.

230 **LISCHER. H. M.** FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.



2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned;
And while we do thy blessèd will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, armed with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race!
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

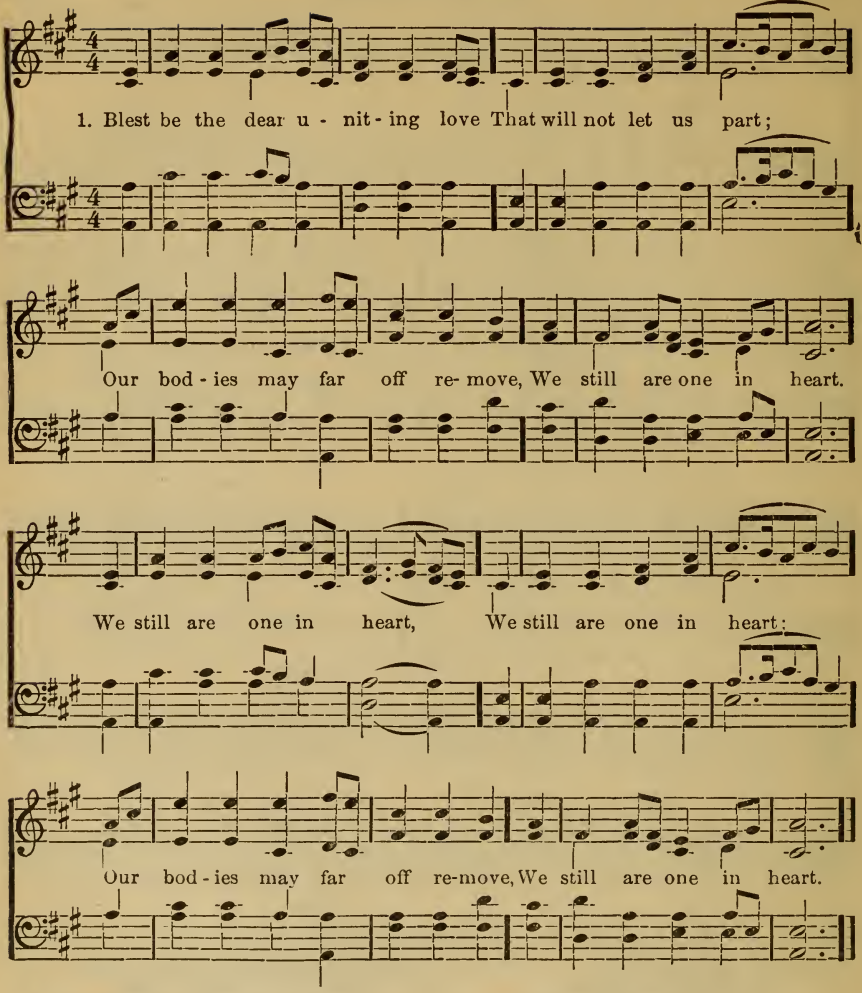
4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting, are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And greet thee in the flaming skies.

5 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor to be found
Of him in spotless peace;
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.

Charles Wesley

231 PISGAH. C. M.

Arr. by Dr. J. M. BONNELL.



2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

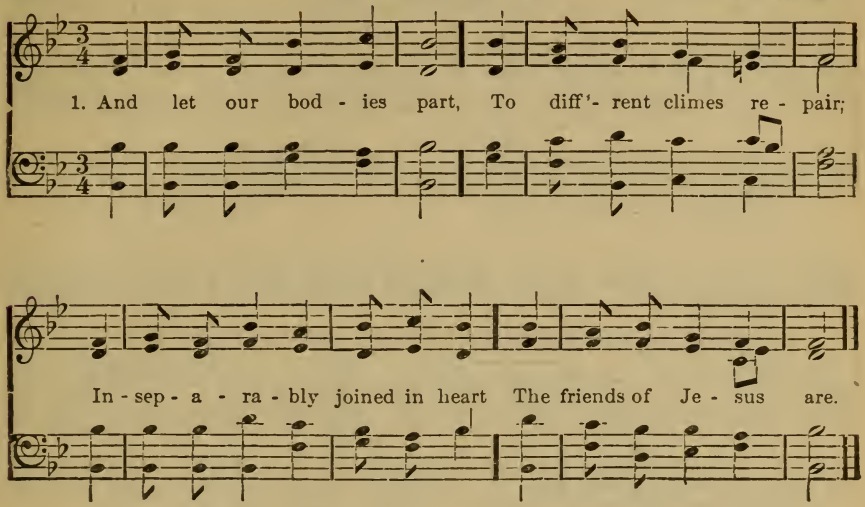
5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

Charles Wesley.

232 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go!

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end!

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

6 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

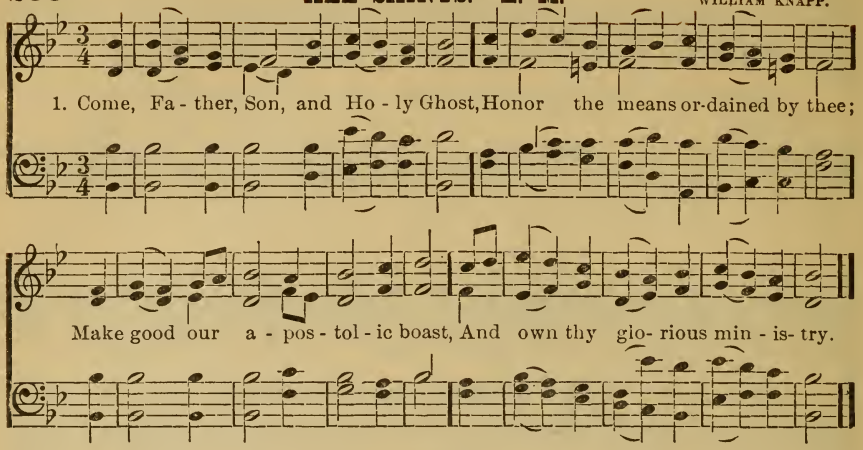
Charles Wesley.

DOXOLOGY. S. M.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

233 ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP.



2 Father, in these reveal thy Son—
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

3 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectual make the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

4 Eternal Spirit, come from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

Charles Wesley.

234 L. M.

1 God of eternal truth and love,
Thine own great ordinance approve;
This child into thy kingdom take,
And give him all thine image back.

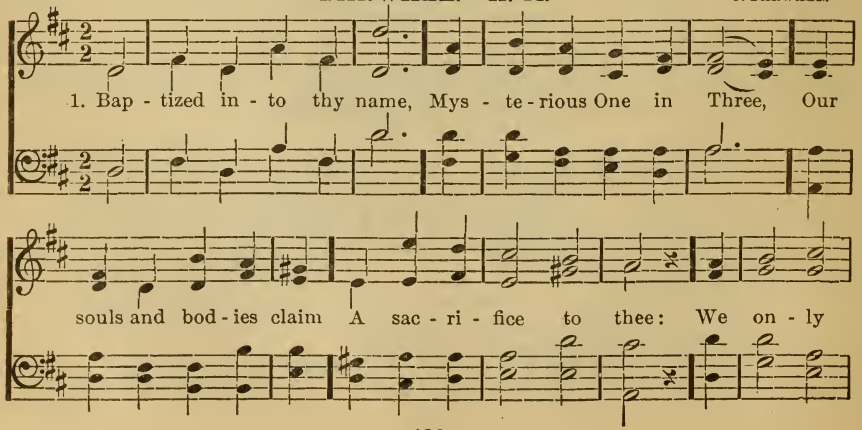
2 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
Annex thy hall'wing Spirit's seal;
The seed of endless life impart,
Take for thine own this infant's heart.

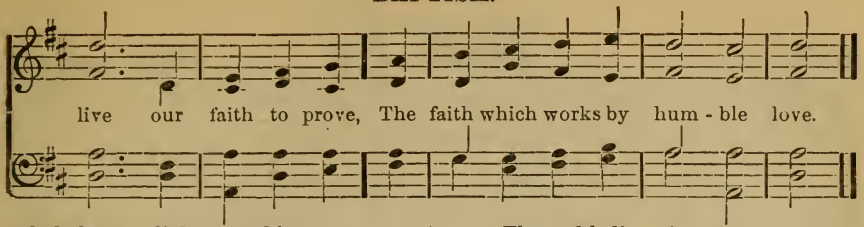
3 Answer on him thy wisdom's end;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Unto this favored child be given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Charles Wesley. Alt.

235 DARWALL. H. M.

J. DARWALL.



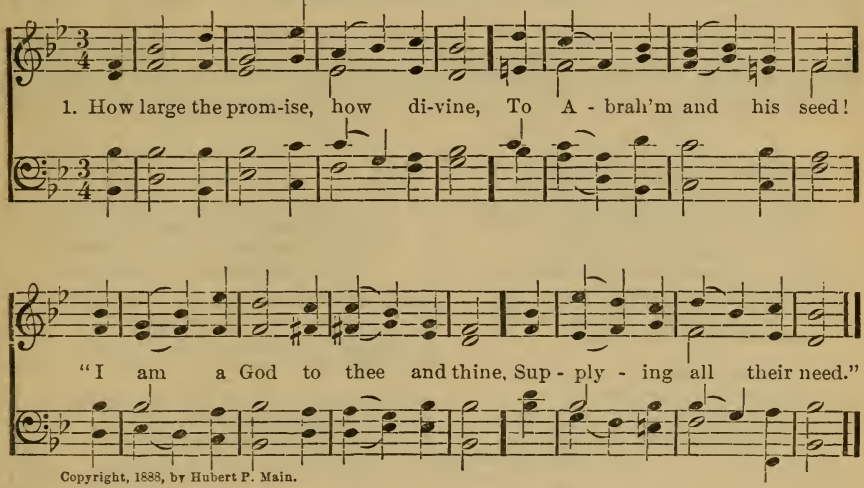


2 O that our light may shine,
And all our lives express
The character divine,
The real holiness!
Then, then receive us up t'adore
The Triune God for evermore.

Charles Wesley.

236 LAMBERT STREET. C. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



Copyright, 1888, by Hubert P. Main.

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

Isaac Watts.

237 C. M.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

238 C. M.

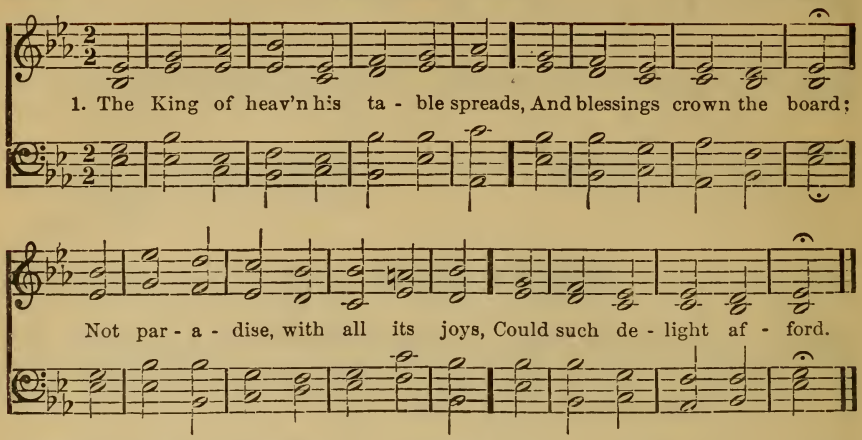
1 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

2 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

Isaac Watts.

239 DUNDEE. C. M.

ANDRO HART'S Psalter



2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready: come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Philip Doddridge.

240 C. M.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh—

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

Gerard Thomas Noel.

241 C. M.

1 The promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good:
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own blood the seal.

Isaac Watts.

242 C. M.

1 Jesus, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe!

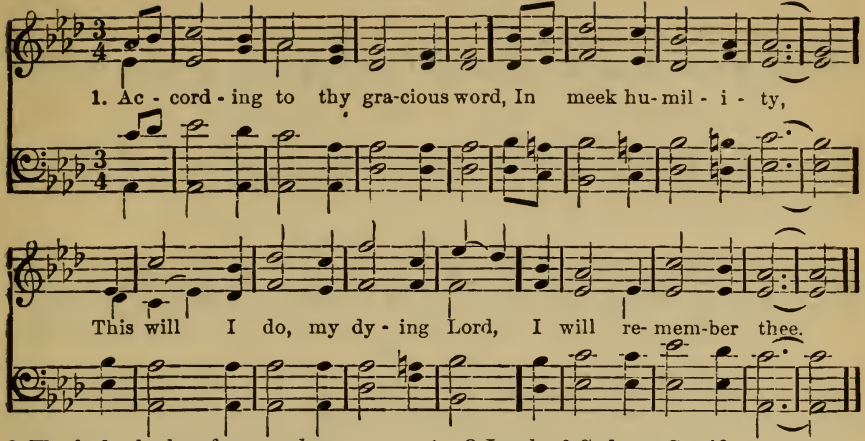
3 The living bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

4 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are filled below
With all the life of God.

Charles Wesley.

243 MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. HAYDN.



2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

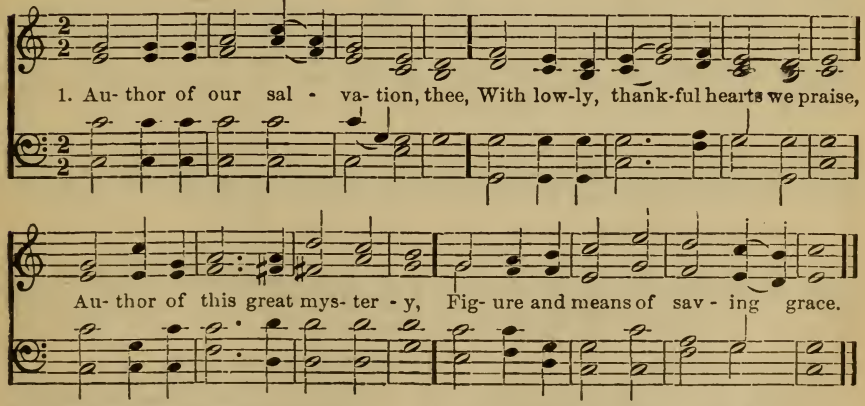
5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.

244 ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
Thy body and thy blood it shows:
The glorious instrument divine
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.

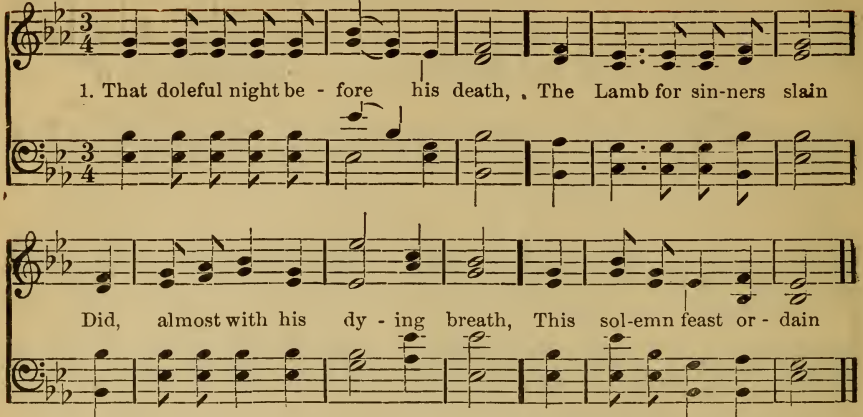
3 We see the blood that seals our peace;
Thy pard'ning mercy we receive;
The bread doth visibly express
The strength thro' which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
And eat the bread so freely given,
Till borne on eagles' wings we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

245 ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY



2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"For me, he died for me!"

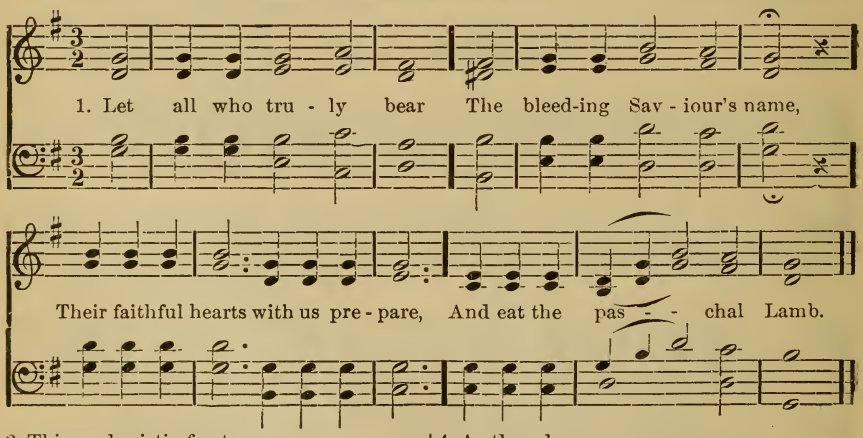
3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb!"
The Lamb that died for me!

Joseph Hart.

246 PARAH. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blessed,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord;

4 As though we every one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood:

5 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise:
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

Charles Wesley.

247 TUNE—"PARAH." S. M.

1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word:
Here in thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord.

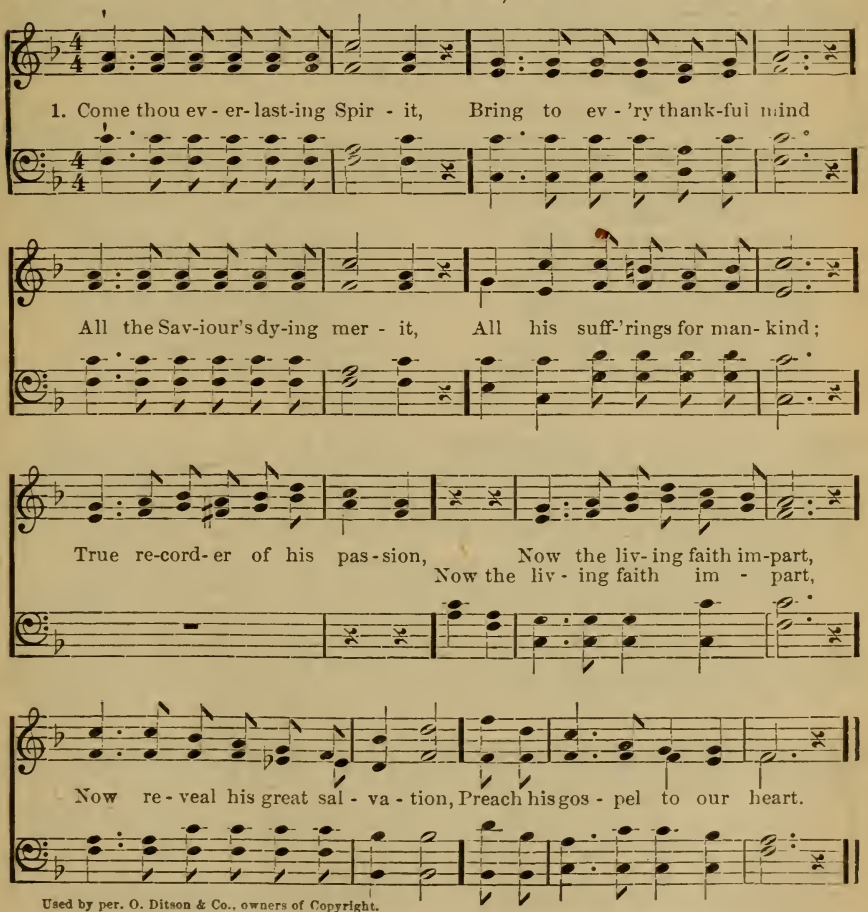
2 The way thou hast enjoined,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Our hearts we open wide
To make the Saviour room;
And lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The sinner's Friend, is come.

4 His presence makes the feast;
And now our bosoms feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

Charles Wesley.

248 **CHURCH HILL. 8s, 7s. D.** WILLIAM MINGLE.



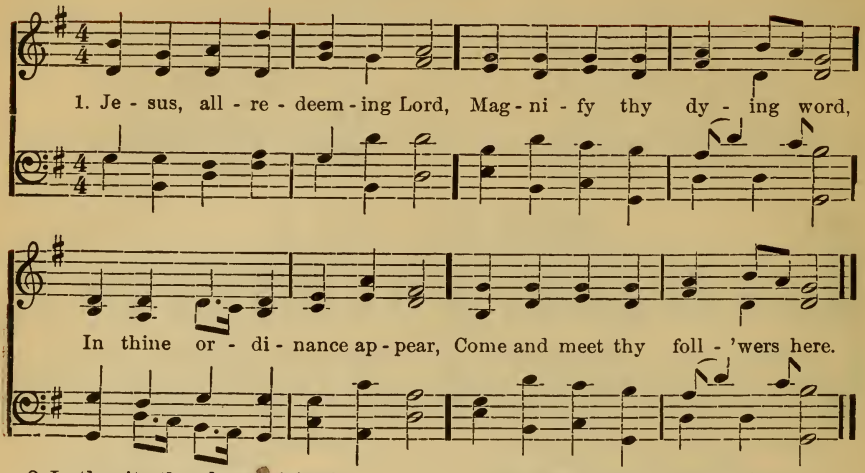
Used by per. O. Ditson & Co., owners of Copyright.

2 Come, thou witness of his dying;
Come, remembrancer divine,—
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul and mine:
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on him we pierced, and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

Charles Wesley.

249 NUREMBURG. 7s.

J. R. AHLE.



2 In the rite thou hast enjoined
Let us now our Saviour find,
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

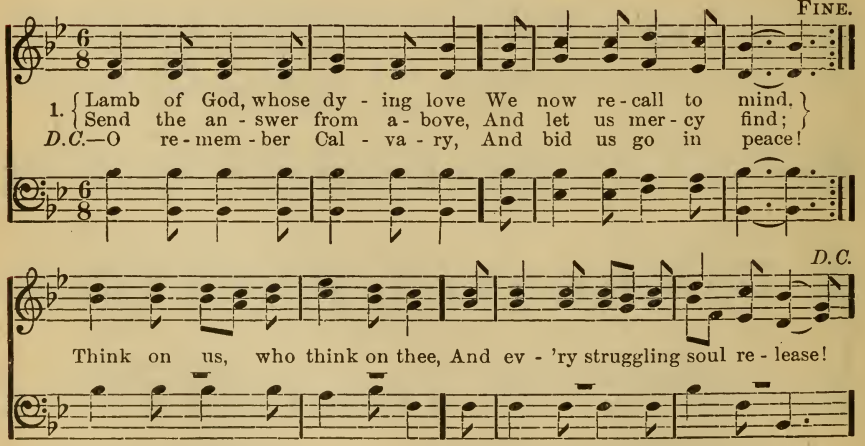
3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

Charles Wesley.

250 ROCKPORT. 7s, 6s, 7, 8.

I. B. WOODBURY.

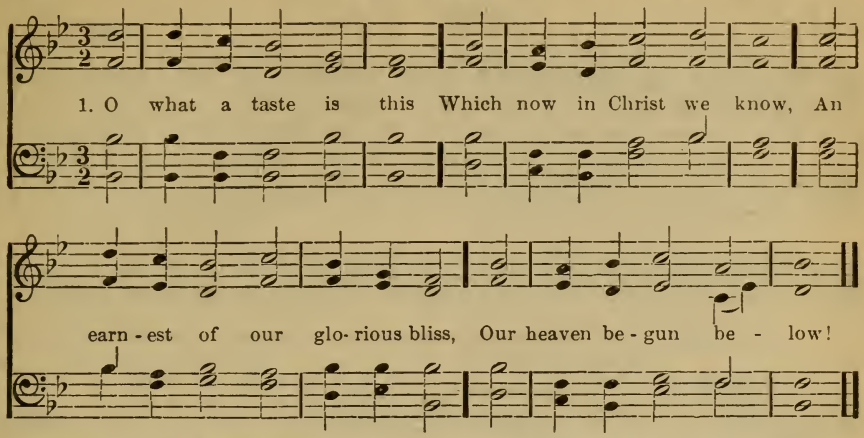


2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

Charles Wesley.

251 STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.



2 When he the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer!
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

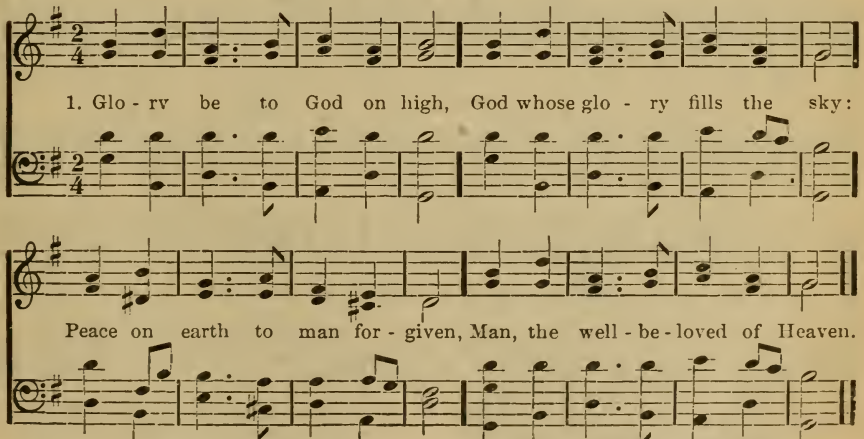
3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransomed sons of men,
With all his hosts adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be joined,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

252 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

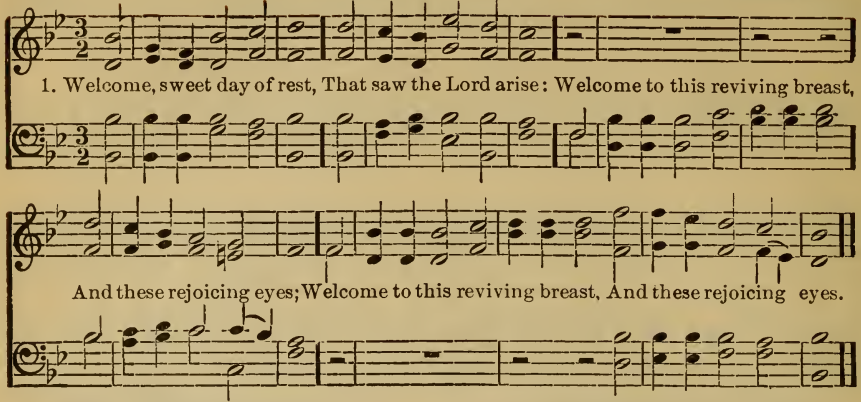
3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.

4 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with thy great Father one:
One the Holy Ghost with thee;
One supreme, eternal THREE.

Charles Wesley.

253 LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ.



2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

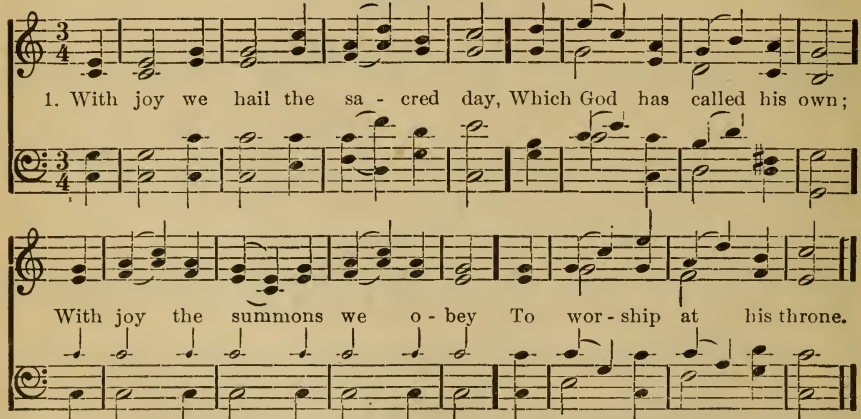
3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

254 CHIMES. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

Harriet Auber.

255 TUNE—"CHIMES." C. M.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We bless'd and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, th' Eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

256 TUNE—"CHIMES." C. M.

1 COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne!
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

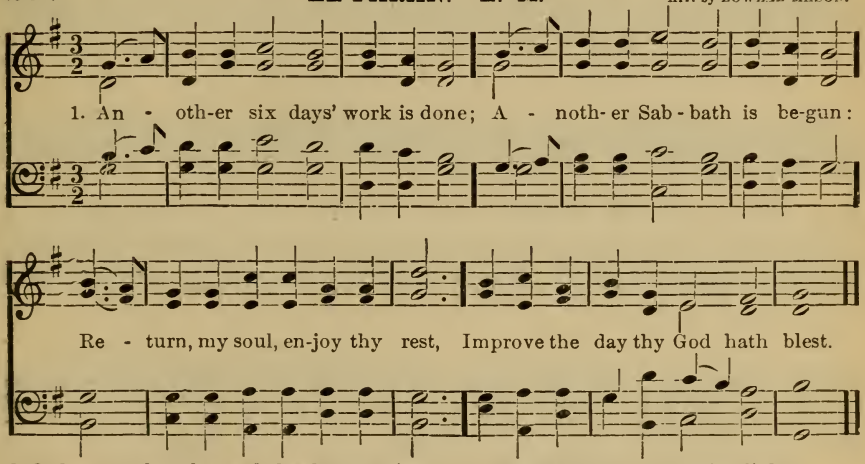
2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

Charles Wesley.

257 **EL PARAN. L. M.** J. A. B. SCHULZ. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett.

258 L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

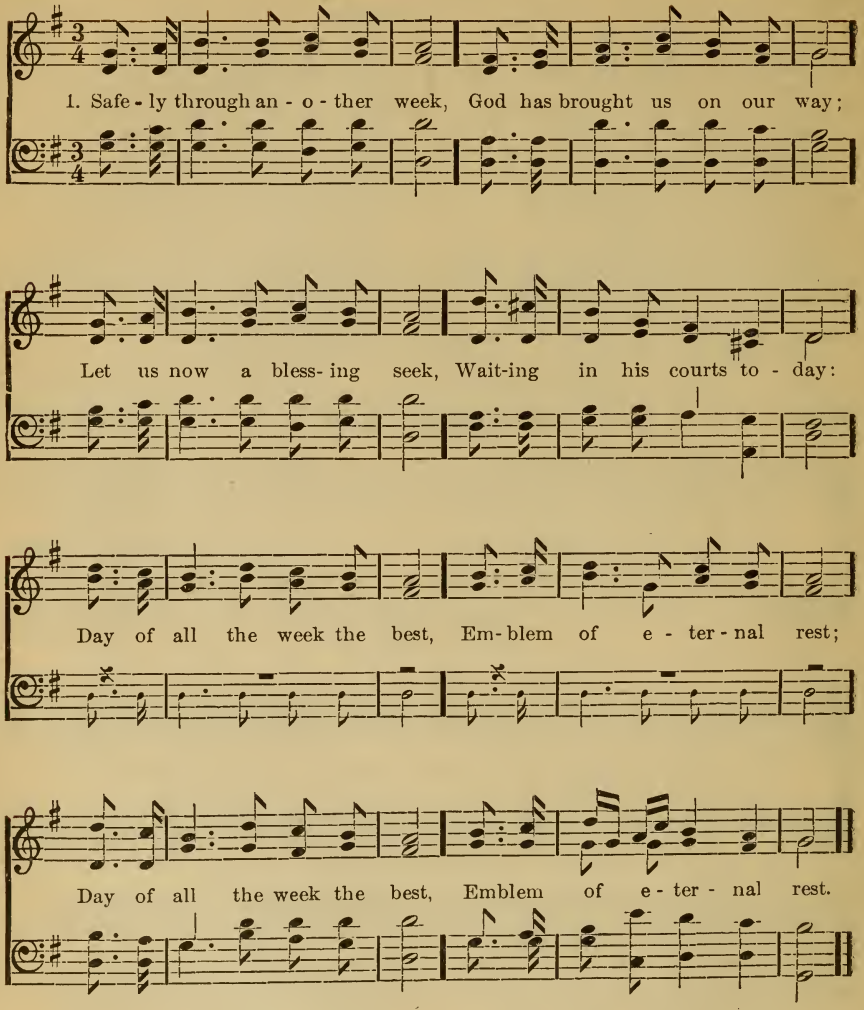
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 Then I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

259 **SABBATH. 7s. 6l.** LOWELL MASON



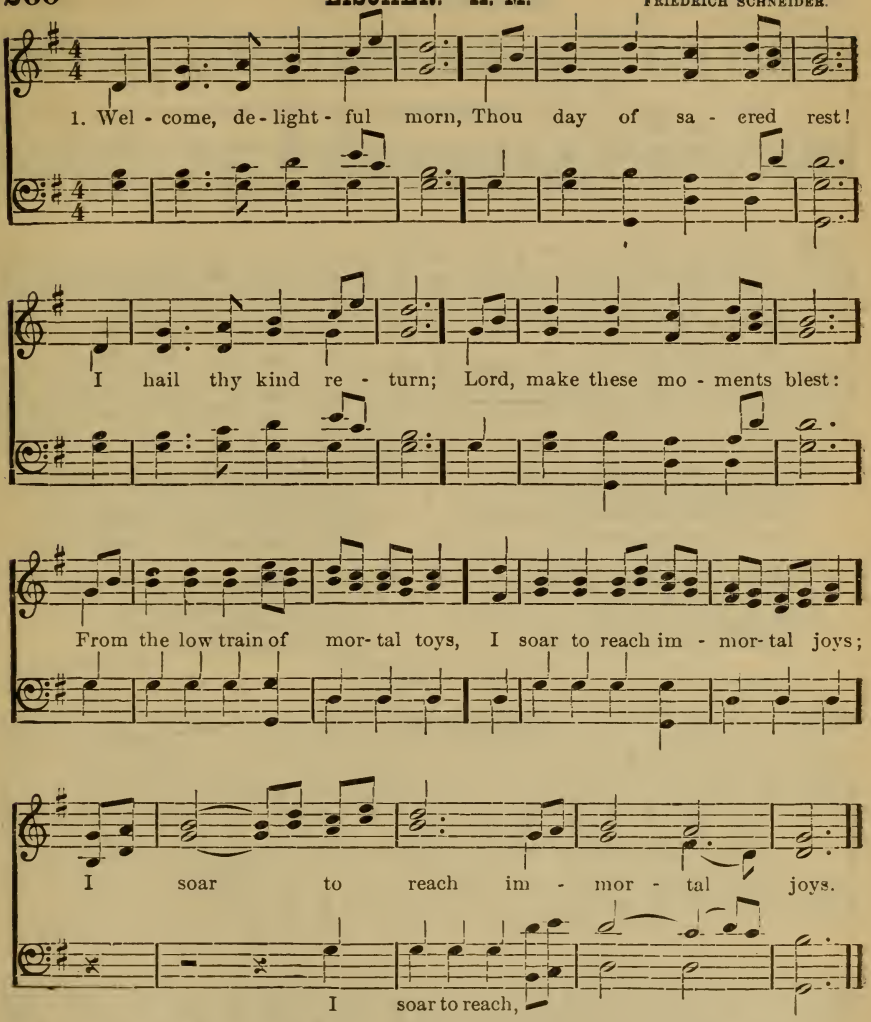
2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton.

260 **LISCHER. H. M.** FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.



2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

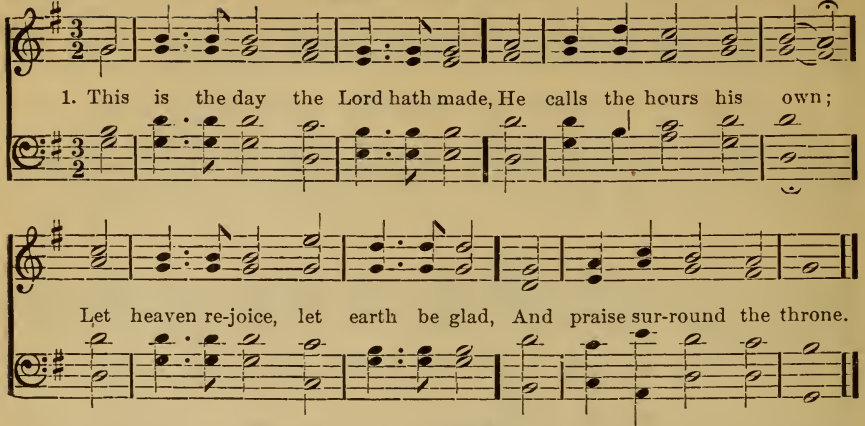
J. Hayward.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
While faith adores, thy name we sing.

261 ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOS. AUGUSTINE ARNE.



2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne!

Isaac Watts.

262

C. M.

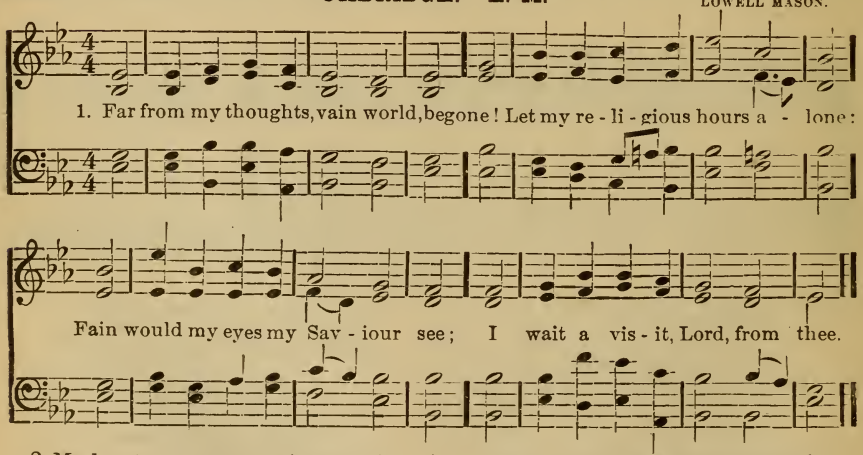
1 MAY I throughout this day of thine
Be in thy Spirit, Lord:
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word;

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

Charles Wesley.

263 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



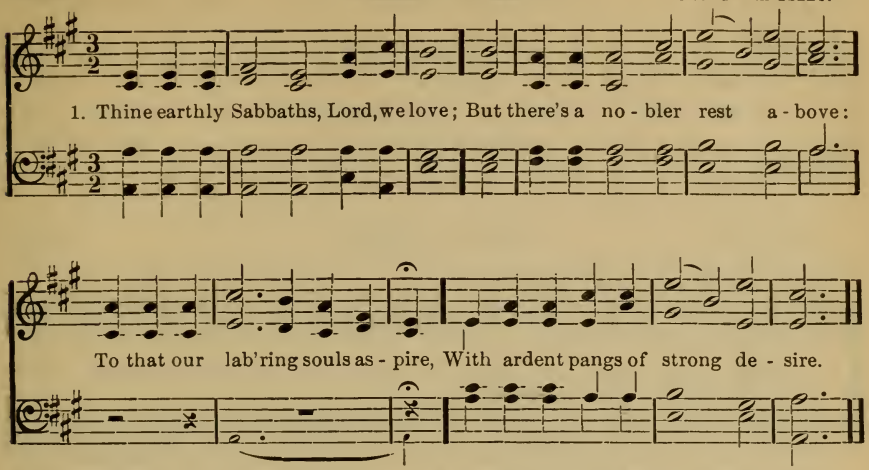
2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, Jesus Saviour, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Isaac Watts.

264 WARE. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

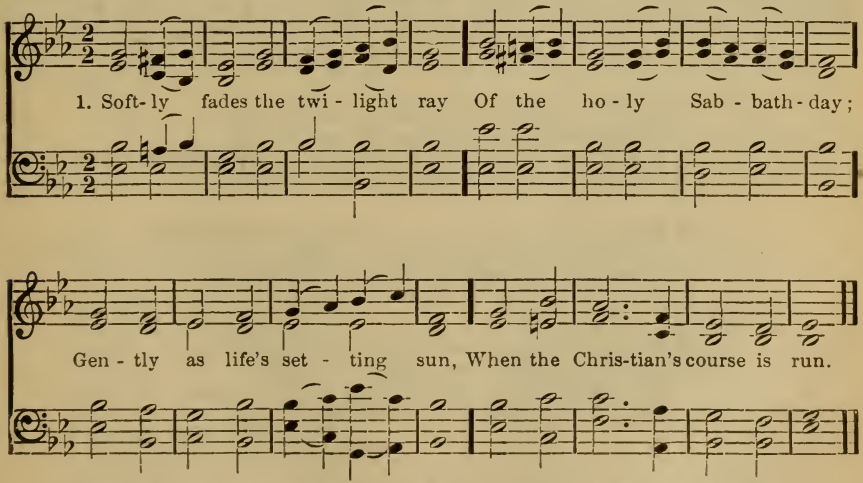
3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge

265 HOLLEY. 7s.

GEORGE HEWS.



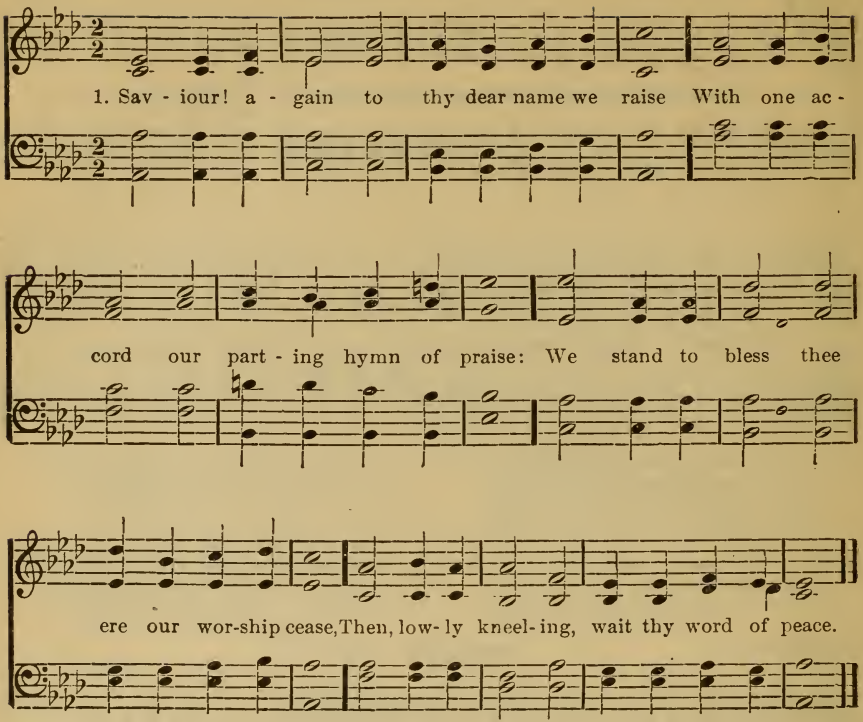
2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel Francis Smith.

266 PARTING HYMN. 10s.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.



2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end, the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord! through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

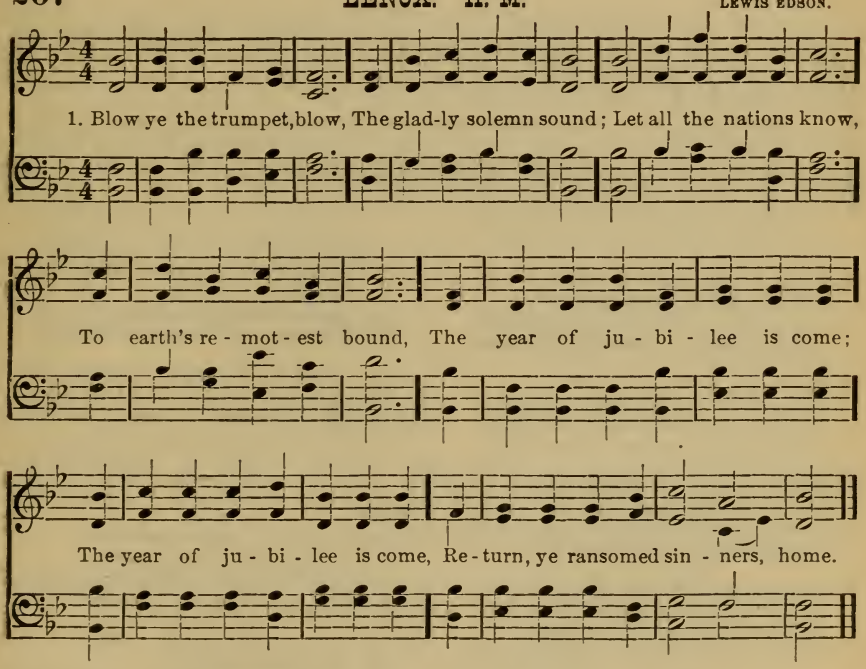
DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

SECTION V.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

267 **LENOX. H. M.** LEWIS EDSON.



2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

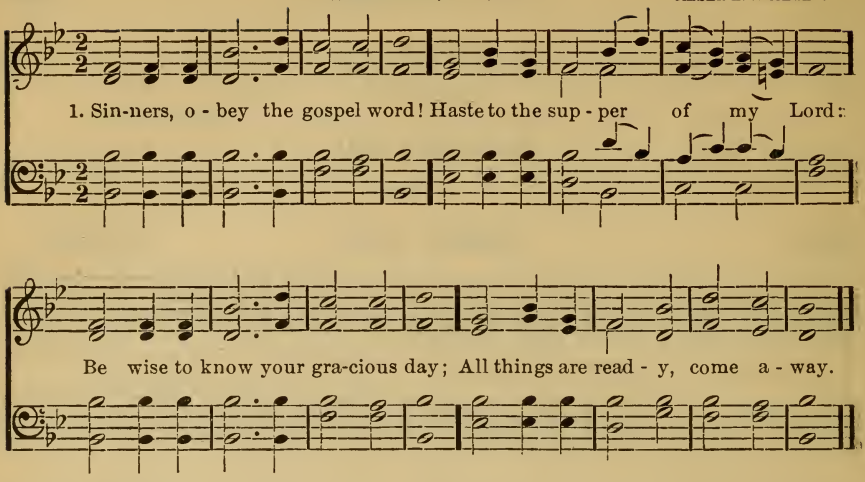
5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

268 WELTON. L. M.

CÆSAR H. A. MALAN.



2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Just now your hardness to remove;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

Charles Wesley.

269 L. M.

1 COME, O ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence;

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven;

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress;
Th' unutterable tenderness;
The genuine meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

Charles Wesley.

270 L. M.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

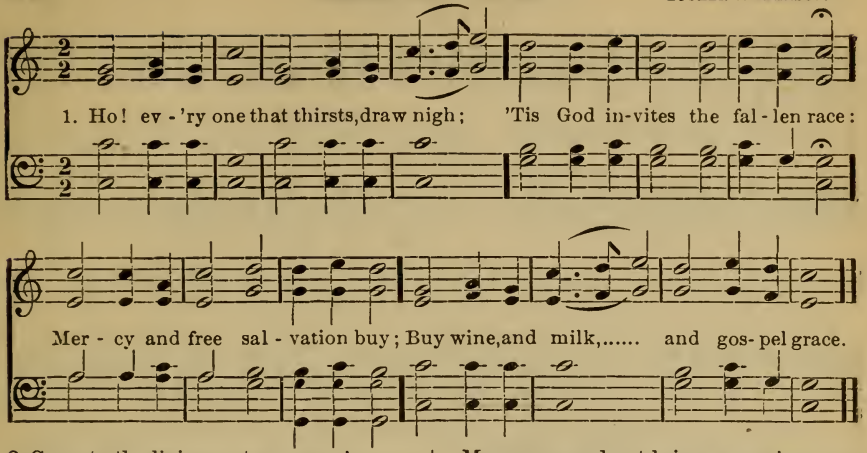
4 My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!

Charles Wesley.

271 SESSIONS. L. M.

LUTHER O. EMERSON.



2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call:
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

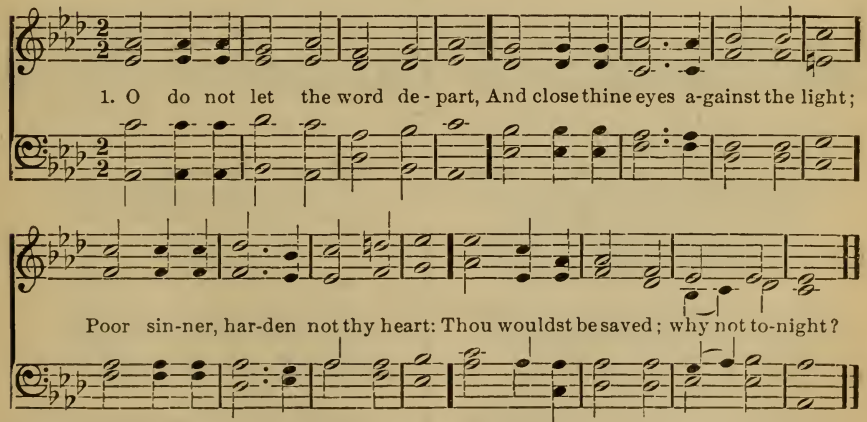
3 See from the rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

Charles Wesley.

272 INGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; O then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

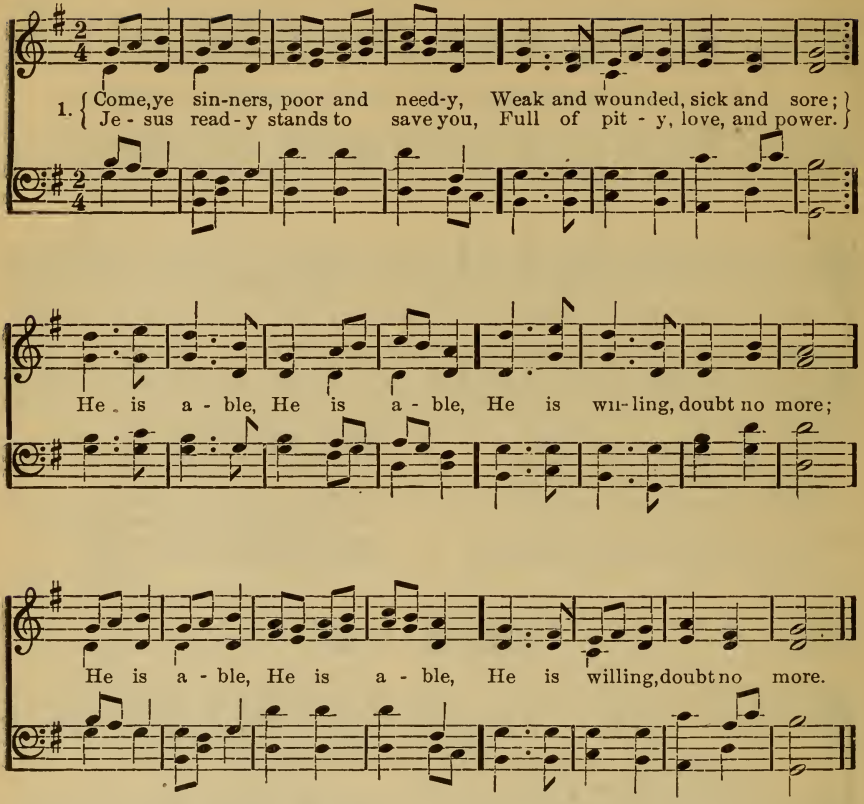
3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

Elizabeth Reed.

273 INVITATION. 8s, 7s & 4.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

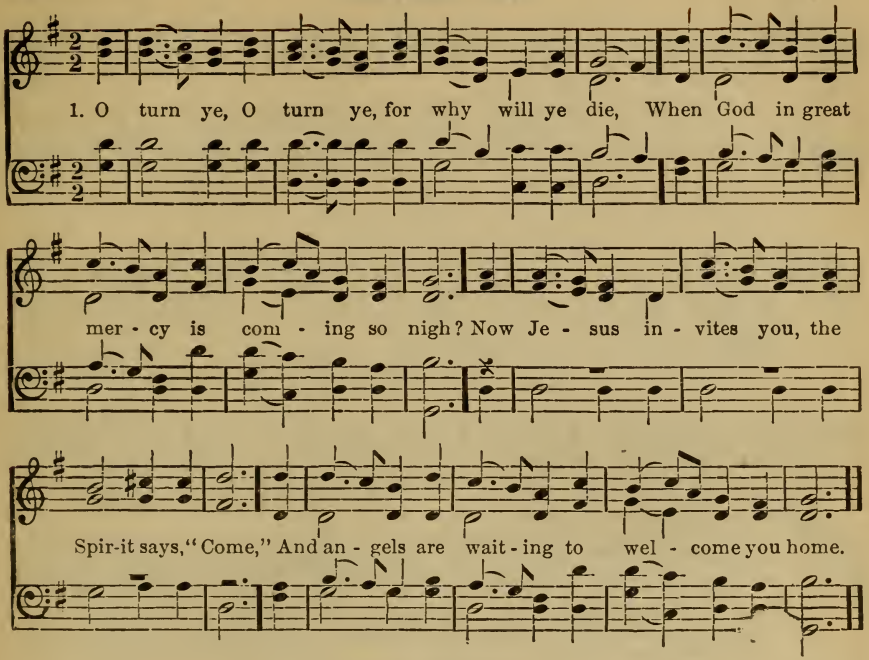
6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

Joseph Hart.

274 GOSHEN. 11s.

German.



And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on nigh?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

Josiah Hopkins.

275 11s.

1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

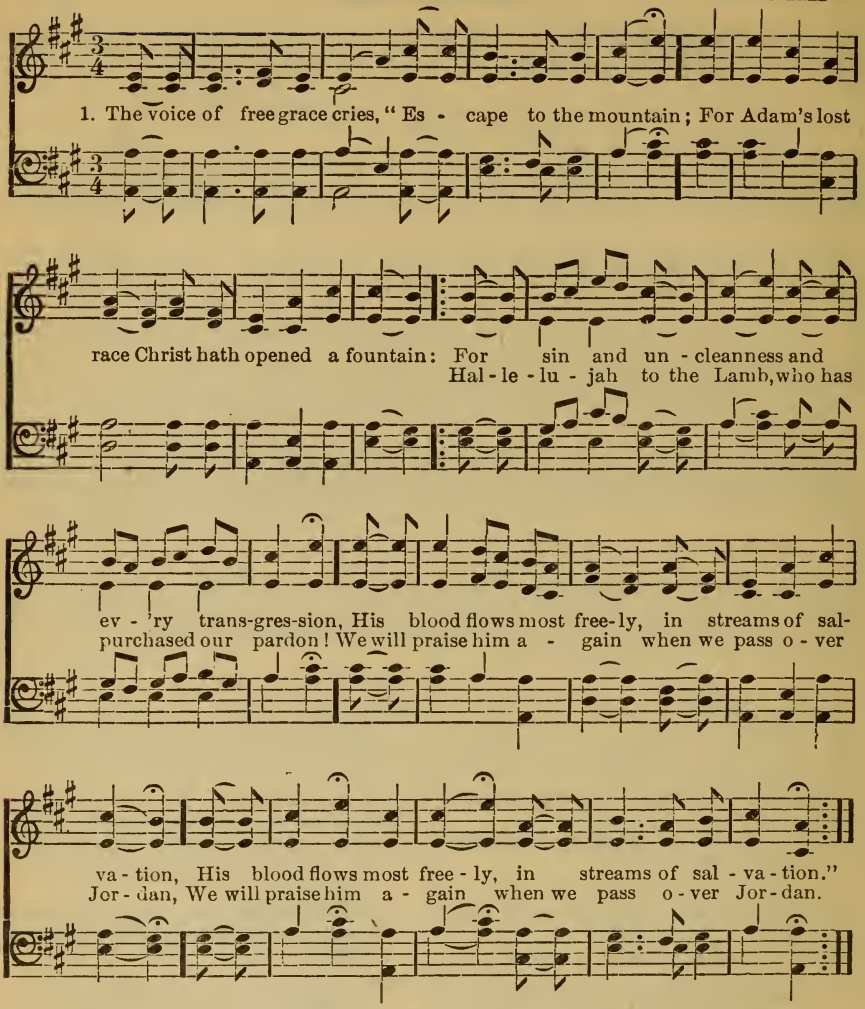
4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

Thomas Hastings.

276

SCOTLAND. 12s.

JOHN CLARKE



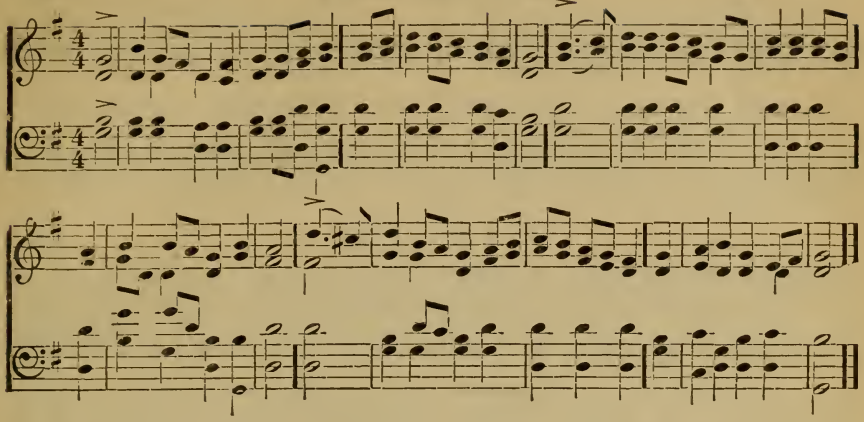
2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell thou wilt make us victorious;
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

Richard Burdsall.

277 (*First Tune.*) **FAIRFIELD. C. M.** Arr. by Dr. J. M. BONNELL.



1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

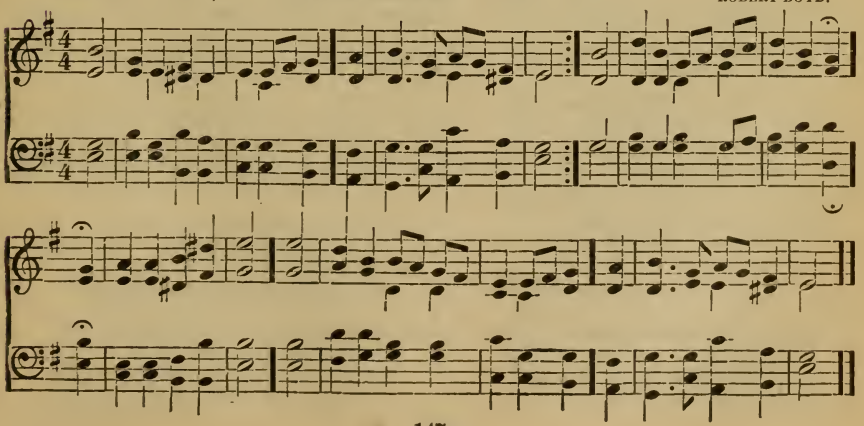
5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

7 But, if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

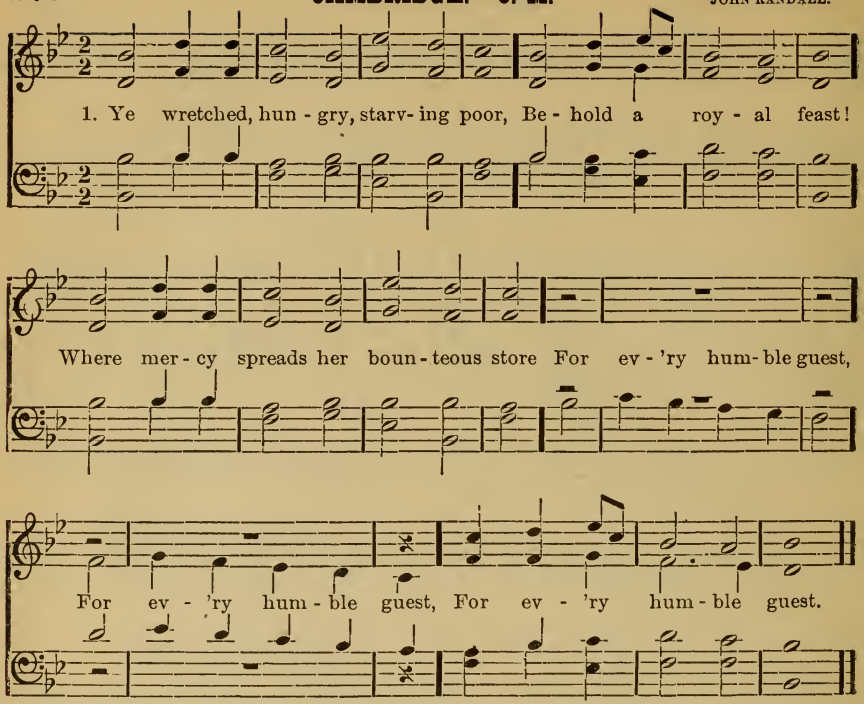
Edmund Jones.

(*Second Tune.*) **TENNESSEE. C. M. D.** ROBERT BOYD.



278 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL.



2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
O stay not back, though fear alarms,
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye happy souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

Anne Steele.

279

C. M.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean, join;
Salvation, in abundance, flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts.

280 TUNE—"CAMBRIDGE." C. M.

1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its summons to the tomb,—

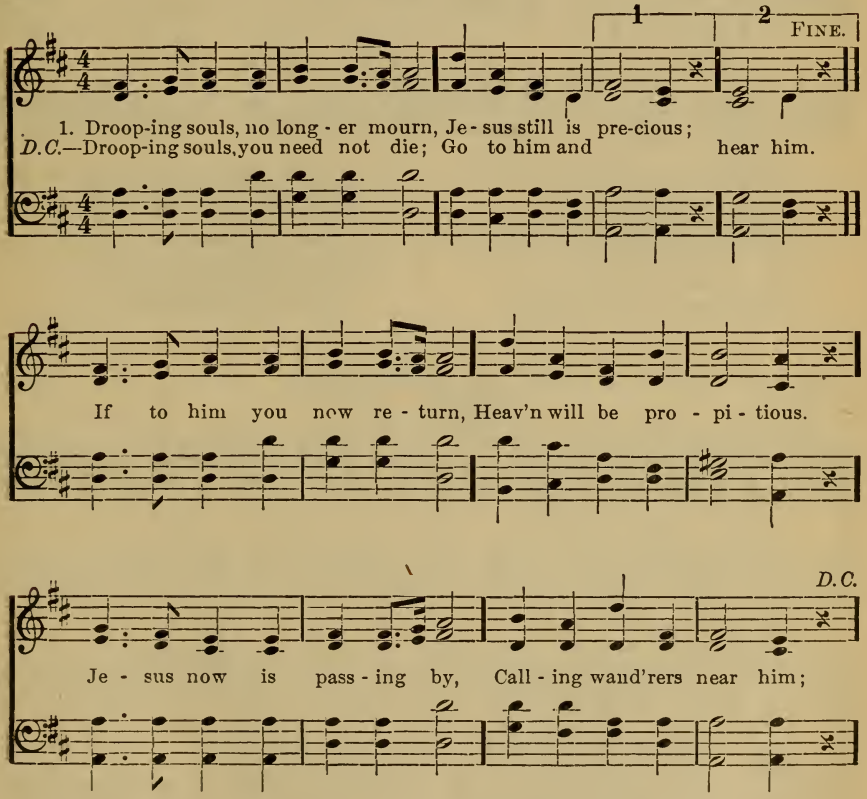
2 Remember thy Creator now;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence and joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy youth
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the coast
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
This earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

Thomas Gibbons.

281 **UTICA. 7s, 6. D.** THOMAS HASTINGS.



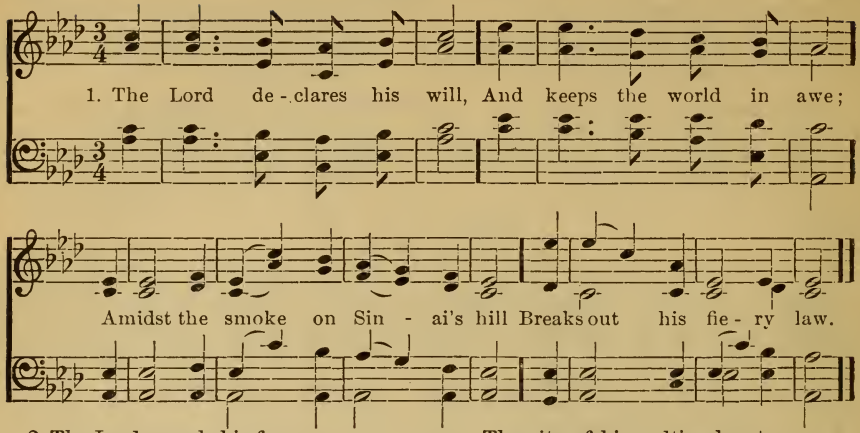
2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy-laden!"
Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
Dear to all that love him;
He to save the dying came;—
Go to him and prove him!
Wandering sinners, now return;
Contrite souls, believe him!
Jesus calls you, cease to mourn:
Worship him: receive him.

Thomas Hastings.

282 AHIRA. S. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.



2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

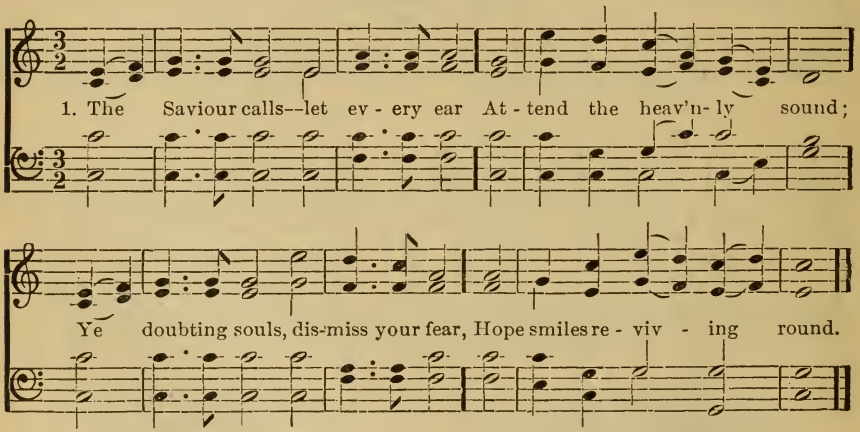
3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands,
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offered grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

Isaac Watts.

283 HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

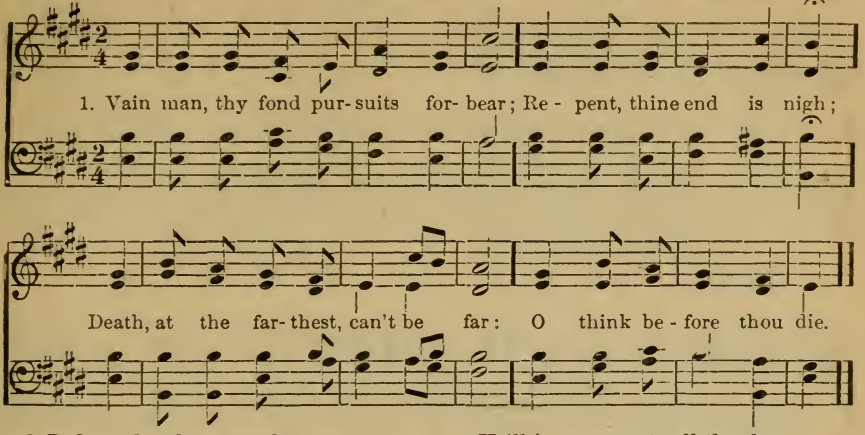
3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

Anne Steele.

284 FAITHFUL. C. M.

SAMUEL PARKMAN TUCKERMAN.



2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

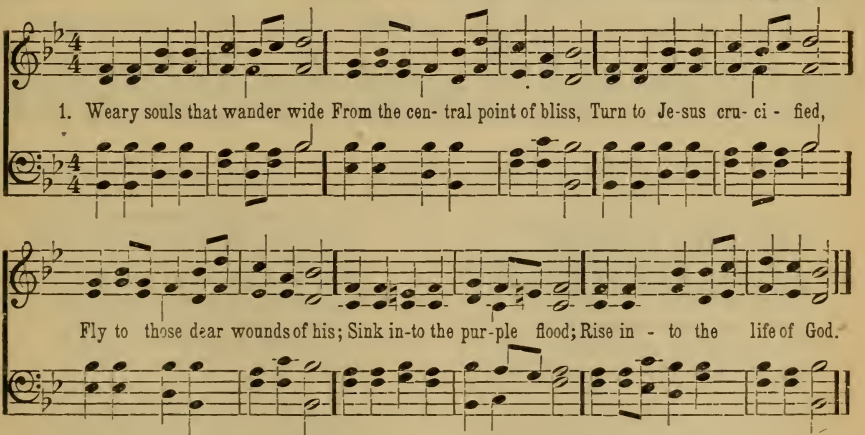
3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there:
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Joseph Hart.

285 ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6l.

CAESAR H. A. MALAN.



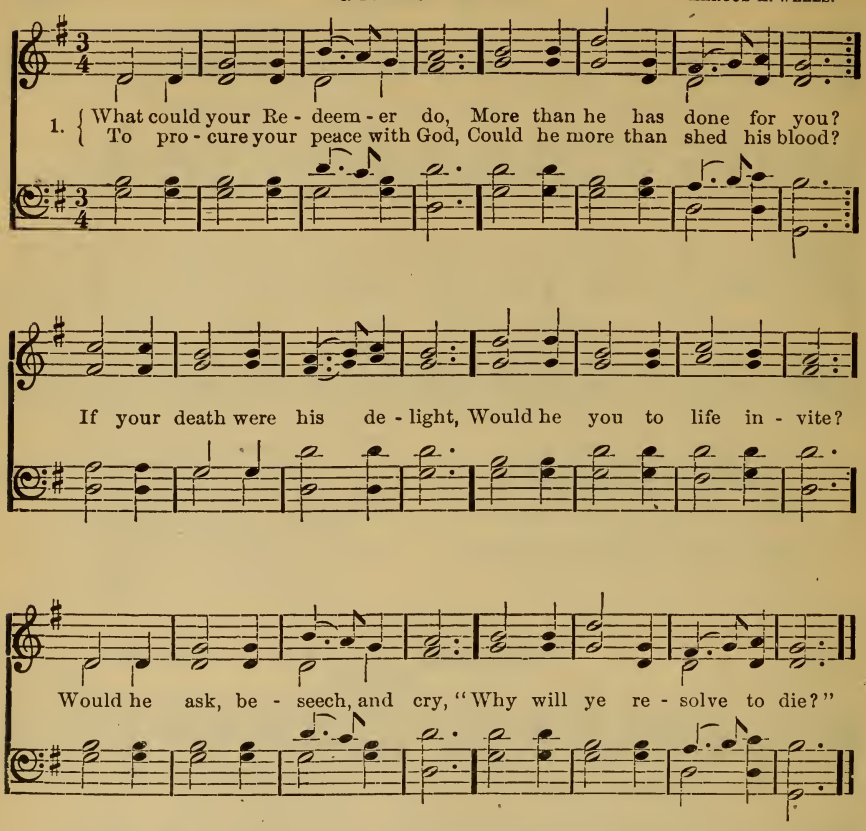
2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true:
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

Charles Wesley.

286 GUIDE. 7s. D.

MARCUS M. WELLS.



2 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me—
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will ye resolve to die?"

3 Can ye doubt if God is love,
If to all his bowels move?
Will ye not his *word* receive?
Will ye not his OATH believe?
See, the suff'ring God appears;
Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

Charles Wesley.

287

7s. D.

1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wand'rers home;
Hasten to your pard'ning God.
Come, ye guilty souls, oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."

2 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

Charles Wesley.

288 TUNE—"GUIDE." 7s. D.

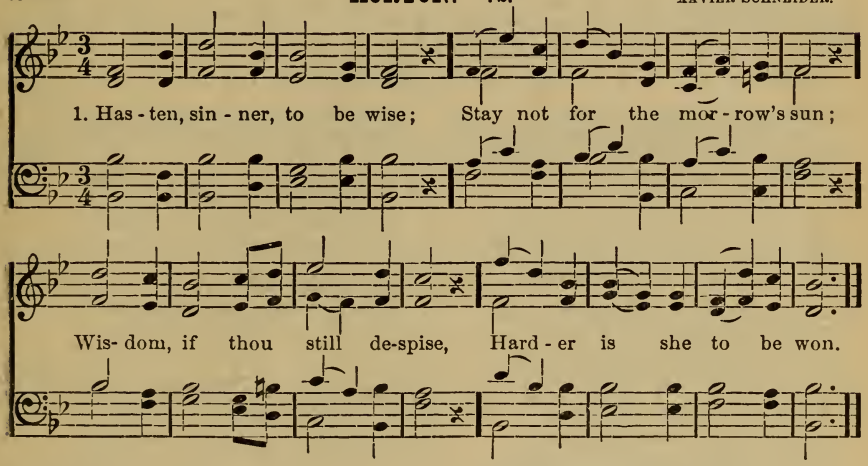
1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why!
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why!
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why!
He, who all your lives hath strove
Wooed you to embrace his love;
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley.

289 **HORTON.** 7s. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest the curse should thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott.

290 7s.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?

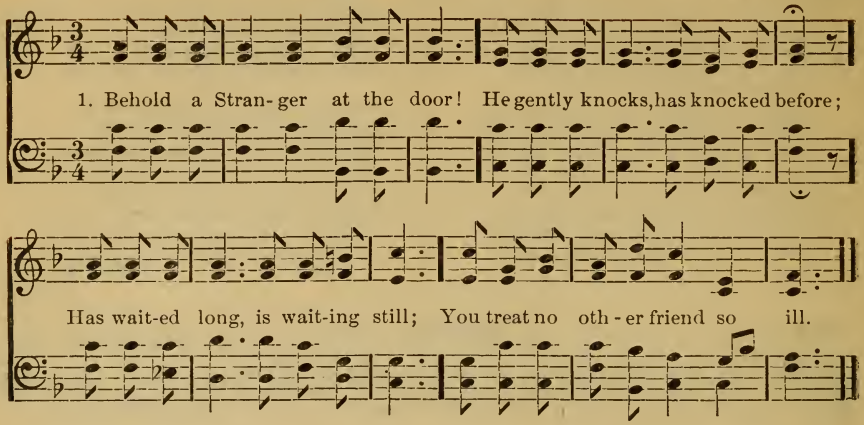
4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in heav'n shalt thou appear.

Samuel Francis Smith.

291 HAYES. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.



2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a Friend indeed?
He will; the very Friend you need—
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine.
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Joseph Grigg.

292 L. M.

1 GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

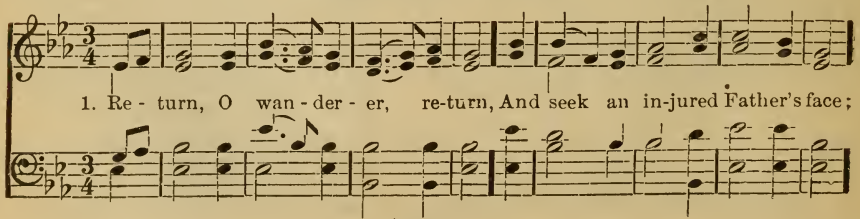
4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

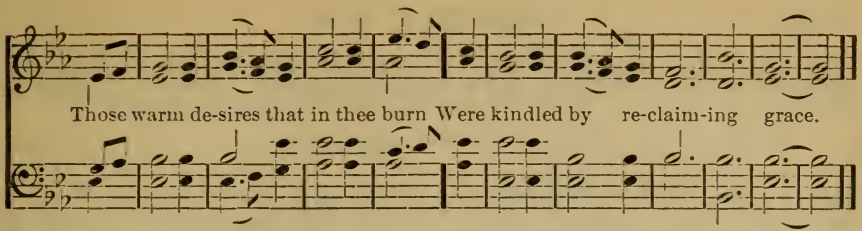
5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by *Jane Borthwick.*

293 WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.





2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

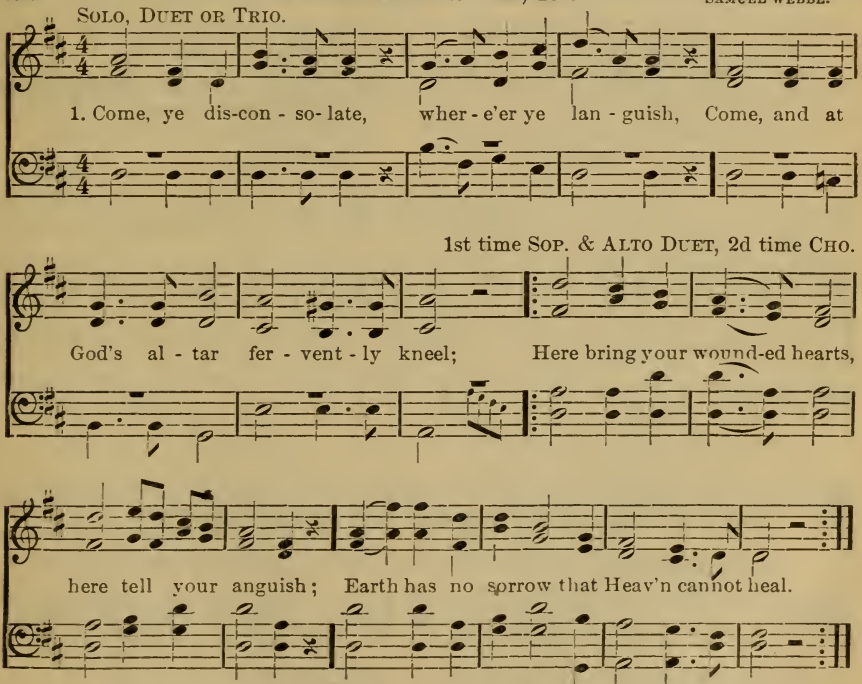
3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

William Bengo Collyer.

294 CONSOLATION. 11s, 10s.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



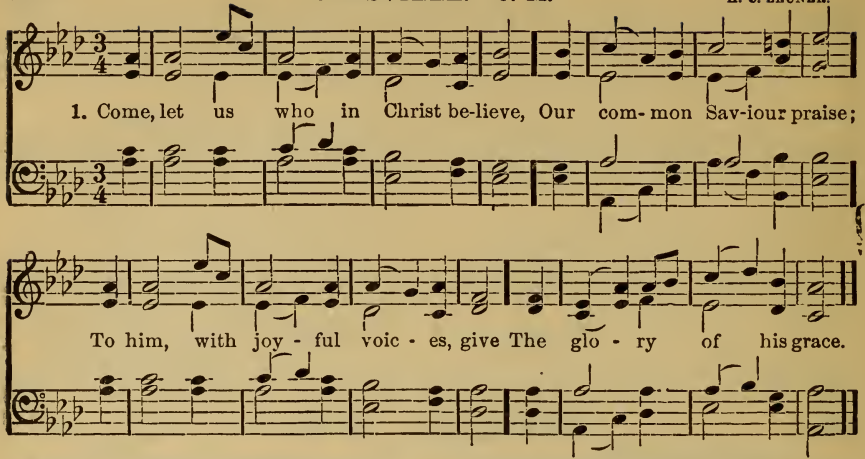
2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3 Go ask the infidel what boon he brings us.
What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
Sweet as the heavenly promise hope sings us,
"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

Thomas Moore.

295 OAKSVILLE. C. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.



2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

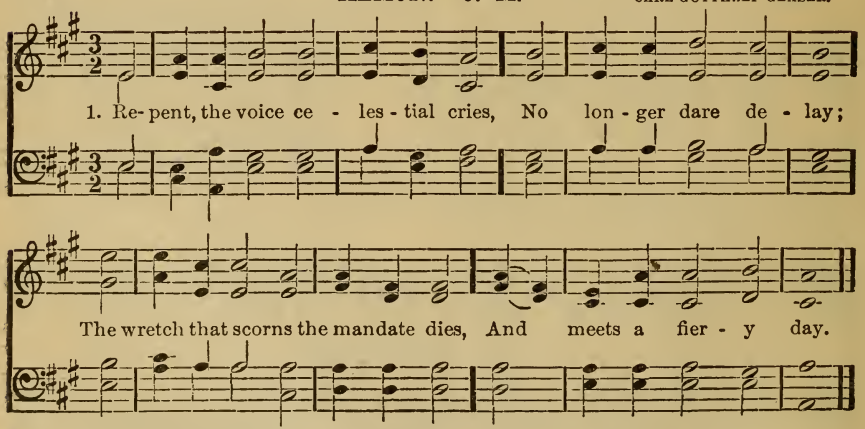
3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

296 AZMON. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



2 The summons goes through all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear;
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

Philip Doddridge.

297 TUNE—"AZMON." C. M.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

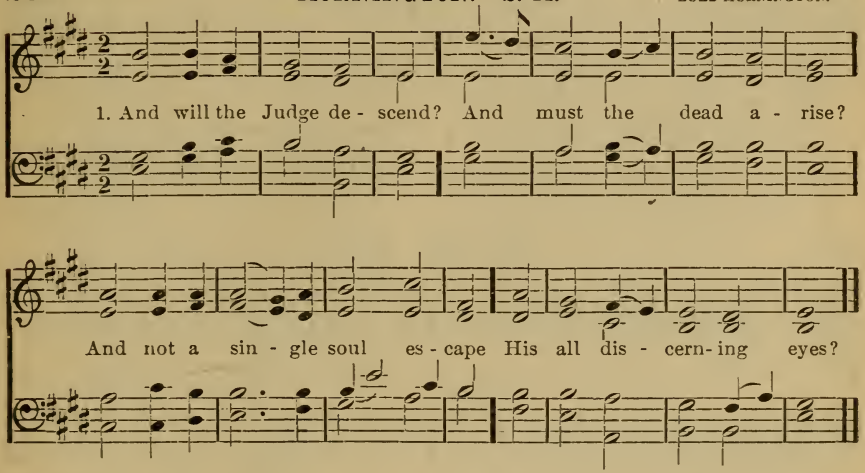
4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

John Fawcett.

298 **MORNINGTON. S. M.** LORD MORNINGTON.



2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

Philip Doddridge.

299 S. M.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

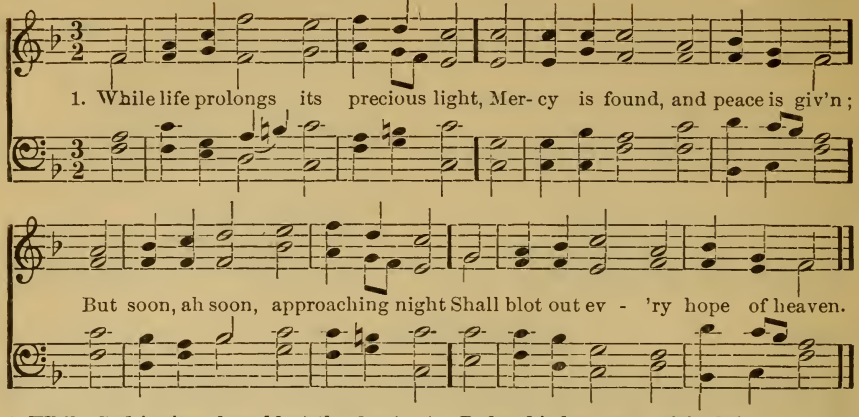
4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

Philip Doddridge.

300 WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.



2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

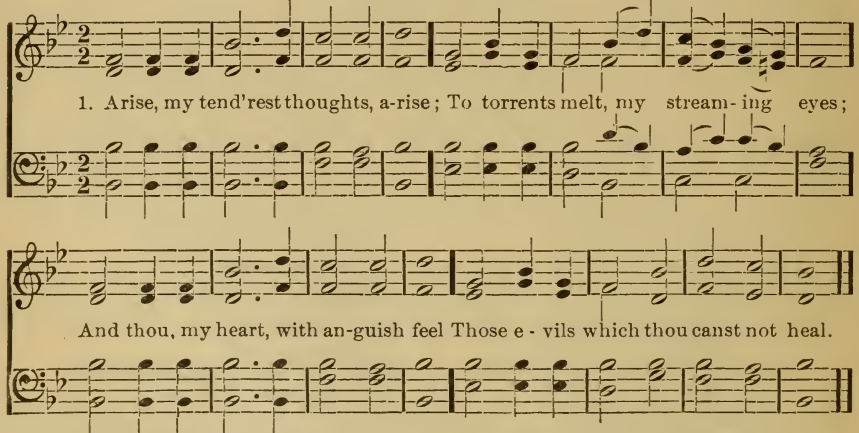
3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

Timothy Dwight.

301 WELTON. L. M.

CAESAR H. A. MALAN.



2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son,
The world abused, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night,
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

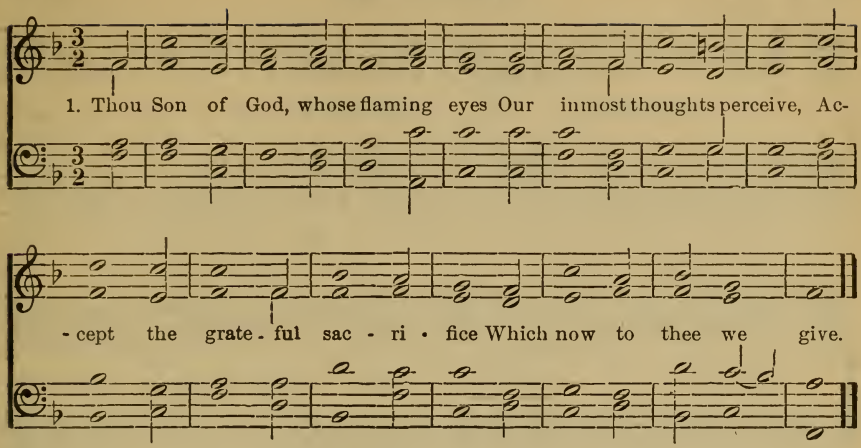
4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My spirit yearns o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

Philip Doddridge.

302 MEAR. C. M.

Old American Tune.



2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshiper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee;
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desp'rate state explain,
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Charles Wesley.

303

C. M.

1 What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds at strife:
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-belovèd Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 The Holy Spirit sealed the plan,
And pledged the blood divine
To ransom every soul of man—
That price was paid for mine.

5 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

6 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

James Montgomery.

304

C. M.

1 Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

3 Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

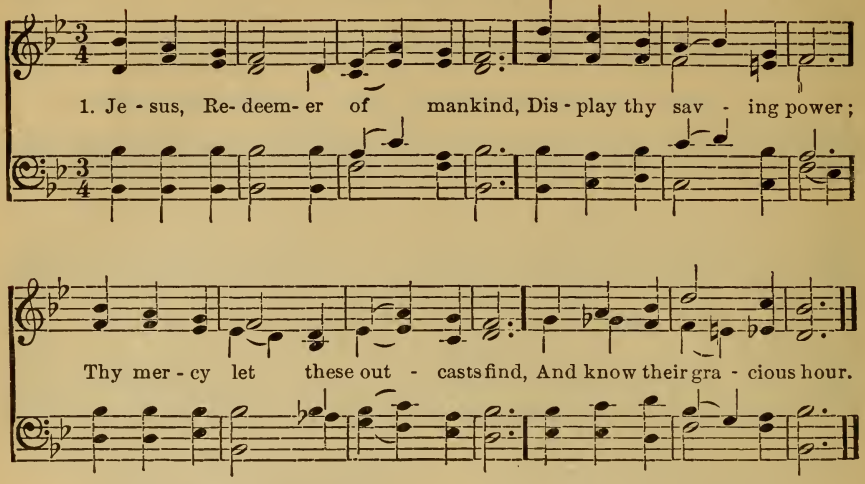
4 That blessèd sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In thine atoning blood.

5 Our desp'rate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven:
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

305 SAWLEY. C. M.

J. WALCH



2 Ah! give them, Lord, a longer space,
Nor suddenly consume;
But let them take the proffered grace,
And flee the wrath to come.

3 O wouldst thou cast a pitying look,
All goodness as thou art,
Like that which faithless Peter's broke,
On every stony heart!

4 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.

5 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
Their ears to hear thy cries:
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies.

6 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive;
And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

Charles Wesley.

306 C. M.

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear:
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear!

4 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

5 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry;
"I suffered this for you."

Charles Wesley.

307 C. M.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak:
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'T is not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretense
To perish in despair.

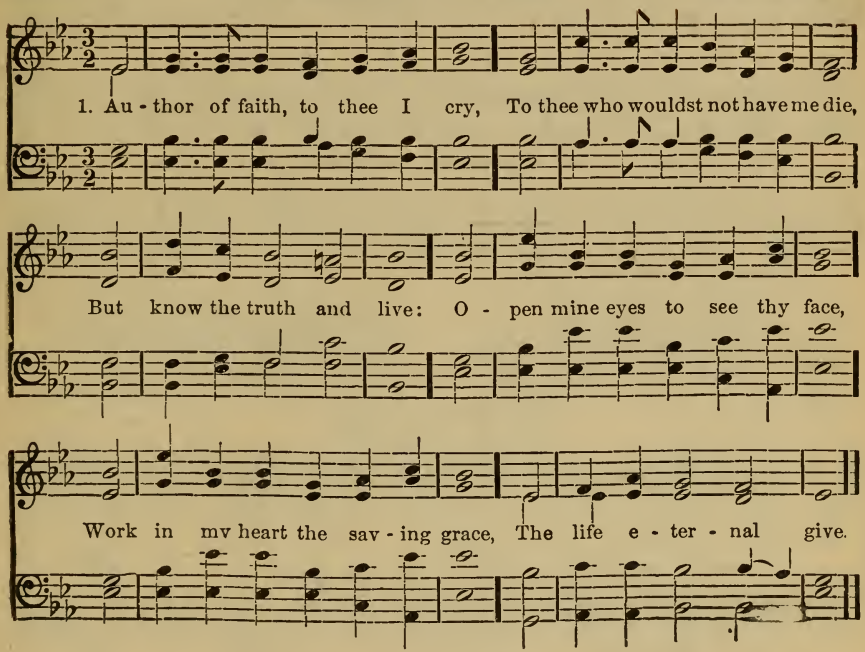
4 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

Isaac Watts.

SECTION VI.

PENITENTIAL EXERCISES.

308 **MERIBAH. C. P. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove:
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

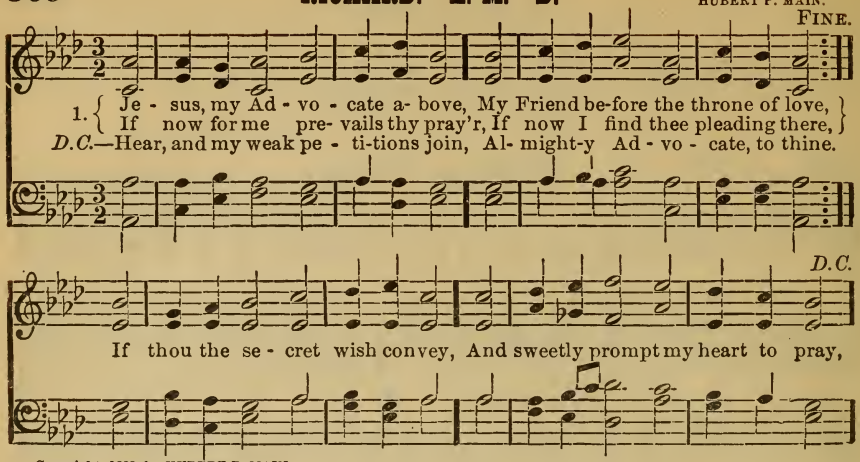
3 I know the grace is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for ALL.

4 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven!

Charles Wesley.

309 RICKARD. L. M. D.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



Copyright, 1888, by HUBERT P. MAIN.

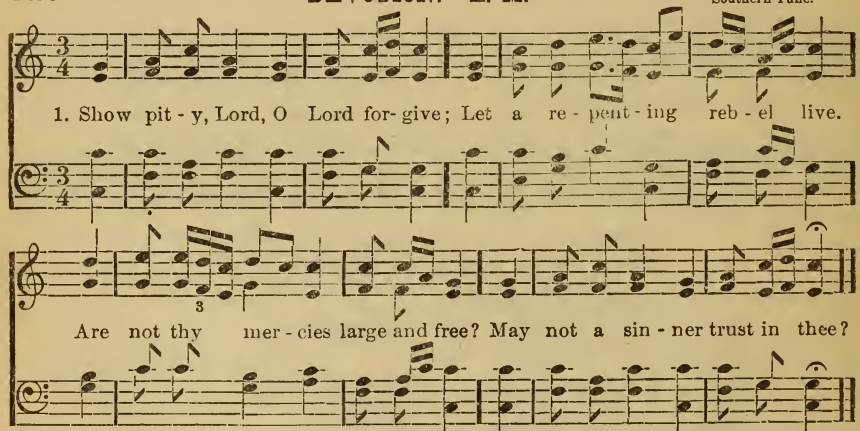
2 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry!
Give me thyself, or else I die!
Save me from death; from hell set free!
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.

Quickened by thy imparted flame;
Saved, when possessed of thee, I am:
My life, my only heaven thou art;
O might I feel thee in my heart!

Charles Wesley.

310 DEVOTION. L. M.

Southern Tune.



2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

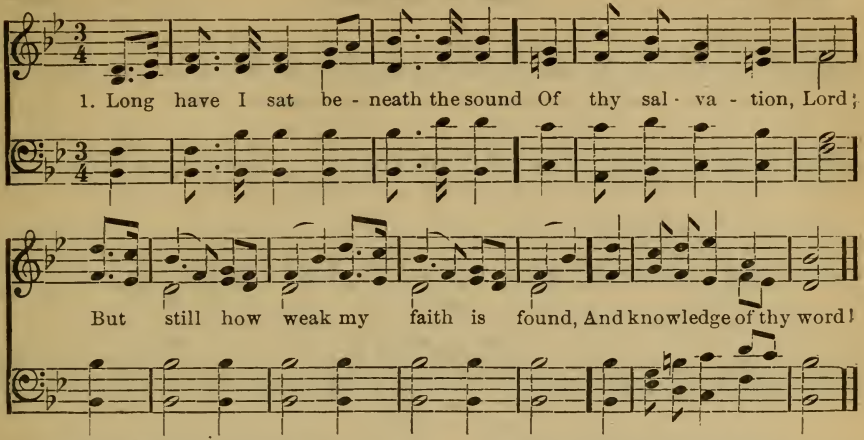
5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

311 NOEL. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hopes of joys above!
How few affections there!

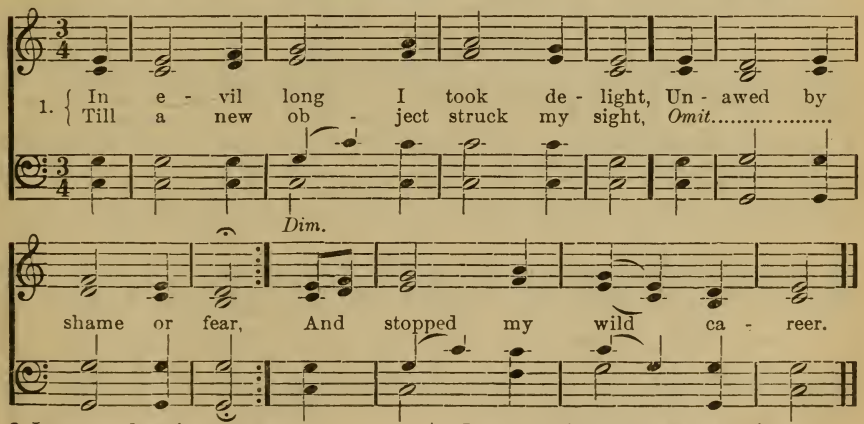
3 Great God, thy sovereign aid impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

Isaac Watts.

312 PHILLIPS. C. M.

Arr. fr. F. HUNTEN.



2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

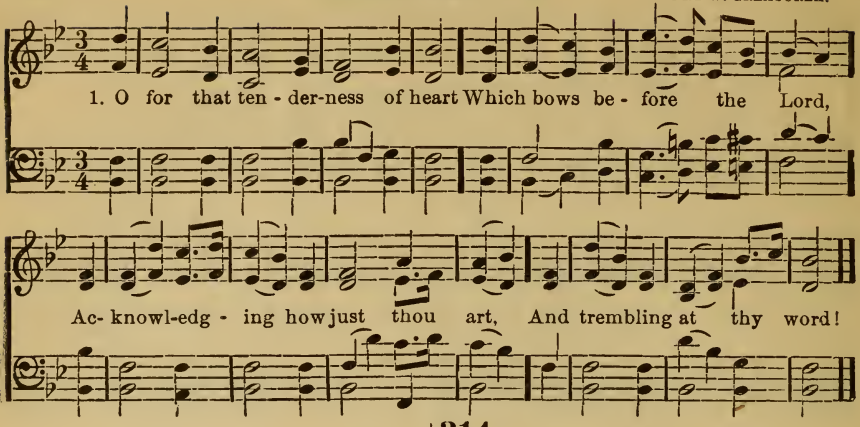
5 A second look he gave, which said:
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton.

313 BEMERTON. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.



2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

Charles Wesley.

314 C. M.

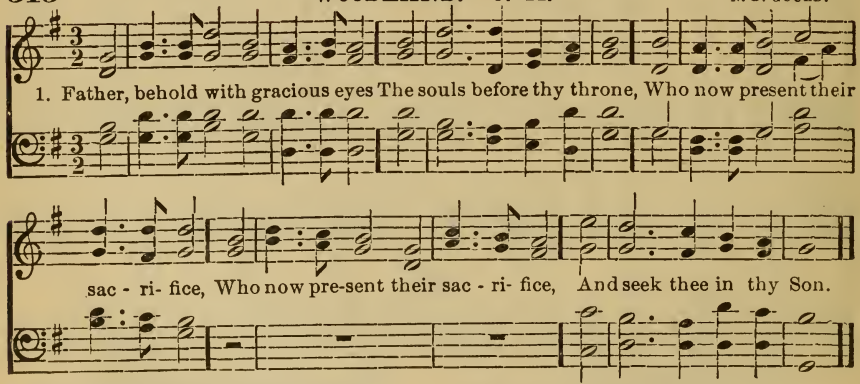
1 FATHER, I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

Isaac Watts.

315 WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



2 Well pleased in him thyself declare,
Thy pard'ning love reveal,
The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.

3 Meanest of all thy servants, I
Those happier spirits meet,
And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
And worship at thy feet.

4 On me, on all, some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart;
The seed of life eternal sow
In every mournful heart.

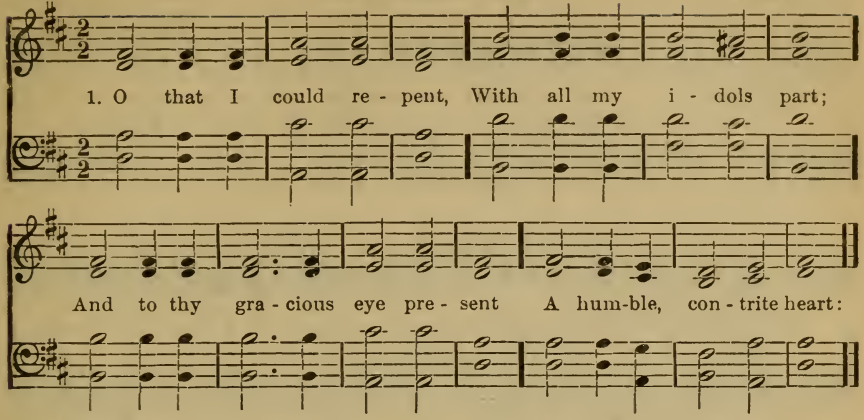
5 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven,
Or haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.

6 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

316 SHAWMUT. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that can not rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

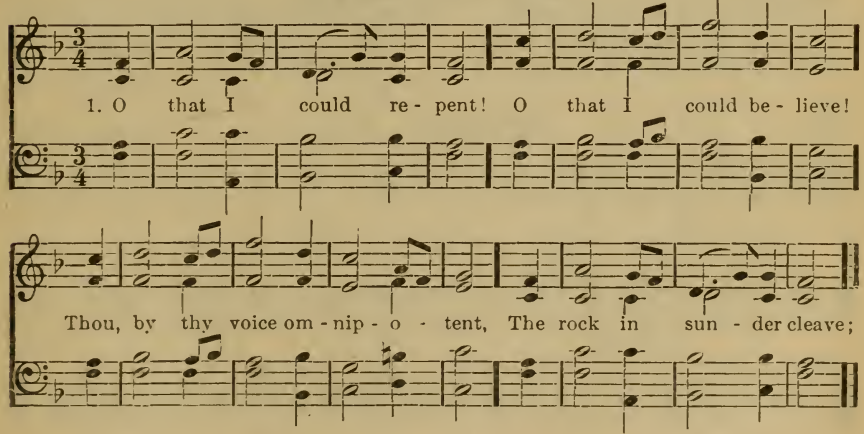
3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire;

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

Charles Wesley.

317 GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. DAVISSON.



2 Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Saviour and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow:
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.

4 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

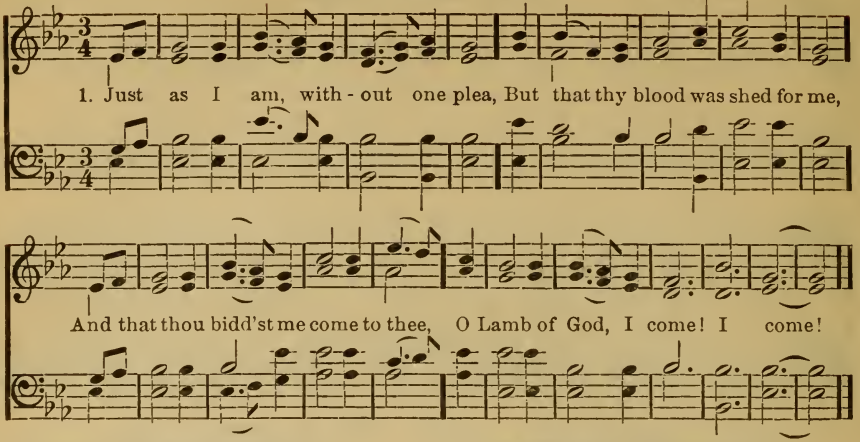
5 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:

6 O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power!
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more!

Charles Wesley.

318 WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

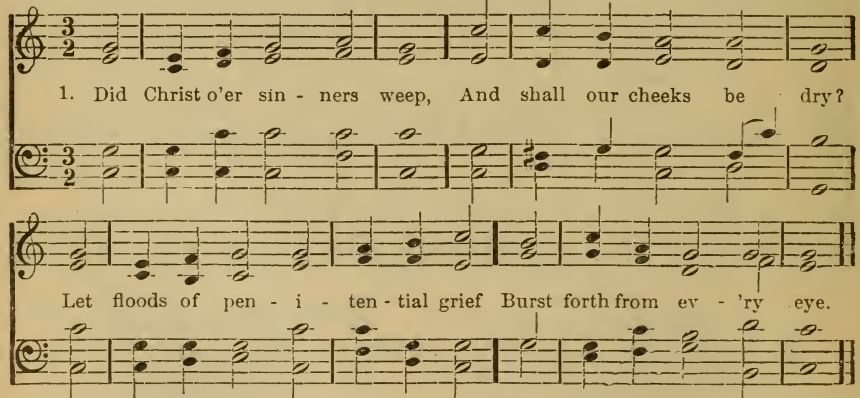
5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

319 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



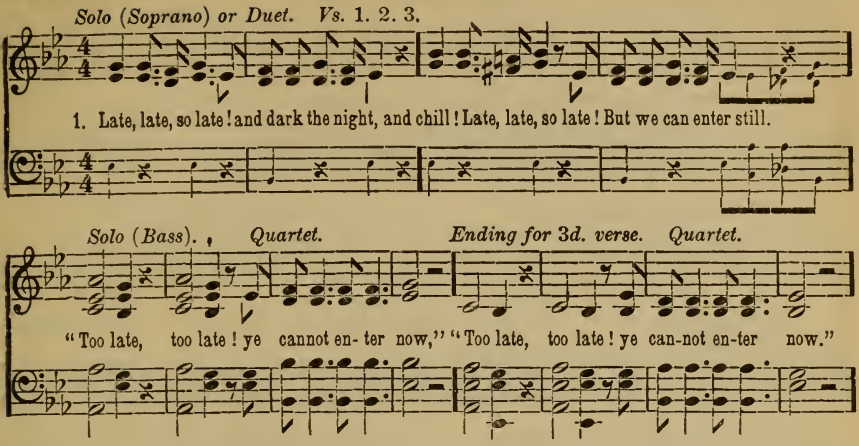
2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul:
He shed those tears for thee!

3 He wept that we might weep:
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

320 **TOO LATE. 10s.**

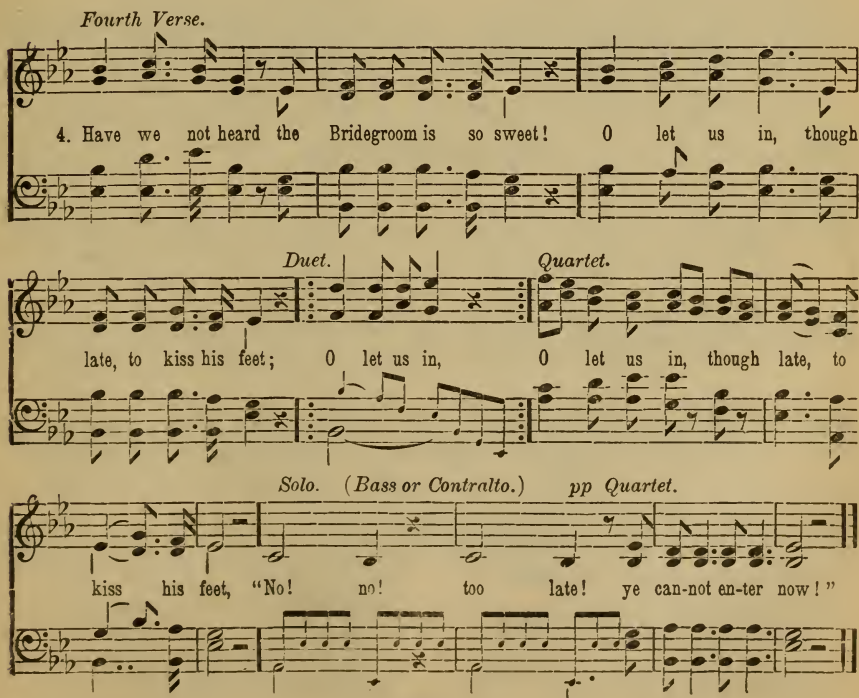
Miss M. LINDSAY,
Arr. by JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



2 No light had we—for that we do repent,
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
"Too late, too late! ye can not enter now."

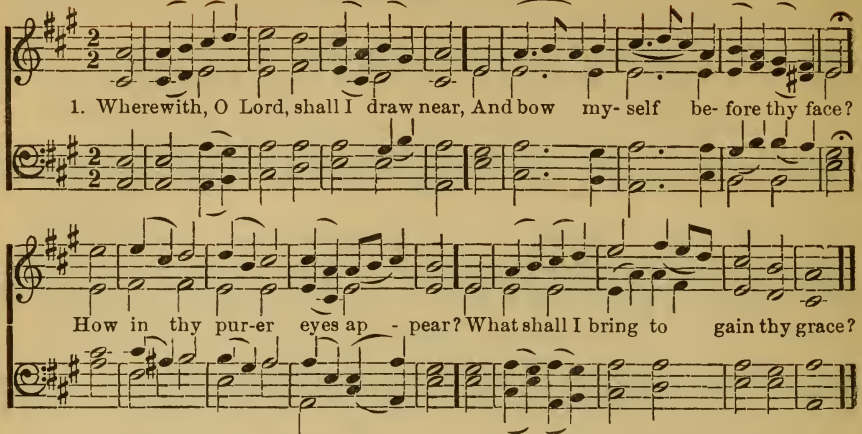
3 No light! so late! and dark and chill the night;
O let us in, that we may find the light.
"Too late, too late! ye can not enter now!"

Alfred Tennyson.



321 LITCHFIELD. L. M.

THOMAS MOORE.



2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy?
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve
Must take the path thyself hast showed;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

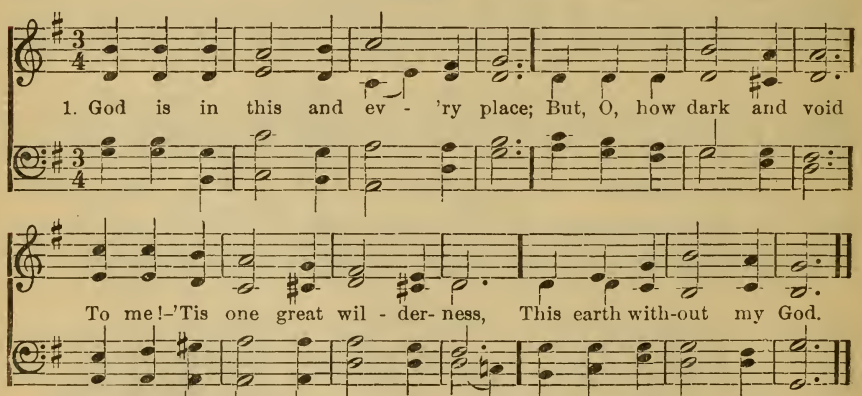
6 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast;
My glory swallowed up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just—but O, thy Son hath died!

Charles Wesley.

322 ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

Charles Wesley.

323 TUNE—"WOODLAND." C. M.

1 LONG have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.

2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thy altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.

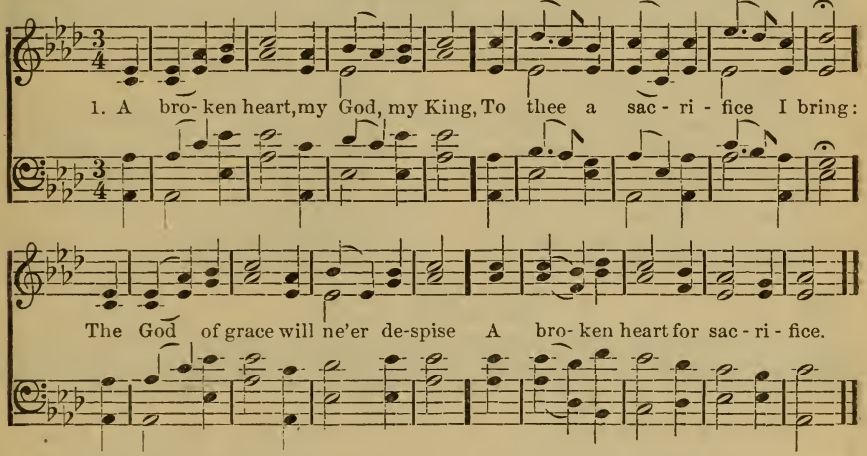
4 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

5 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

6 Where am I now? what is my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

Charles Wesley.

324 **LOUVAN. L. M.** VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR.



2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Isaac Watts.

325 L. M.

1 LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold! I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

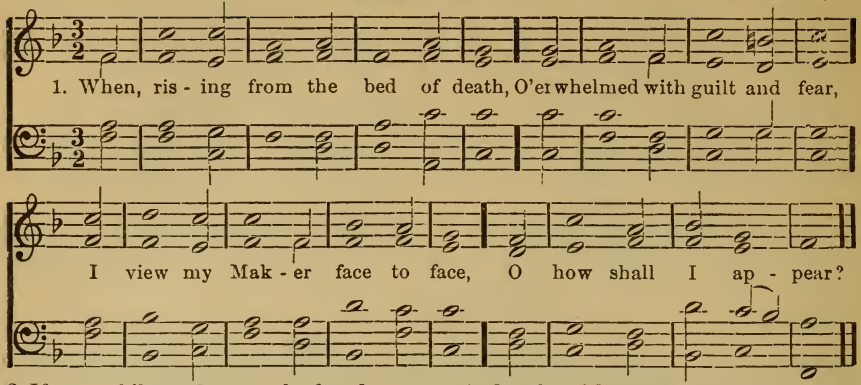
5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow:
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

Isaac Watts.

326 MEAR. C. M.

Old American Tune.



2 If yet, while pardon may be found
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears
Eternal woe prevent.

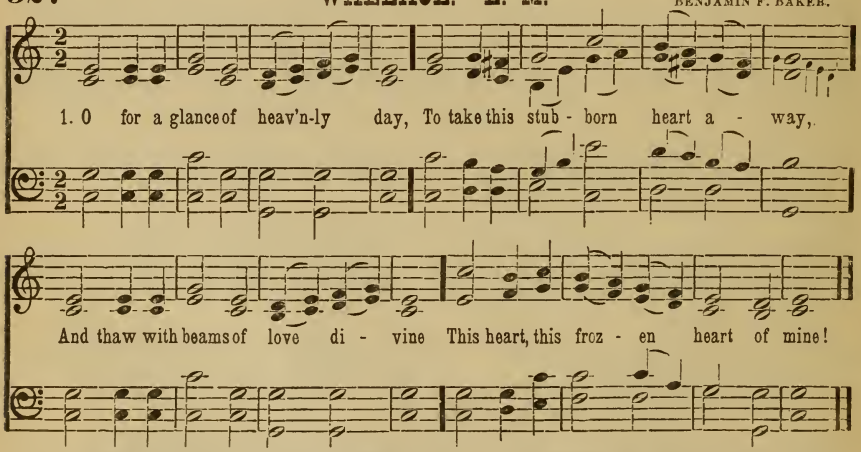
5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight!

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

Joseph Addison.

327 WALLACE. L. M.

BENJAMIN F. BAKER.



2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed;
And that blest something much I need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

Joseph Hart.

328 TUNE—"WALLACE." L. M.

1 LORD, I despair myself to heal:
I see my sin, but can not feel;
I can not, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

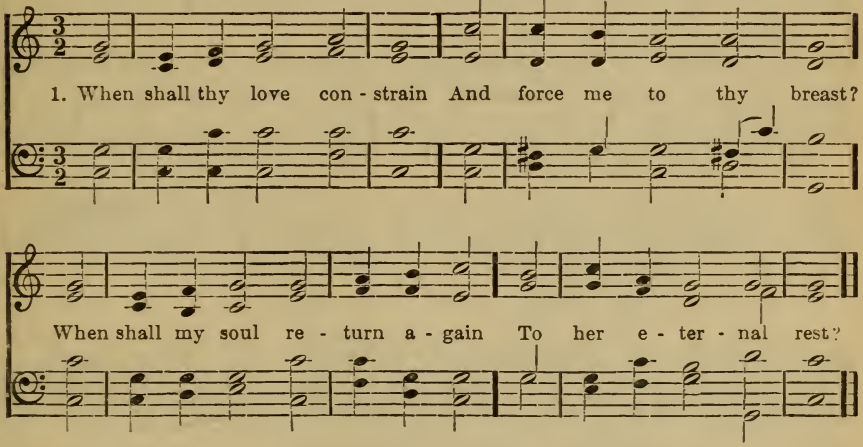
2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give:
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, are thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord; my sickness cure;
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy, impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

Charles Wesley.

329 **BOYLSTON. S. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

Charles Wesley.

330 S. M.

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee Conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

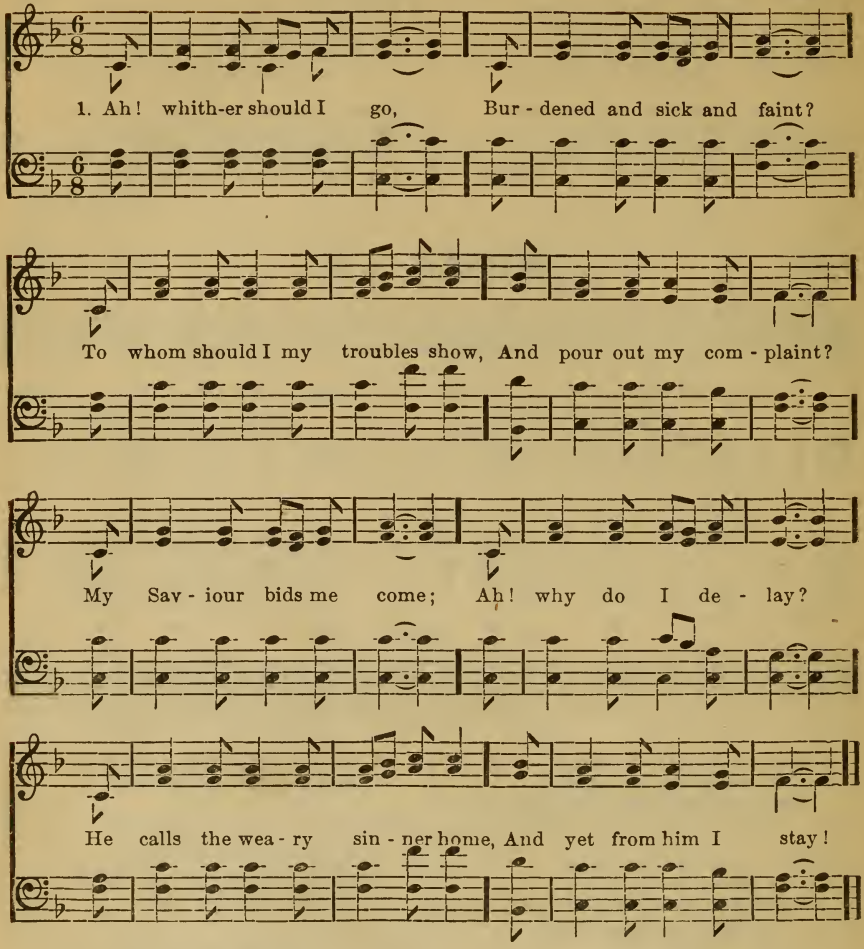
5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

Charles Wesley.

331 LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I can not part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursèd thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

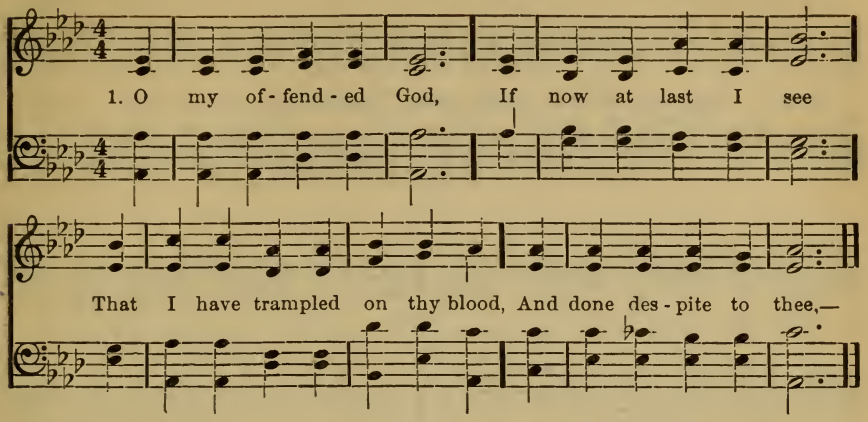
3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

Charles Wesley

332 GORTON. S. M.

LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN.



2 If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep,
Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there forever keep.

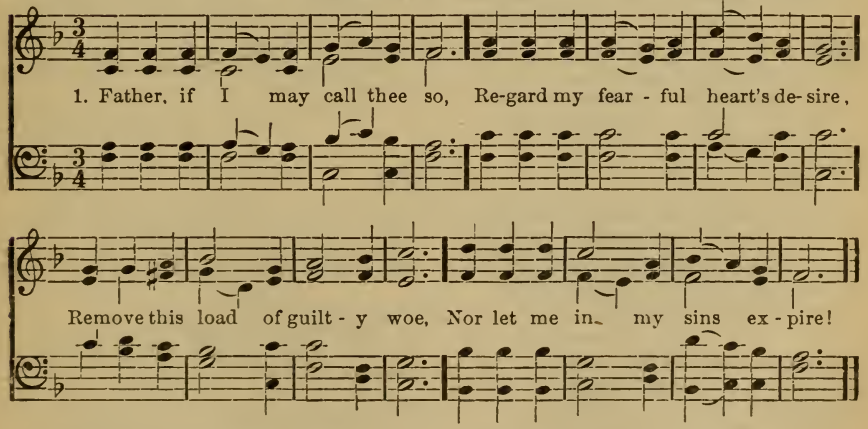
3 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim:
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesus' name.

4 Thou hast obtained the grace
That all may turn and live;
And lo! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.

Charles Wesley.

333 HURSLEY. L. M.

PETER RITTER.
Har. by W. H. MONK.



2 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

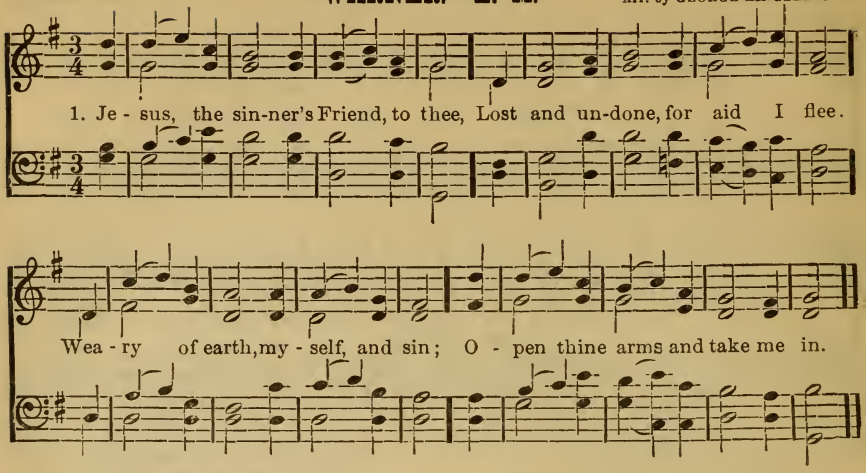
3 To thee my last distress I bring;
The heightened fear of death I find:
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

4 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee:
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

Charles Wesley.

334 WARNER. L. M.

Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul:
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
"Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died."

Charles Wesley.

335 L. M.

1 JESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words, and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

Charles Wesley.

336 L. M.

1 O THOU whom once they flocked to hear!
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel,
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And ask thine utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure:
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most invet'rate plague can cure.

4 Helpless, howe'er, my spirit lies,
And long hath languished at the pool,
A word of thine shall make me rise,
Shall speak me in a moment whole.

Charles Wesley.

337 L. M.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

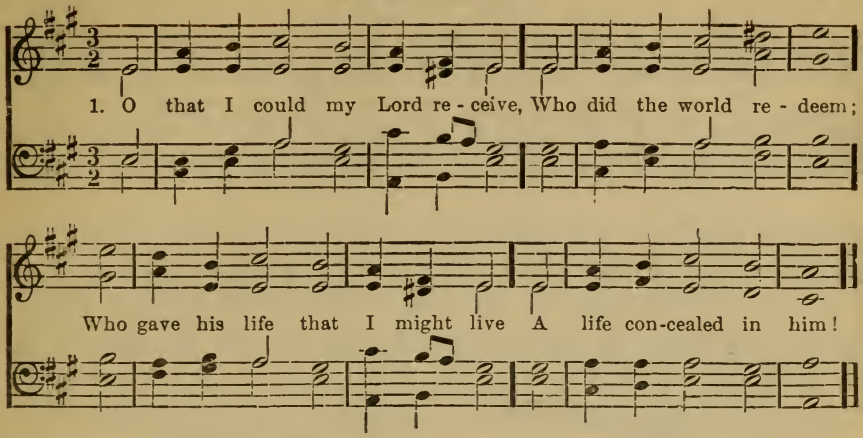
3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

Charles Wesley.

338 MELODY. C. M.

I. P. COLE.



2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire,
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pard'ning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

4 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

Charles Wesley.

339 C. M.

1 JESUS, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name!

2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders showed.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat:
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome and vile and self-abhorred,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

Charles Wesley.

340 C. M.

1 WITH glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant the suff'ring Son of man,
The streaming blood divine?

4 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

341 C. M.

1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.

2 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

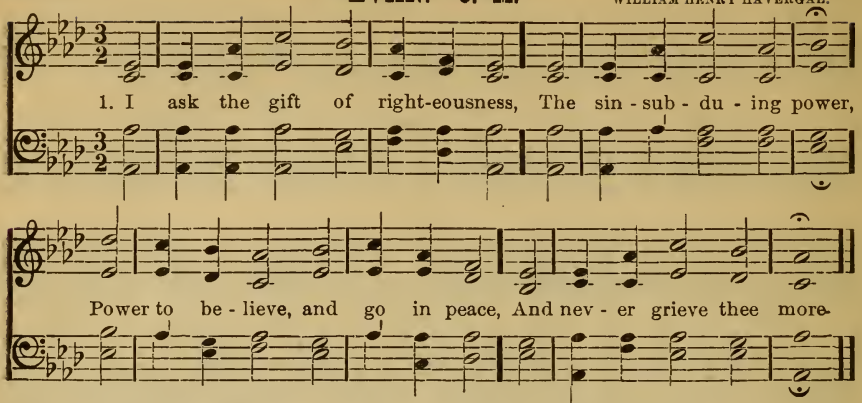
3 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain:
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I too with thee shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove
What is the length and breadth and height
And depth of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

342 EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out, oppressed,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

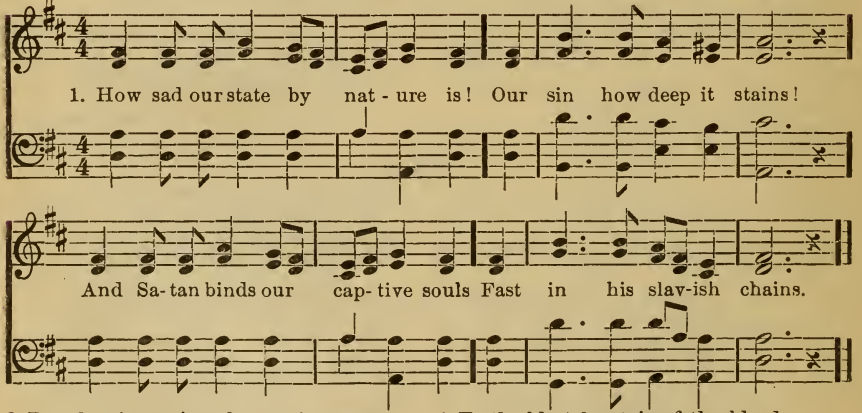
5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

Charles Wesley.

343 NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord."

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

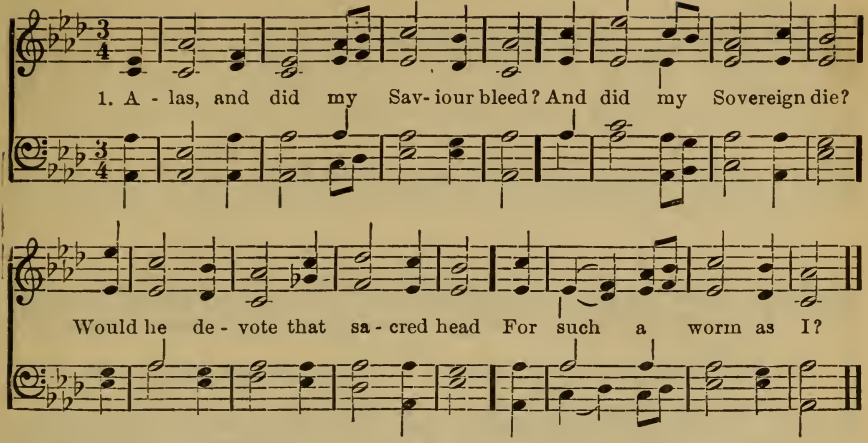
4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Isaac Watts.

344 AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

345 C. M.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power!
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies!

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

Charles Wesley.

346 C. M.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou call'st the burdened soul to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

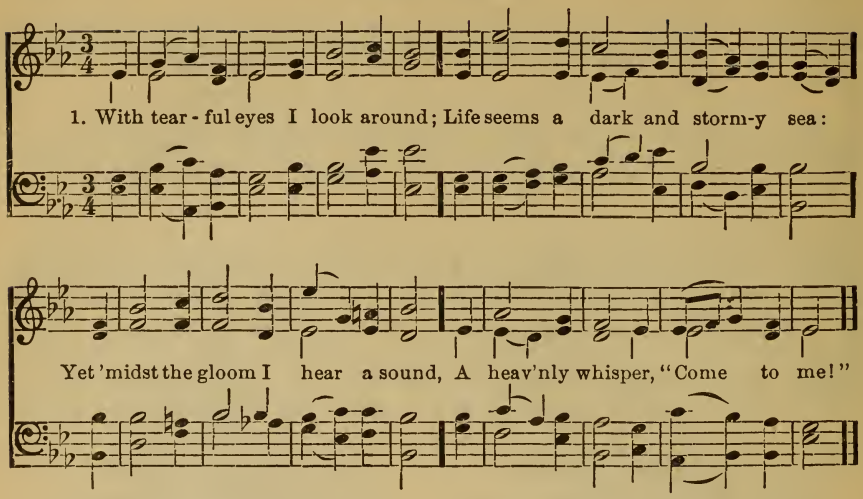
5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name!

6 "Poor tempest-tossèd soul, be still;
My promised grace receive:"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

John Newton.

347 CATON. L. M.

EDWARD MILLER.



2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my | soul may | flee : ‖
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the | bidding, | "Come to | me!"

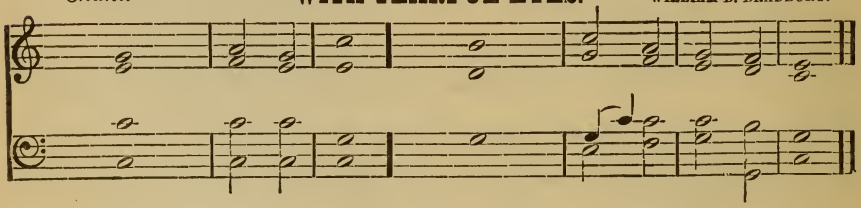
3 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its | yoke get | free, ‖
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words ar- | rest me, | "Come to | me!"

4 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see ; ‖
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | me!"

5 "Come, for all else must fail and die ;
Earth is no resting | place for | thee ; ‖
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;
I am thy | portion ; | come to | me!"

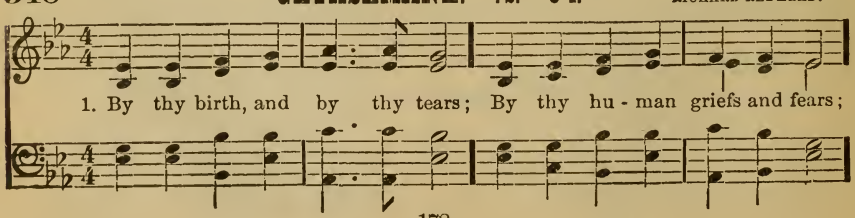
Charlotte Elliott.

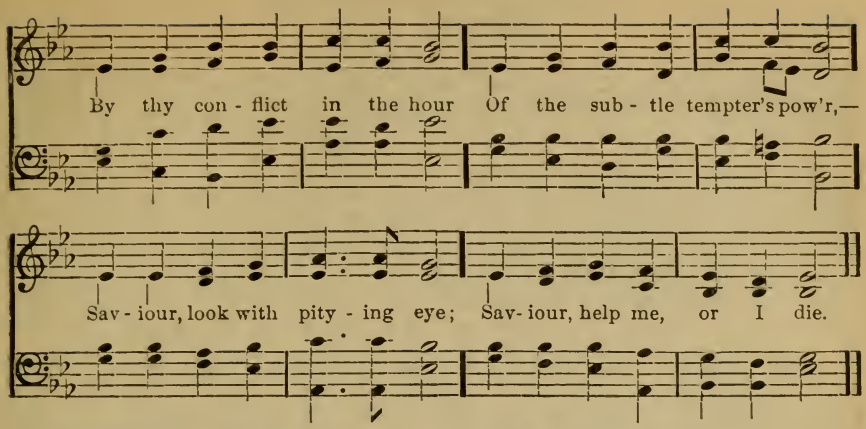
Chant. **WITH TEARFUL EYES.** WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



348 GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 l.

RICHARD REDHEAD.





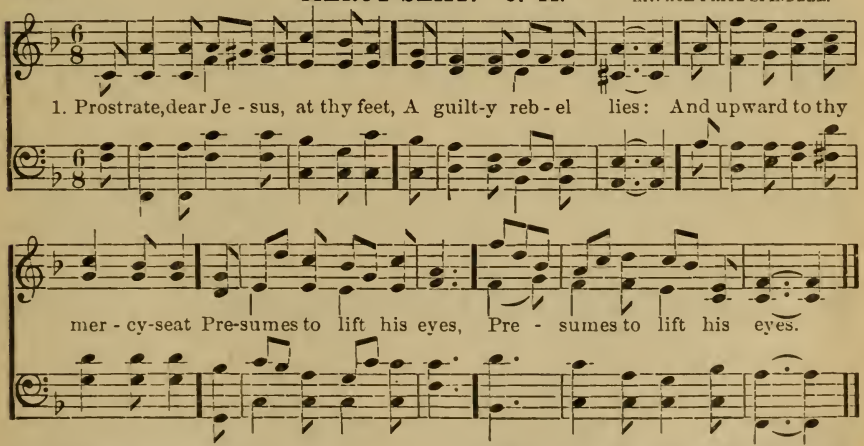
2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

Robert Grant. Alt.

349 **MERCY-SEAT. C. M.** Arr. from FRITZ SPINDLER.



2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

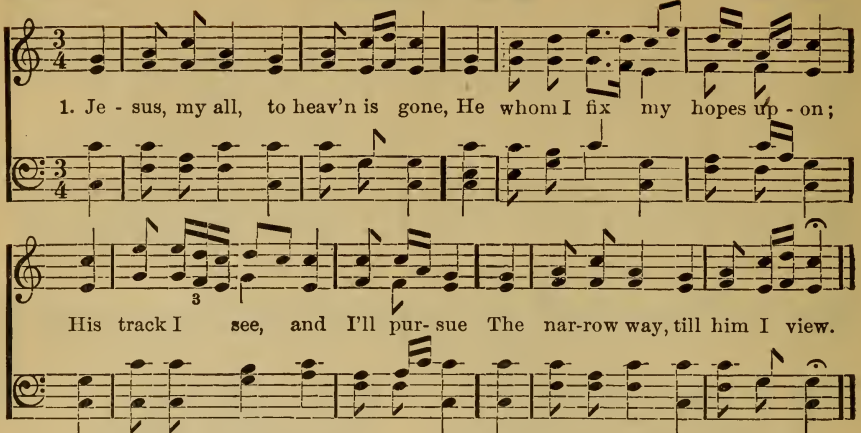
3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett.

350 DEVOTION. L. M.

Southern Tune.



2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

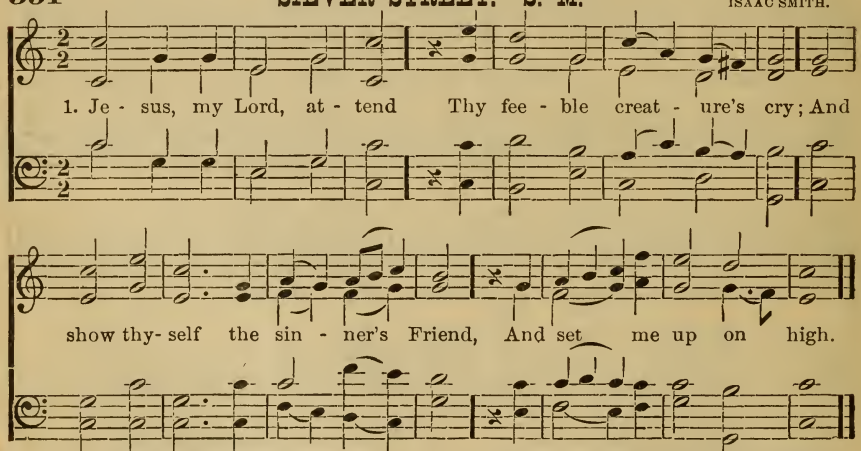
5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

John Cennick.

351 SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.



2 From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release,
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.

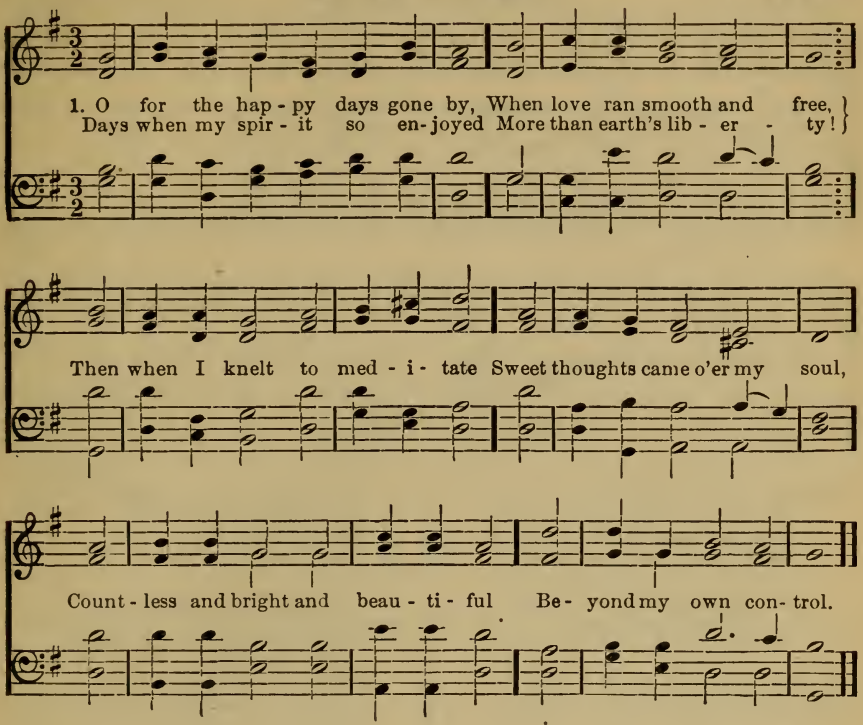
3 Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

4 That thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify;
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

Charles Wesley.

352 FARNHAM. C. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.



2 O what hath locked those fountains up?
Those visions who hath stayed?
What sudden act has thus transformed
My sunshine into shade?
If this drear change be thine, O Lord,
If it be thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill.

3 But if it hath been sin of mine,
O show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with thee.
One thing alone, dear Lord, I dread—
To have a sinful spot
That separates my soul from thee,
And yet to know it not.

4 Then, if this weariness hath come
A blessing from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depth may lie;
So in this darkness I may learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love thee more.

Frederick William Faber.

353 C. M. D.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

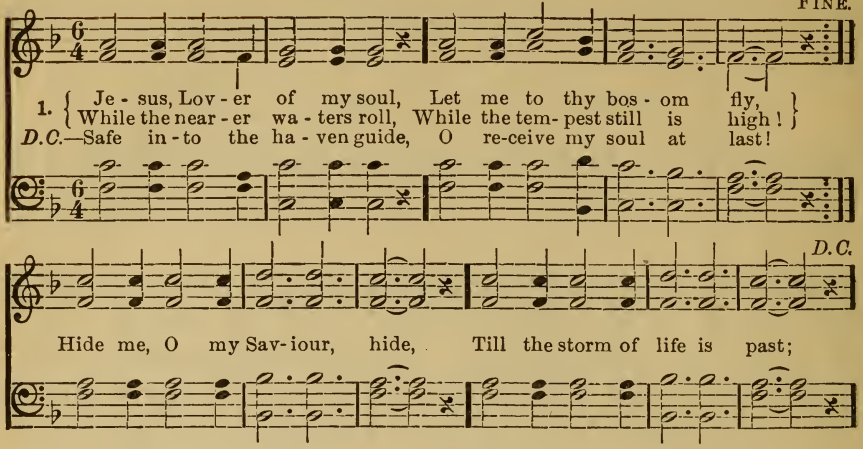
2 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh:
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.
Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

Tate and Brady. Alt. by *H. F. Lyte.*

354

MARTYN. 7s. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

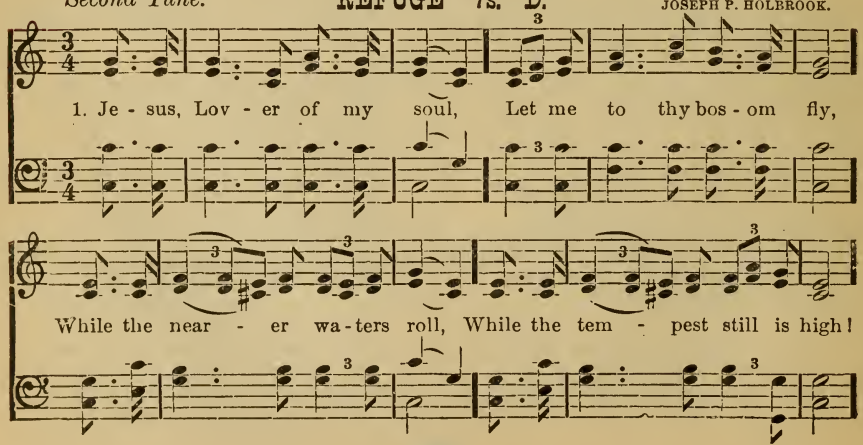
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

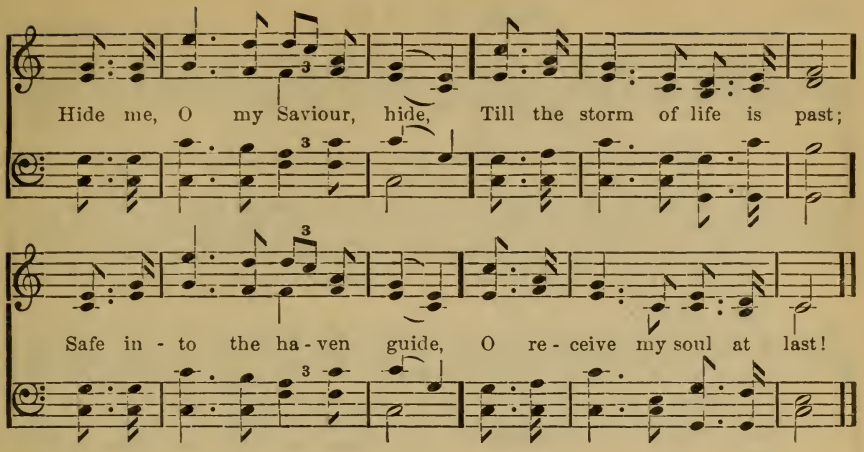
Charles Wesley.

Second Tune.

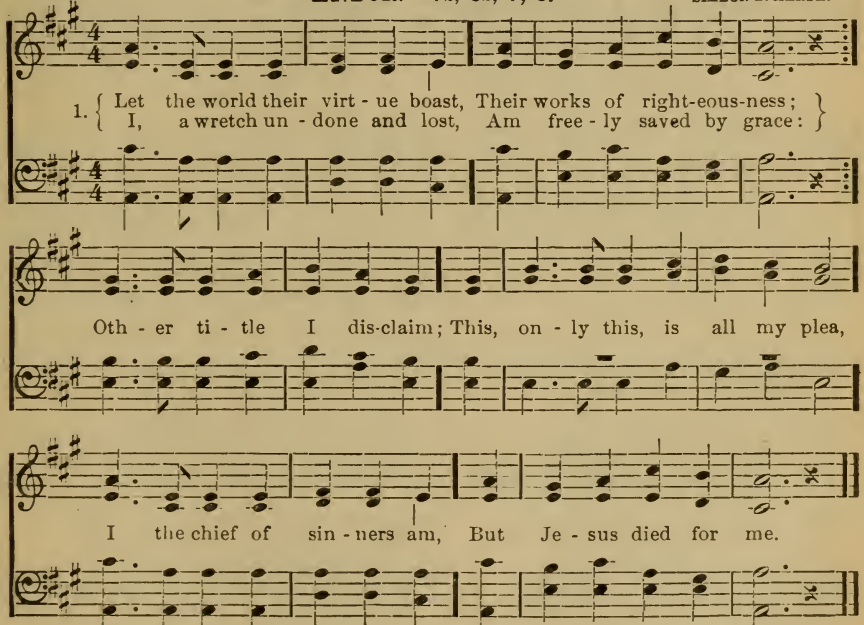
REFUGE 7s. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.





355 **ENDOR.** 7s, 6s, 7, 8. SIMEON B. MARSH.



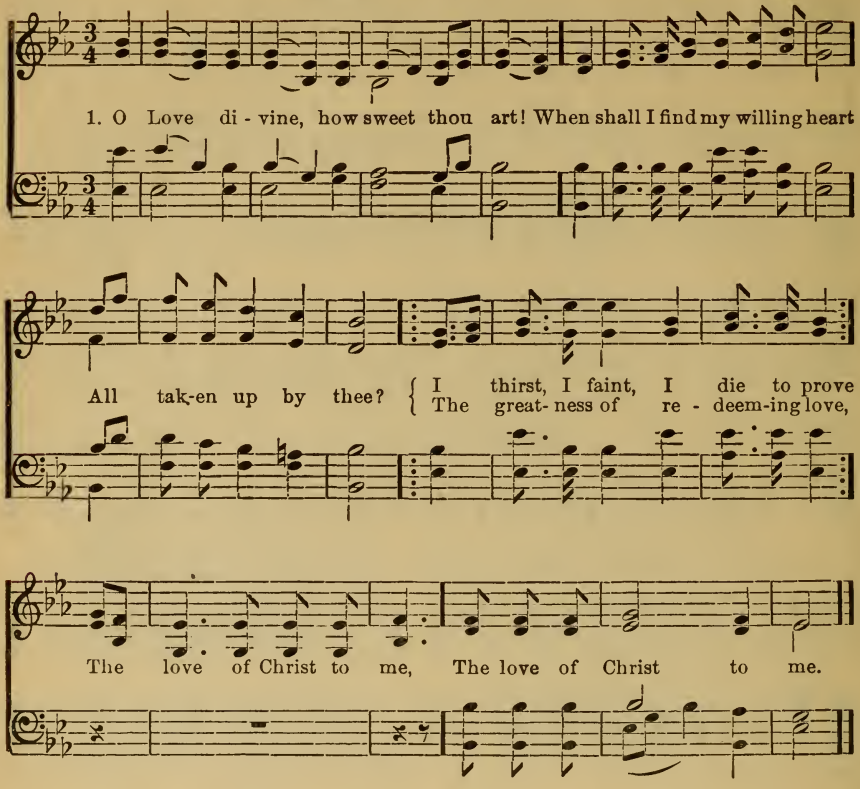
2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him;
Meanest foll'wer of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied;
I shall thy life receive;
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Charles Wesley.

356 ARIEL. C. P. M.

From W. A. MOZART.



2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove,
"Thou know'st, for all to thee is known—
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love."

6 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

7 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Give me thy only love.

Charles Wesley.

357 TUNE—"ARIEL." C. P. M.

1 THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days,
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven:
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart!

Charles Wesley.

358 TUNE—"ARIEL." C. P. M.

1 O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
On thee whom we have slain,
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renewed thy sacred pain.

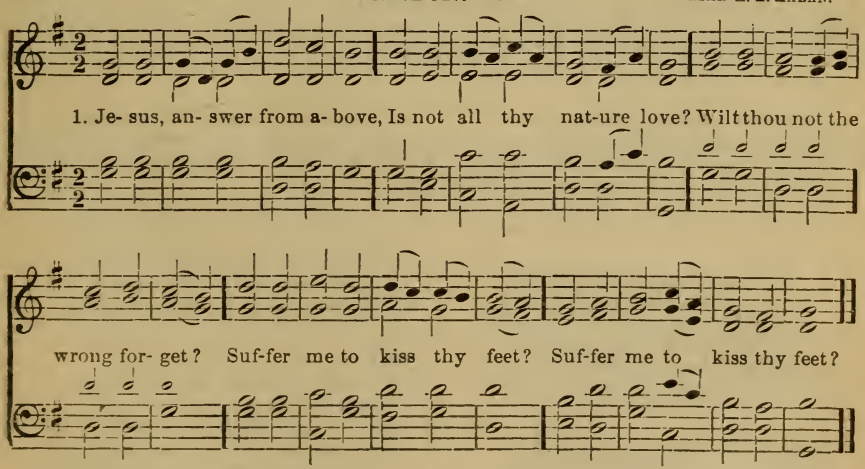
2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The man transfixed on Calvary!
To know thee who thou art,
The one eternal God and true;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine
That suffered in my stead!
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

4 Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify!
And lo! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die!

Charles Wesley.

359 **HENDON. 7s.** CAESAR H. A. MALAN.



2 If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon and accept me now.

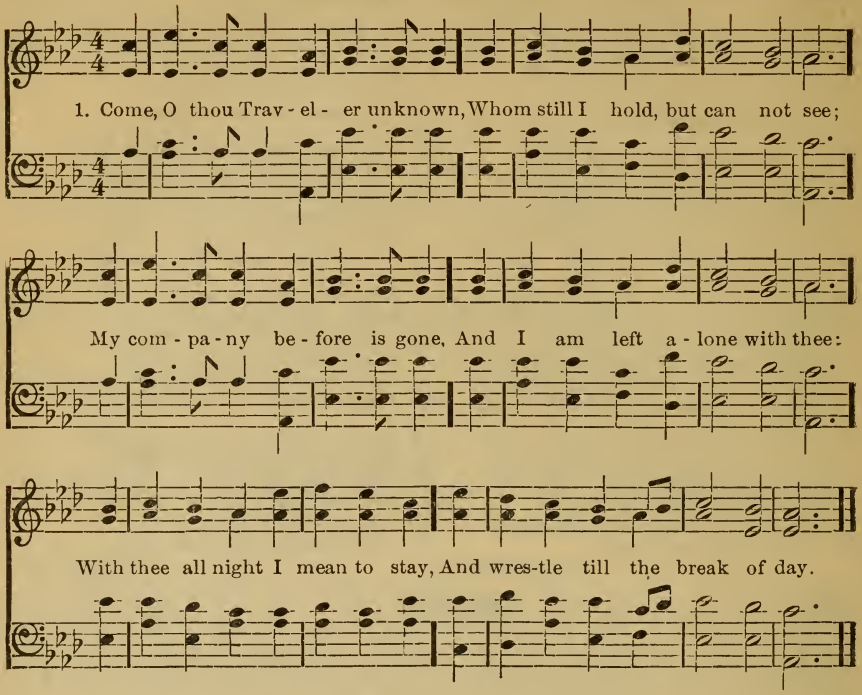
3 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

4 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more!

Charles Wesley.

360 DILLON. L. M. 61.

R. M. McINTOSH.



2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold.
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

6 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath thy weighty hand;
Faint, to revive—and fall, to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Charles Wesley.

361 L. M. 61.

1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the
Unspeakable I now receive; [grace
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

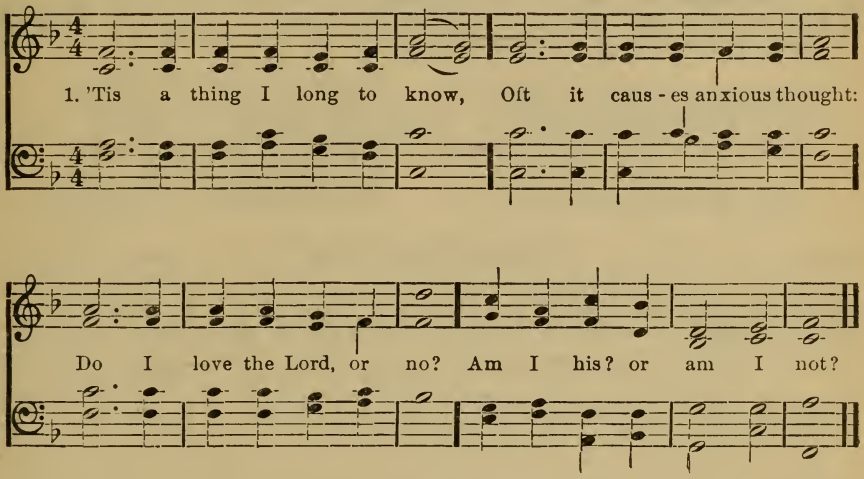
5 The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings:
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'er-
I leap for joy, pursue my way, [come·
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

362 DIJON. 7s.

German Evening Hymn.



2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I pray or hear or read,
Sin seems mixed with all I do;
Ye who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

6 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Love the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

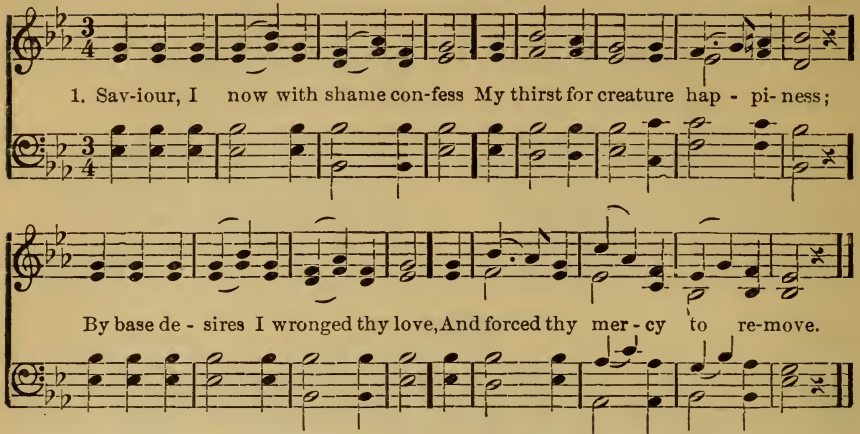
7 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

8 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

John Newton.

363 ROSEDALE. L. M.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



2 I knew not that the Lord was gone;
In my own froward will went on;
I lived to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wand'rings seen.

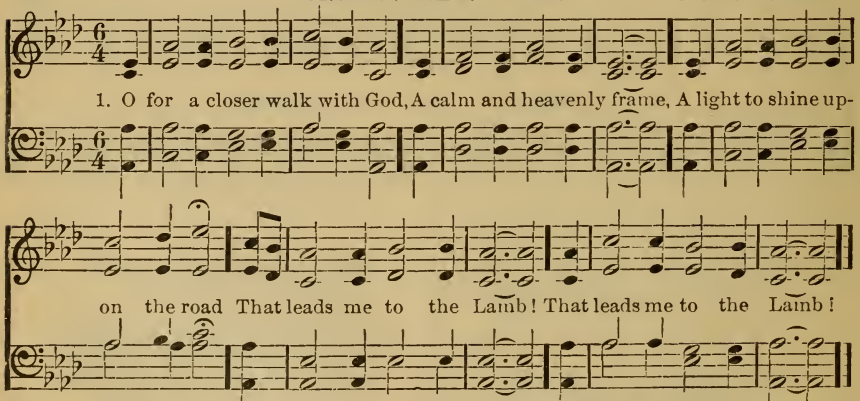
3 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

4 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create—
Fruit of thy gracious lips—restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

Charles Wesley.

364 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

365 TUNE—"ORTONVILLE." C. M.

1 JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up?

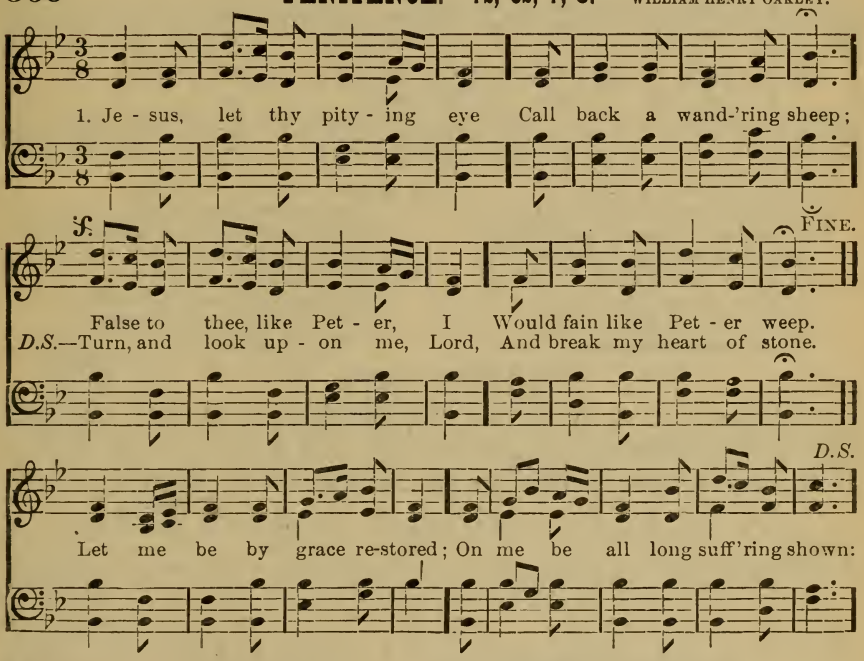
2 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

3 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

4 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

366 **PENITENCE.** 7s, 6s, 7, 8. WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY.



2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

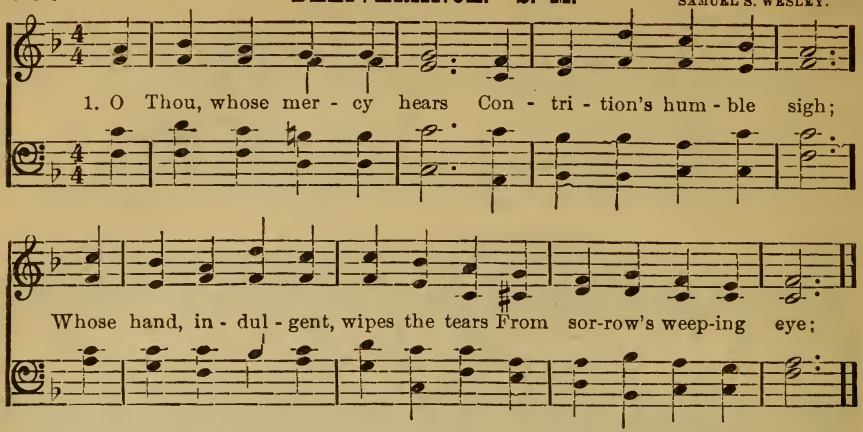
4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die
My Saviour gasped,) "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis [done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

Charles Wesley.

367 DELIVERANCE. S. M.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 Shall guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this last refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

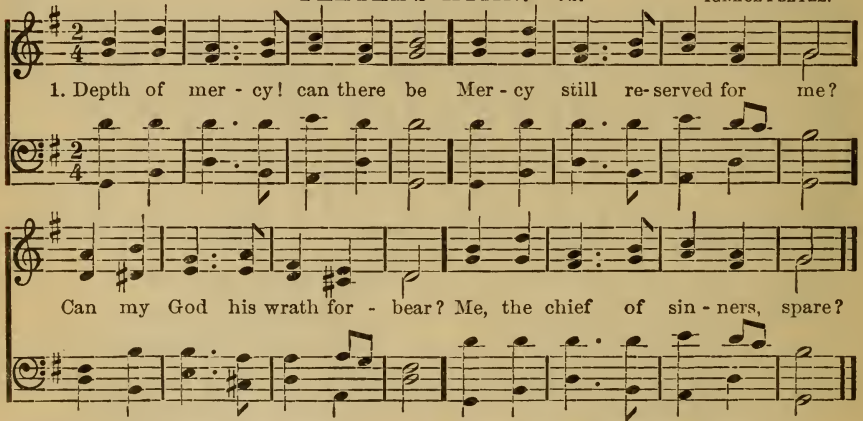
4 Absent from thee, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 On this benighted heart
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

Anne Steele, Alt.

368 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Lo! I cumber still the ground;
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down;
Let this barren soul alone."

4 Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move;
Justice lingers into love.

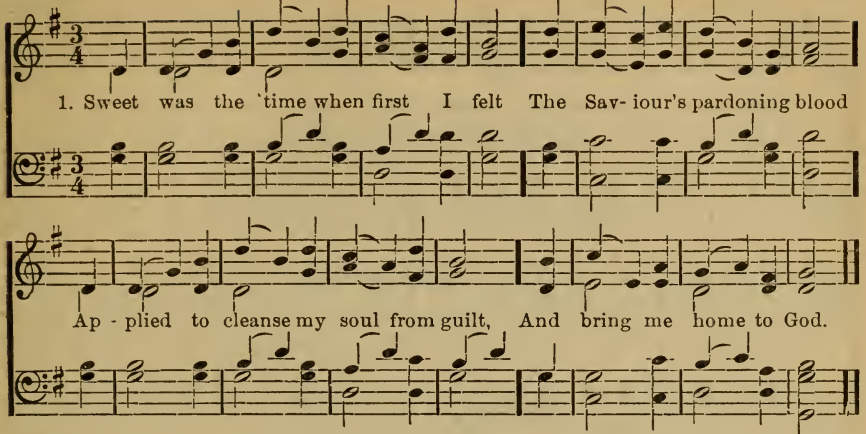
5 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

6 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands:
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

369 PEORIA. C. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

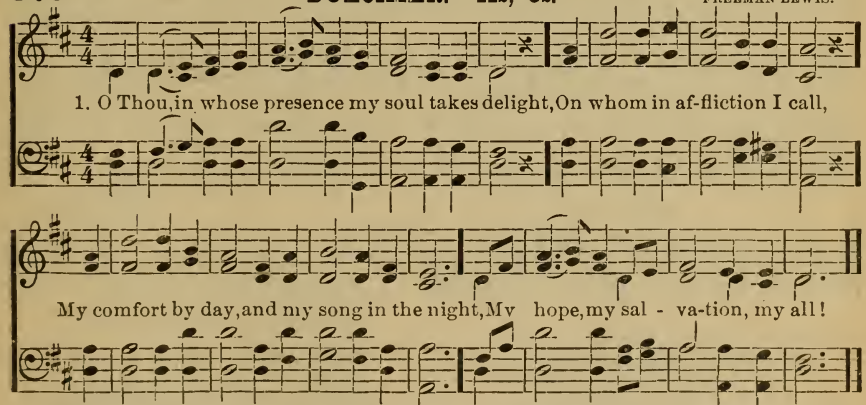
4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy can not fail;
Let me that mercy share.

John Newton.

370 DULCIMER. 11s, 8s.

FREEMAN LEWIS.



2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

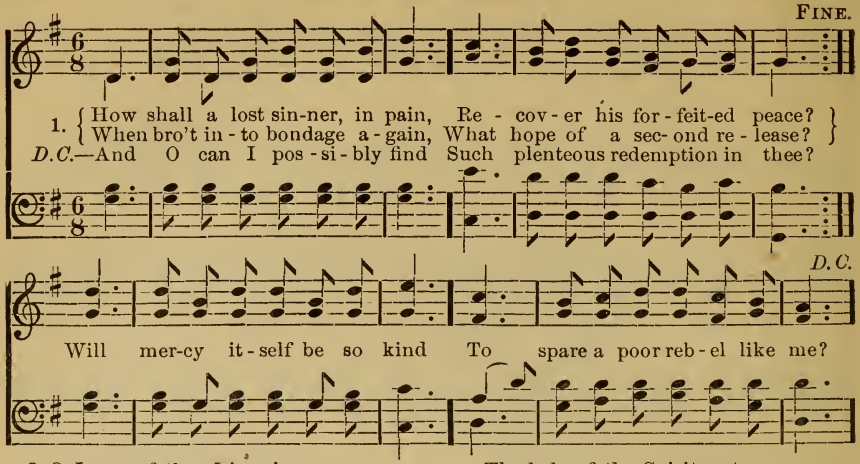
3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of thy face;
Thy soul-cheering comfort impart;
And let the sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

Joseph Swain.

371 DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

German.

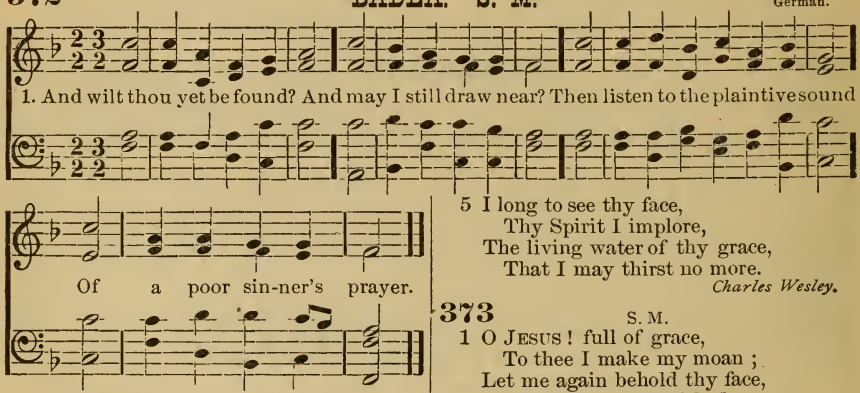


2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave;
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

Charles Wesley.

372 BADEA. S. M.

German.



2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art:
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst: pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease!

5 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

Charles Wesley.

373

S. M.

1 O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan;
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Again thy love reveal;
Restore that inward heaven;
O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven!

4 Thy utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,
"In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

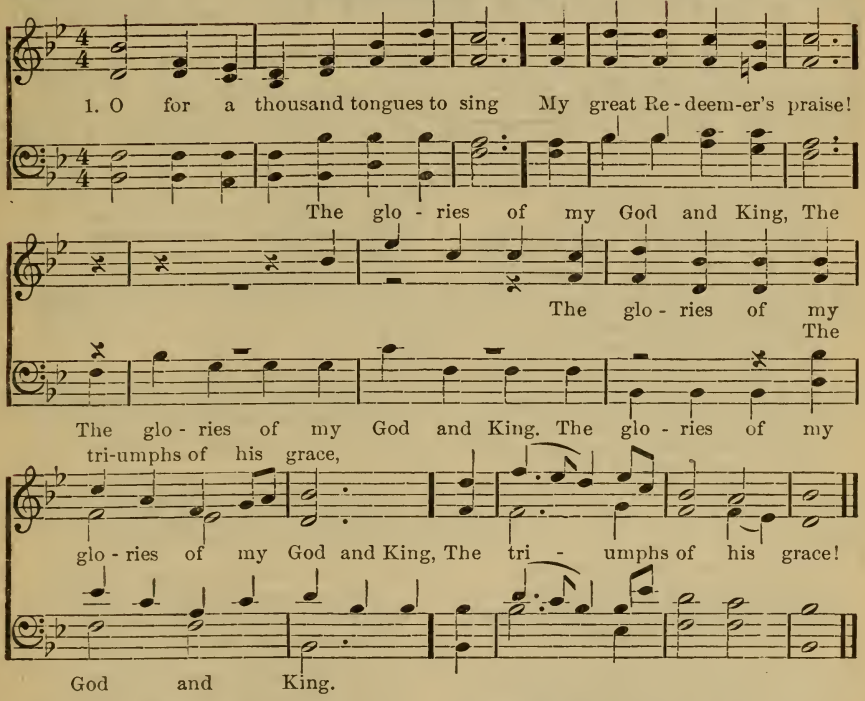
Charles Wesley.

SECTION VII.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

1. JUSTIFICATION AND THE NEW BIRTH.

374 **NORTHFIELD. C. M.** JEREMIAH INGALLS.



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for *me*.

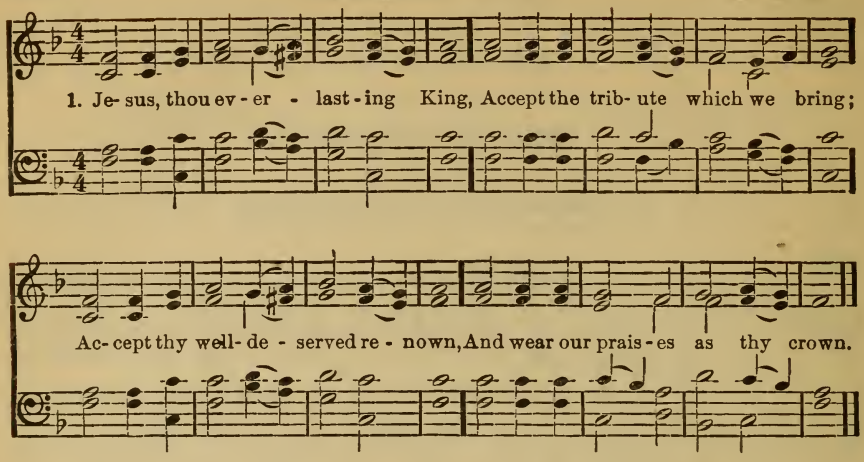
5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Charles Wesley.

375 HAMBURG. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each foll'wing minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

376 L. M.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me, t'atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, e'en for *my* soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

377 L. M.

1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same;

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save;
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives—
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

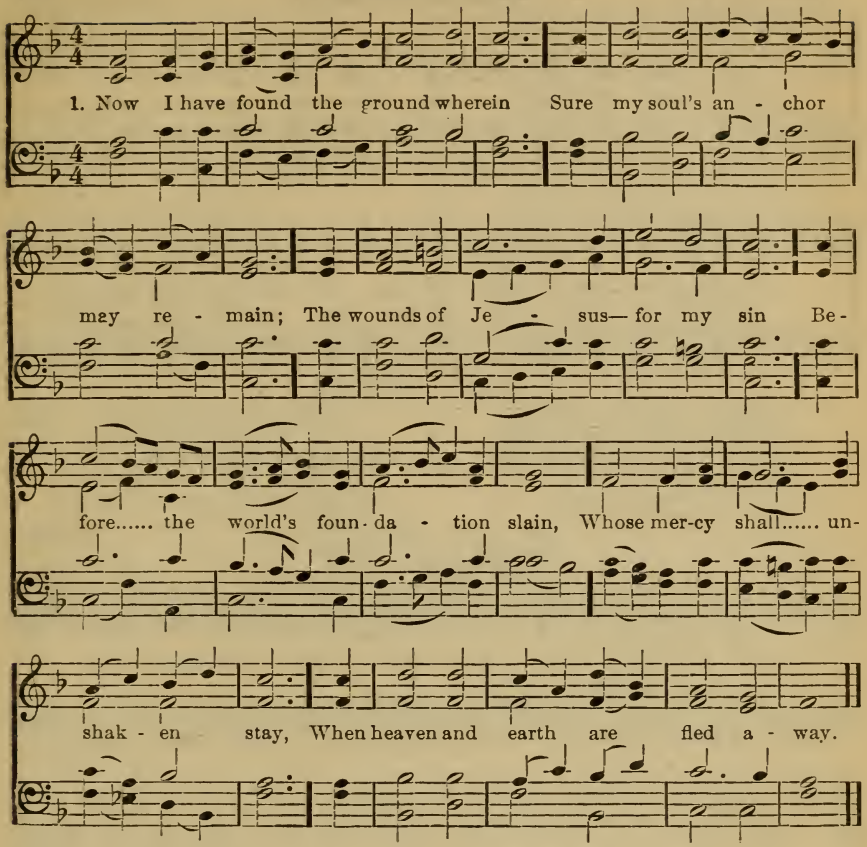
5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Charles Wesley.

378 NEWCOURT. L. M. 61.

THOMAS BOWMAN.



2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

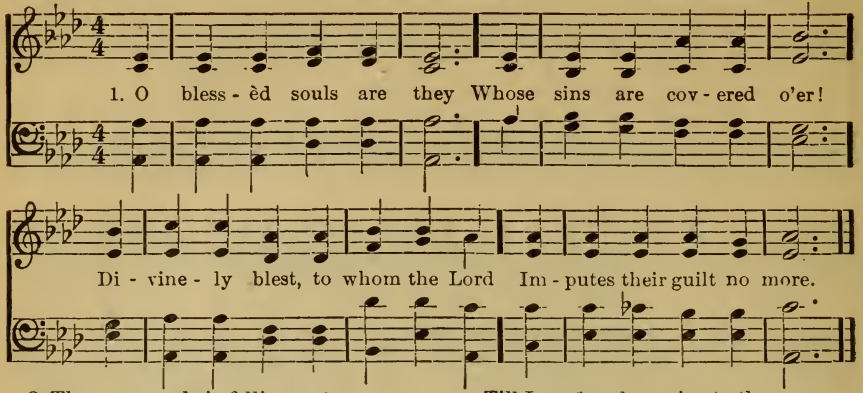
5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

John Andrew Rothe. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

379 GORTON. S. M.

LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN.



2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care:
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

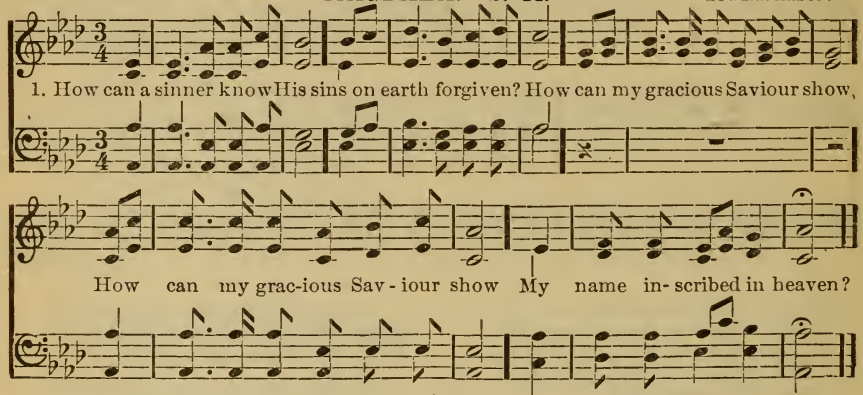
3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

Isaac Watts.

380 MAGDALA. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

Charles Wesley.

381

S. M.

1 Not with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

Isaac Watts.

382 TUNE—"MAGDALA." S. M.

1 BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor does it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

Isaac Watts.

383 TUNE—"MAGDALA." S. M.

1 WE by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestowed.

2 His Spirit us he gave,
Who dwells in us, we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

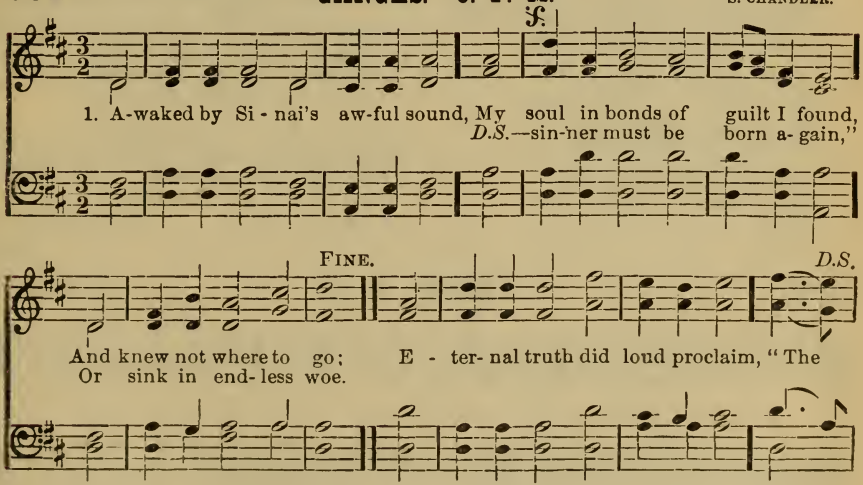
3 Our nature's turned, our mind
Transformed in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are joined,
The spirit of God with ours.

4 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

5 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

Charles Wesley. Alt.

384 **GANGES. C. P. M.** S. CHANDLER.



2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

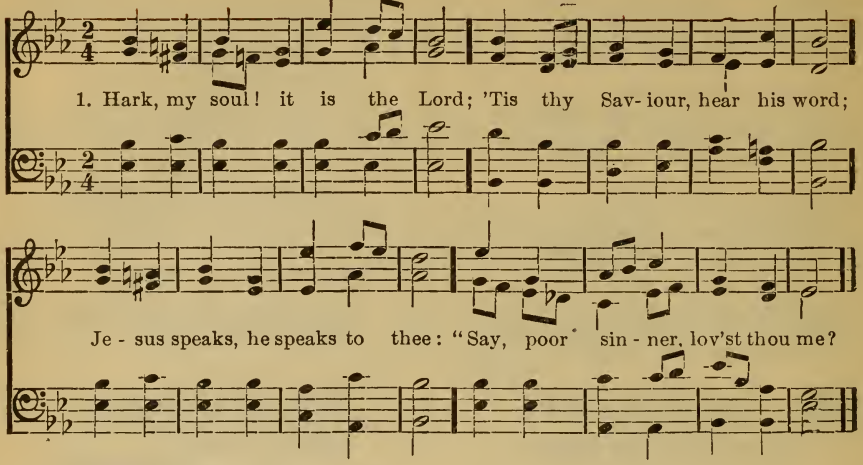
3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the tempter's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

Samson Occum.

385 SOLITUDE. 7s.

L. T. DOWNES.



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2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death

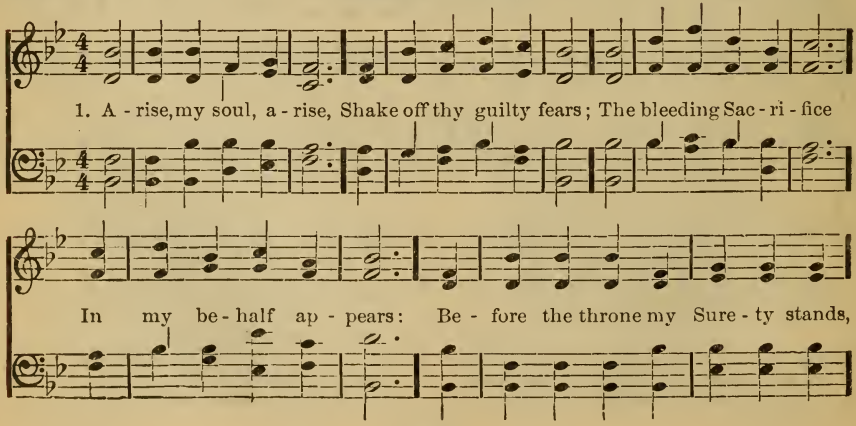
5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

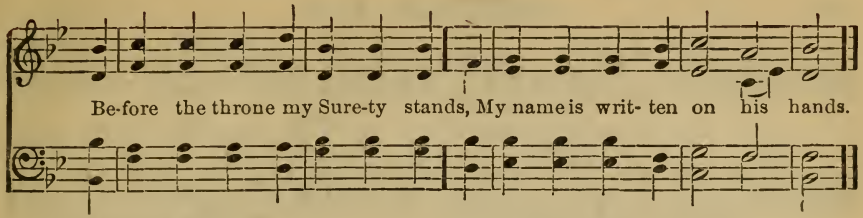
6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

William Cowper.

386 LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.





2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

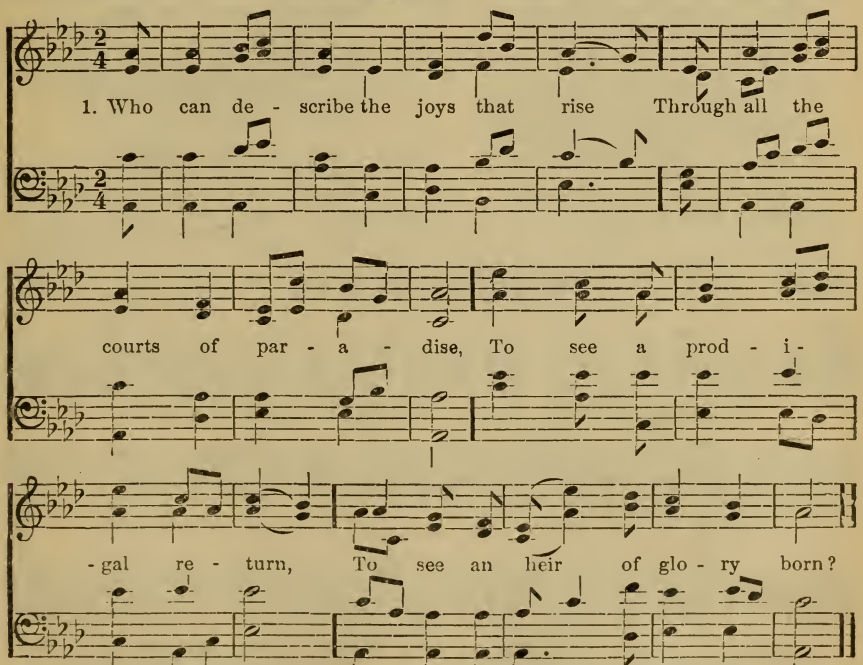
4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Charles Wesley.

387 WIMBORNE. L. M.

JOHN WHITAKER.



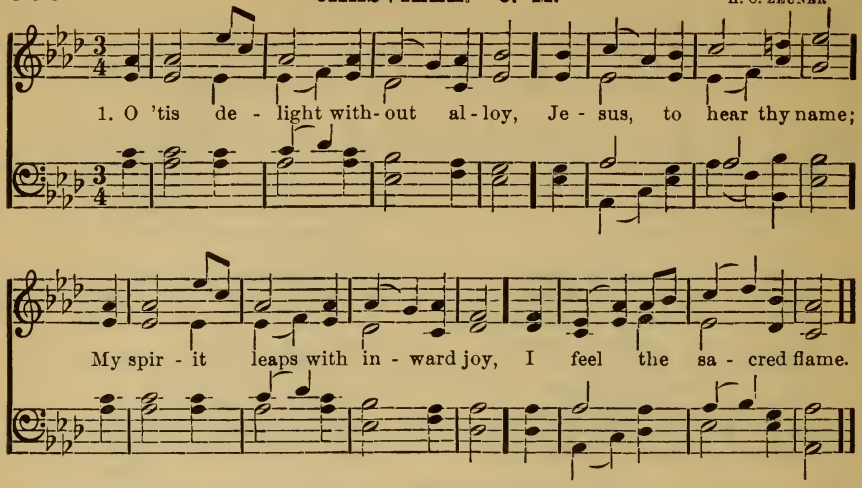
2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

Isaac Watts.

388 OAKSVILLE. C. M.

H. C. ZEUNER



2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

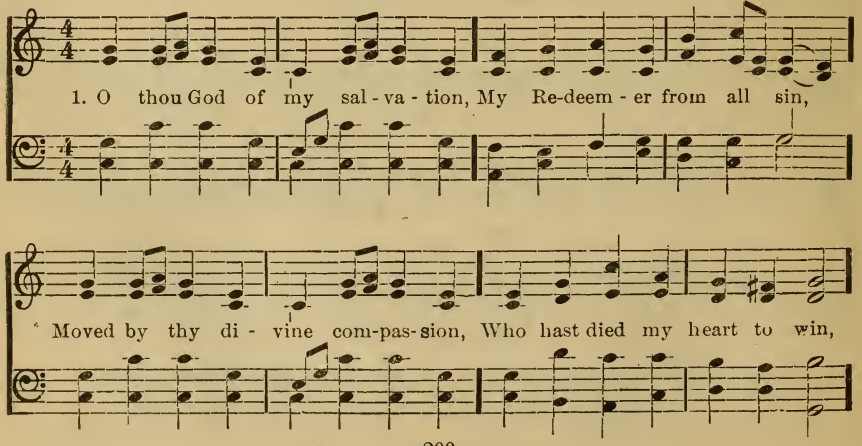
5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come!

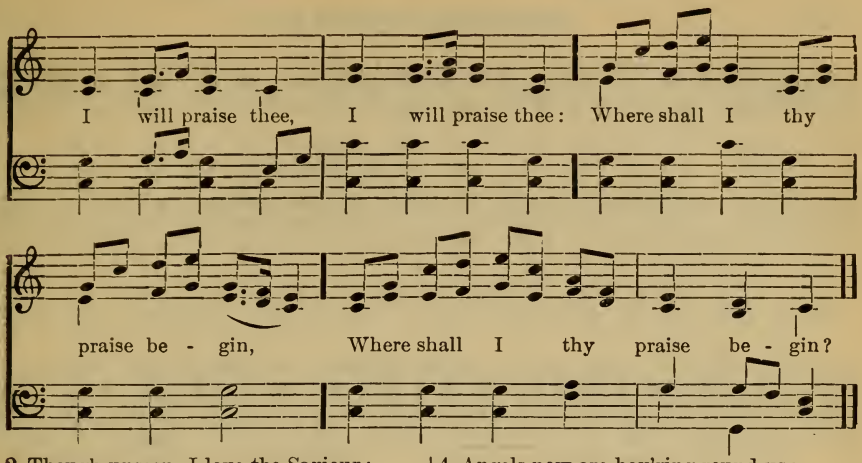
6 Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

Isaac Watts.

389 OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4.

From BAILLOT.





2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour:
He hath brought salvation near,
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And, when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

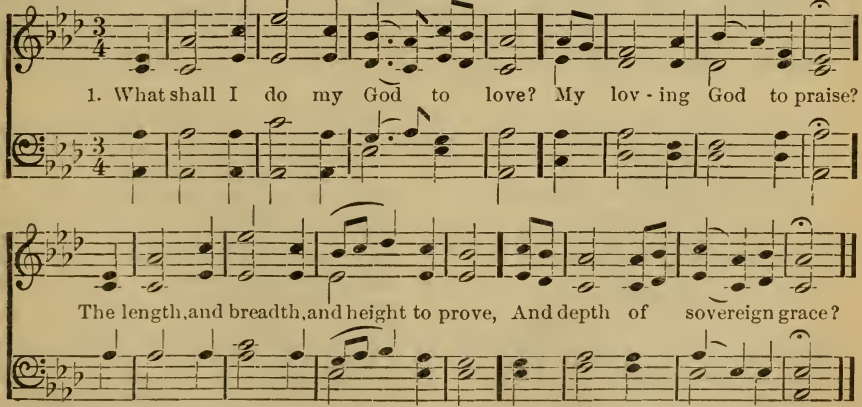
3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM!"
I with them will still be vying,
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us;
Unperceived they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

5 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.

Thomas Olivers.

390 **CADDO. C. M.** WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

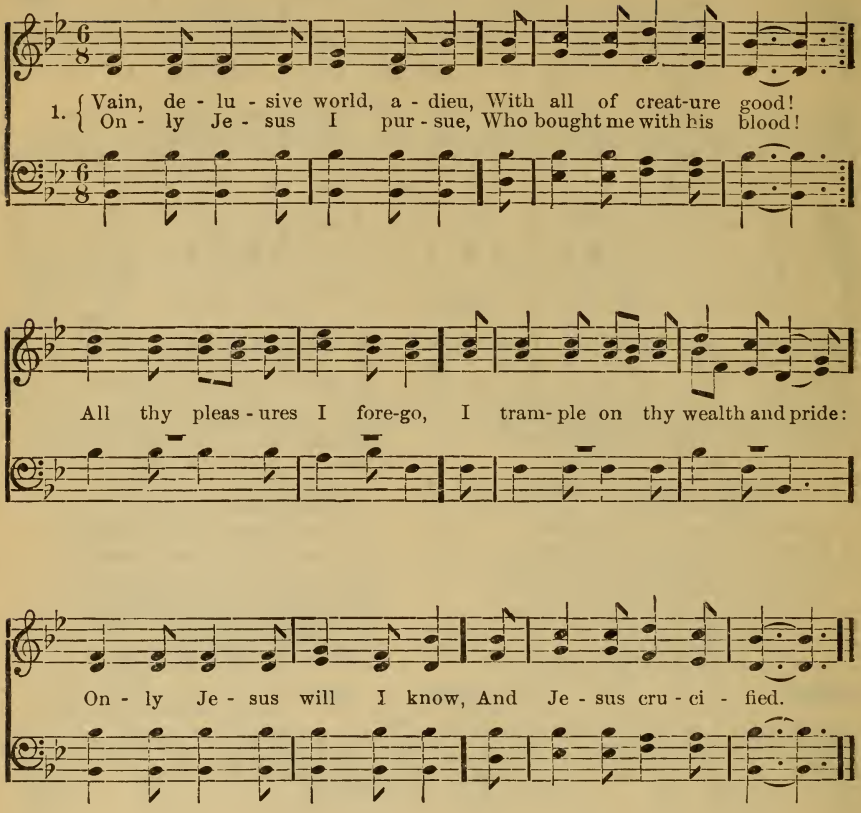
3 Throughout the world its breadth is
Wide as infinity— [known,
So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

4 The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

Charles Wesley.

391 ROCKPORT. 7s, 6s, 7, 8.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

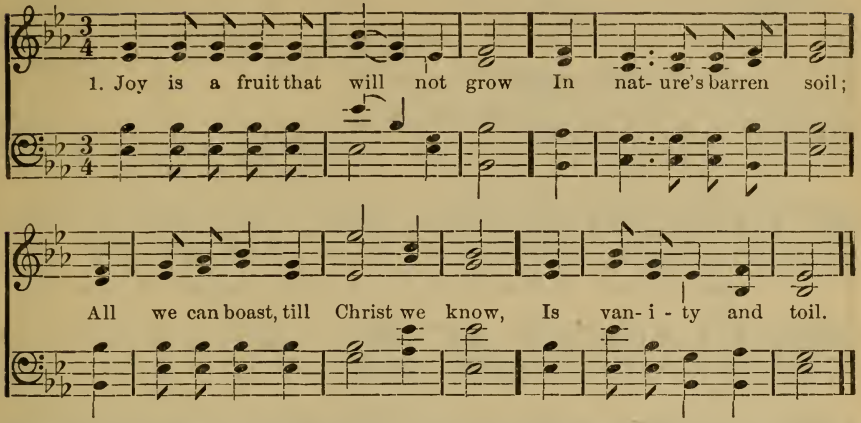
4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove,
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Charles Wesley.

392 ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found—and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

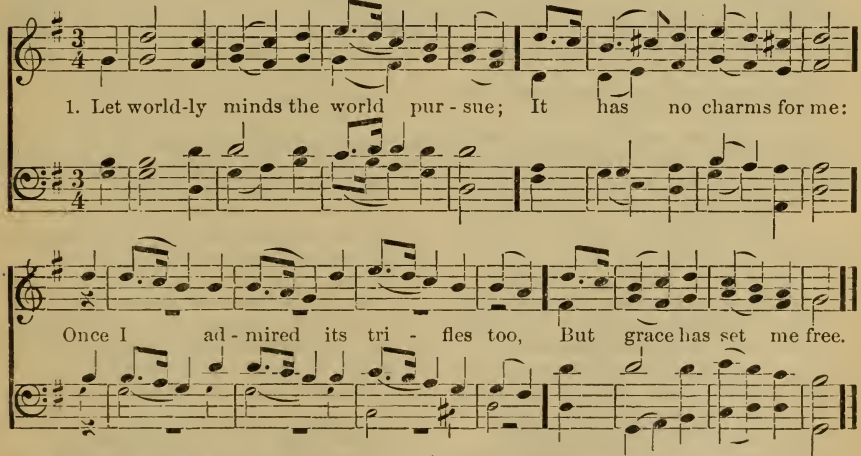
4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

John Newton.

393 ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

English Tune.



2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

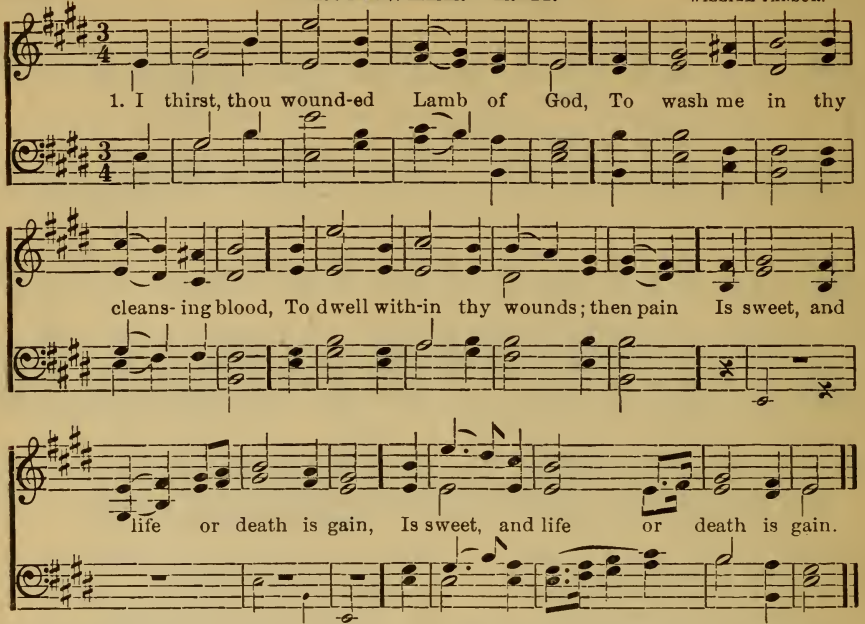
3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

John Newton.

394 ROTHWELL. L. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.



2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

395 L. M.

1 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown!

2 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

3 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

4 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

396 L. M.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows, "The Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise—
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites.
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

Charles Wesley.

397 TUNE—"ROTHWELL." L. M.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

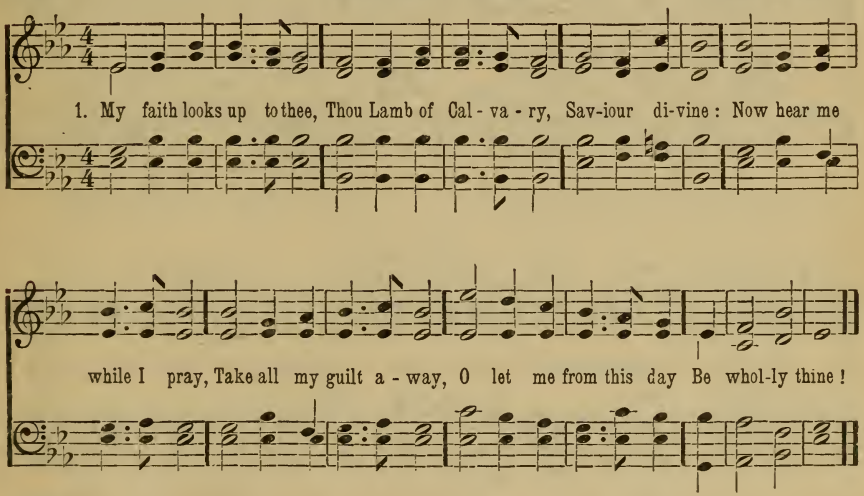
3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

398 **OLIVET.** 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.



2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer

DOXOLOGY.

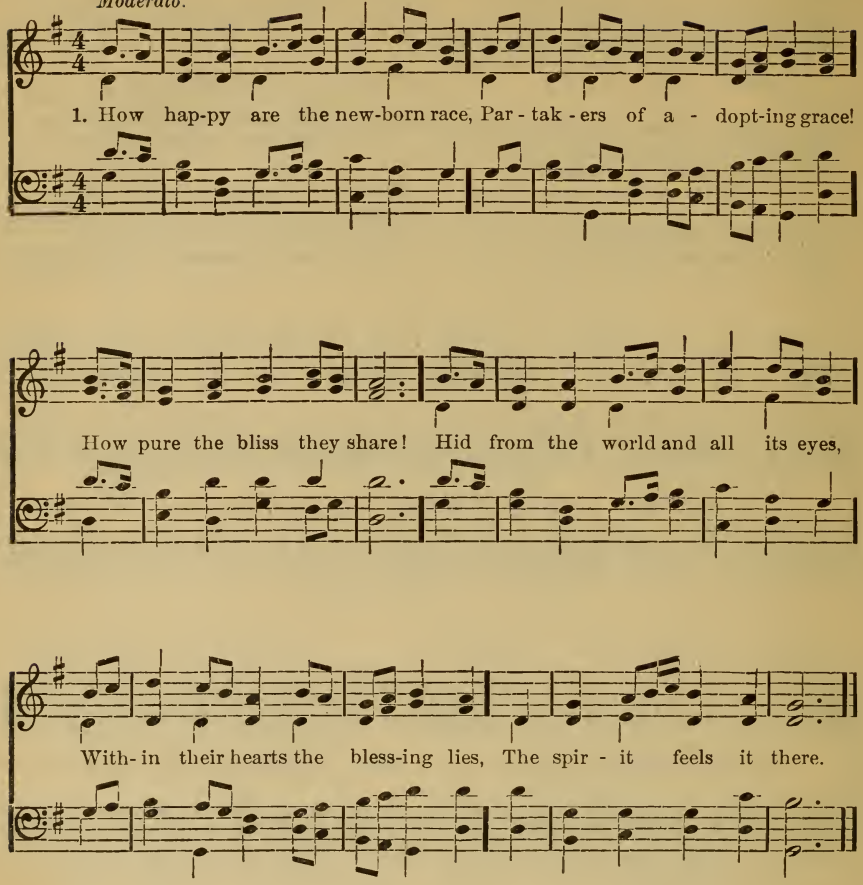
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong,
Let all His praise prolong
On earth in heaven.

Edwin Francis Hatfield.

399 AITHLONE. C. P. M.

German.

Moderato.



2 The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
And if we love with all our powers
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.

3 But ah! if foul and willful sin
Stain and dishonor us within,
Farewell the joy we knew;
Again the slaves of nature's sway
In labyrinths of sin we stray,
Without a guide or clew.

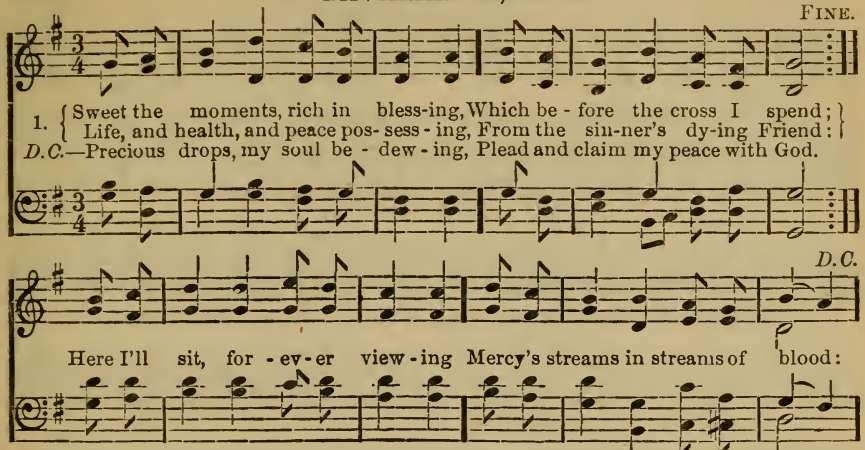
4 The chaste and pure who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace;
And, strong in undissembled love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove
Their hearts his dwelling-place.

5 O Messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task but that of love.

Madame Guyon. Tr. by *William Cowper.*

400 BAVARIA. 8s, 7s. D.

German Air.



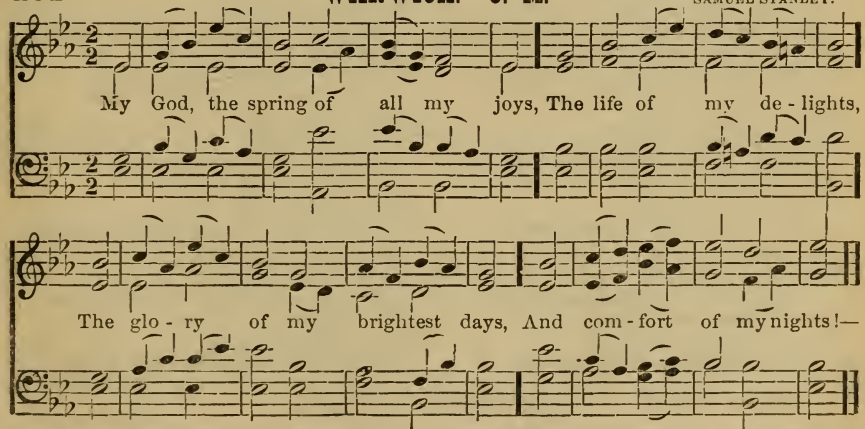
2 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

James Allen. Alt. by *Walter Shirley.*

401 WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus show his mercy mine,
And whisper I am his.

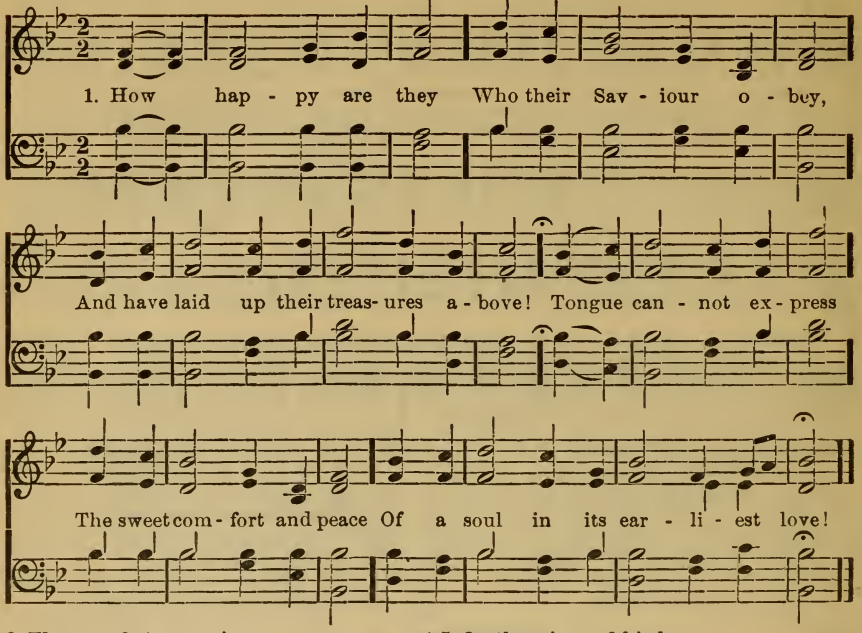
4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

Isaac Watts

402 THE CONVERT. 5s, 6s, 9s.

Anon.



2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor Divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

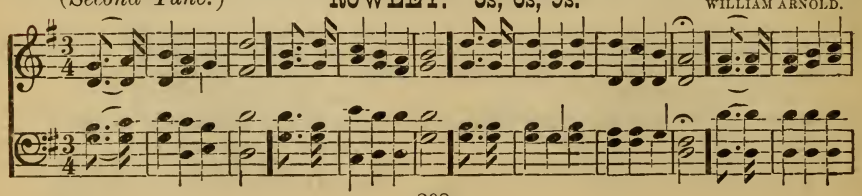
6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

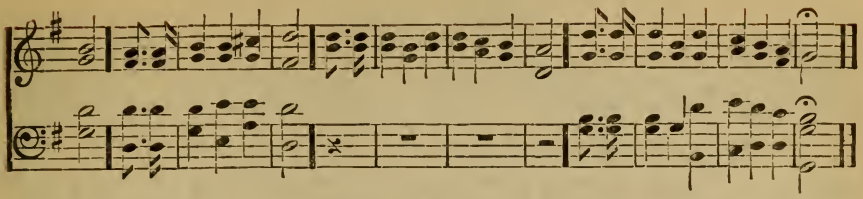
7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Charles Wesley.

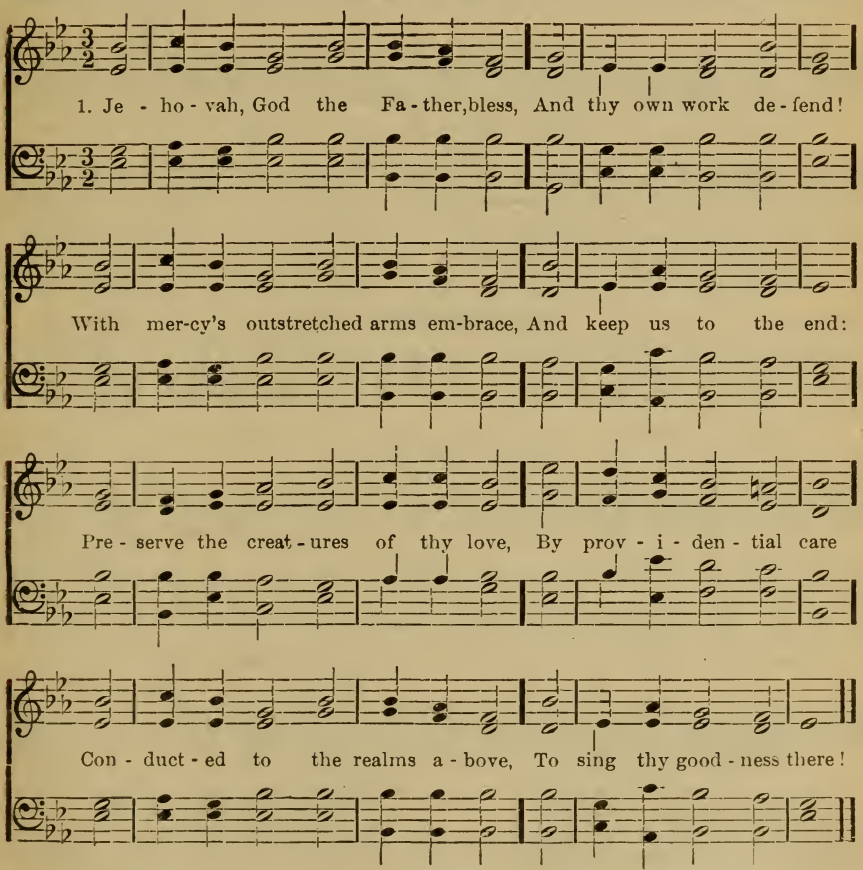
(Second Tune.) **ROWLEY. 5s, 6s, 9s.**

WILLIAM ARNOLD.





403 **BYRD. C. M. D.** LOWELL MASON.



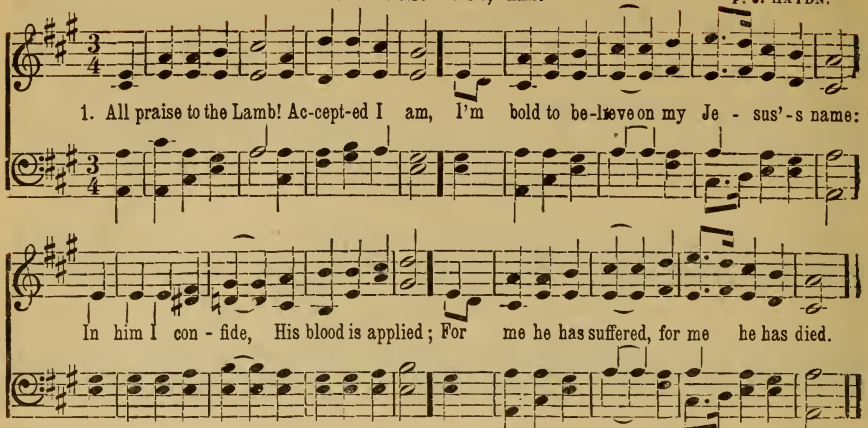
2 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face,
And all thy pardoned people fill
With plenitude of grace!
Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lift us up, thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne.

3 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show!
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravished hearts o'erflow!
Sure earnest of that happiness
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends!

Charles Wesley.

404 LYONS. 10s, 11s.

F. J. HAYDN.

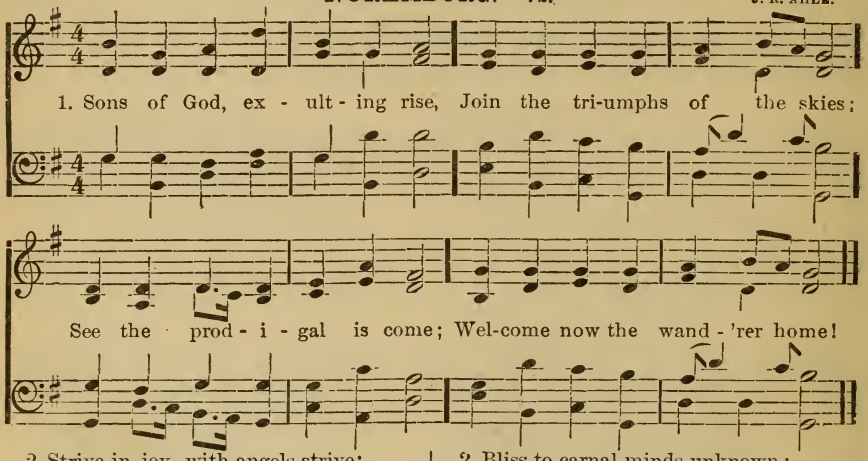


2 Not a doubt can arise To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes:
In him I am blessed, I lean on his breast,
And lo! in his wounds I continually rest.

Charles Wesley.

405 NUREMBURG. 7s.

J. R. AHLE.



2 Strive in joy, with angels strive;
He was dead, but now's alive!
Loud repeat the glorious sound,
He was lost, but now is found!

3 Now the gracious Father smiles;
Now the Saviour boasts his spoils;
Now the Spirit grieves no more;
Sing, ye heavens; and earth, adore!

Charles Wesley.

406 7s.

1 JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is;
By his death to life restored,
Mis'ry we exchange for bliss—

2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable.

3 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.

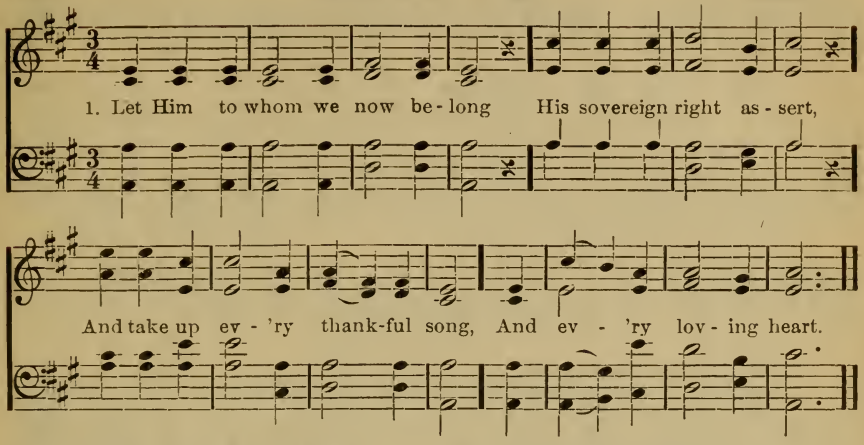
4 Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

Charles Wesley.

2. ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION AND PERFECT LOVE.

407 BARCLAY. C. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

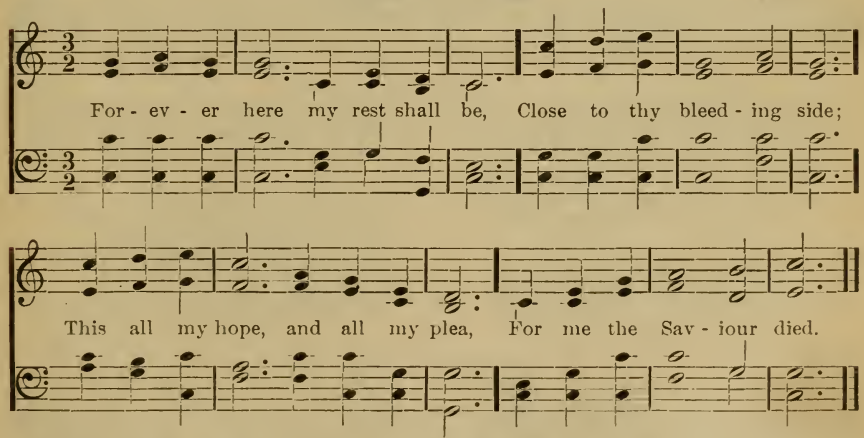
3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire!

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

408 SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.



2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

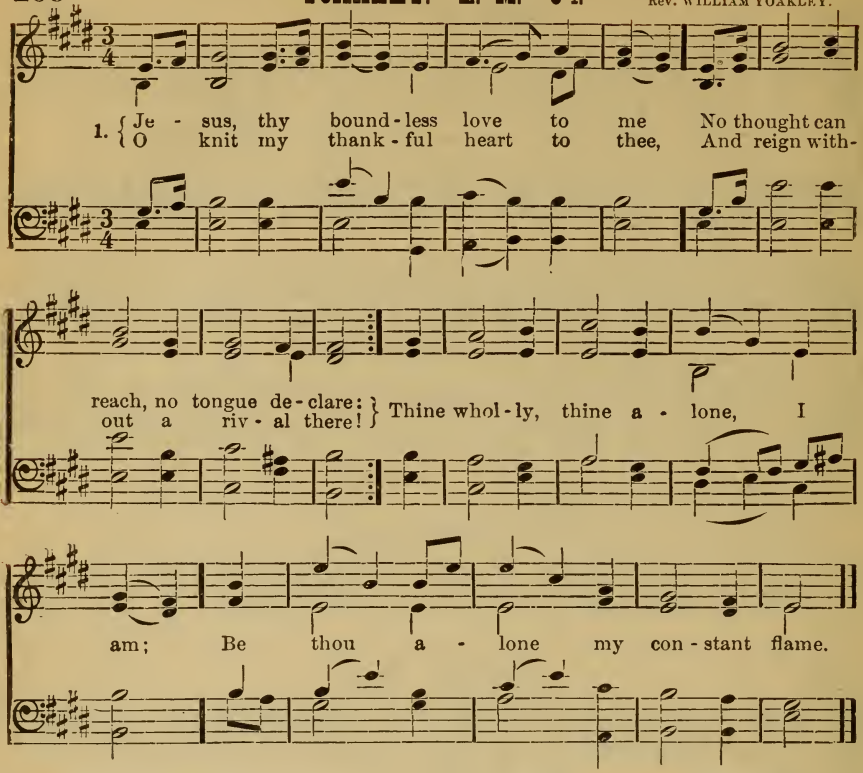
3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley.

409 YOAKLEY. L. M. 6 l.

Rev. WILLIAM YOAKLEY.



2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove:
My every act, word, thought, be love.

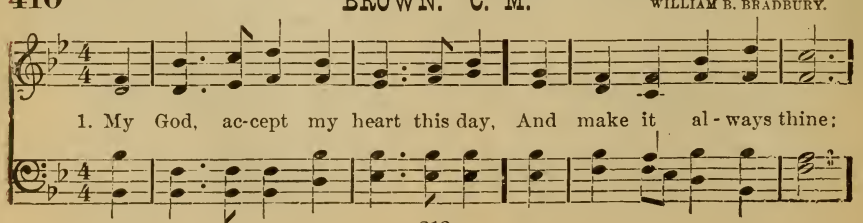
3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

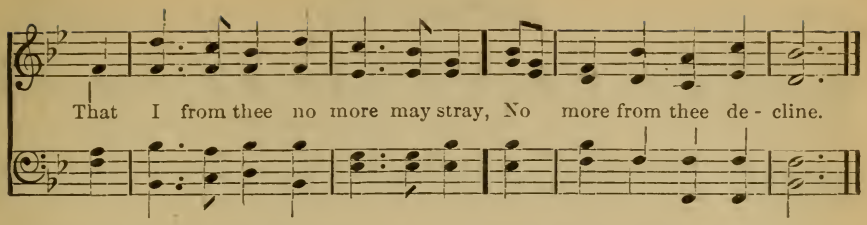
4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

410 BROWN. C. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



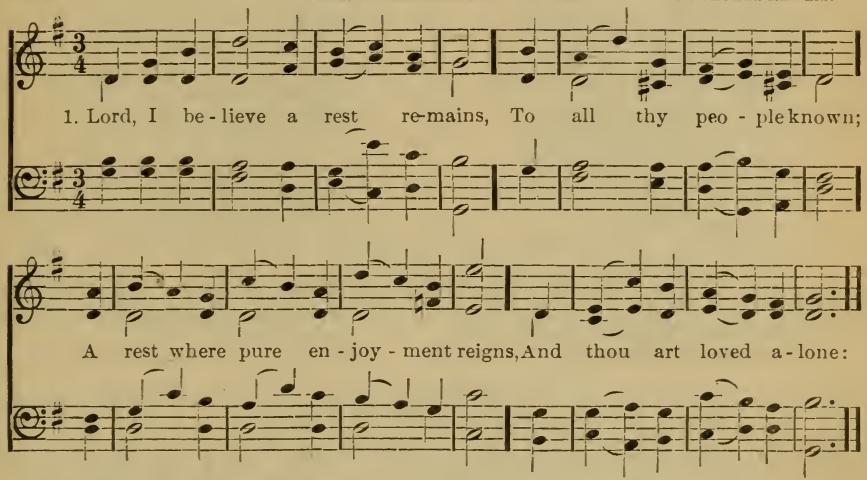


2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges.

411 **CHESTERFIELD. C. M.** Rev. THOMAS HAWEIS.



2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley.

412 C. M.

1 I WOULD be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good,
I want, and thee alone.

2 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be given:
Nothing besides my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

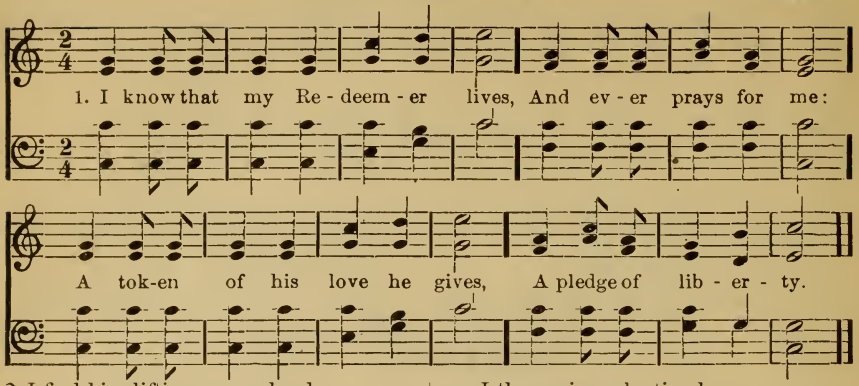
3 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God!

Charles Wesley.

413 ASHVILLE. C. M.

A. B. EVERETT.



2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

Charles Wesley.

414 C. M.

1 When Christ doth in my heart appear,
And love erects its throne,
I then enjoy salvation here,
And heaven on earth begun.

2 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

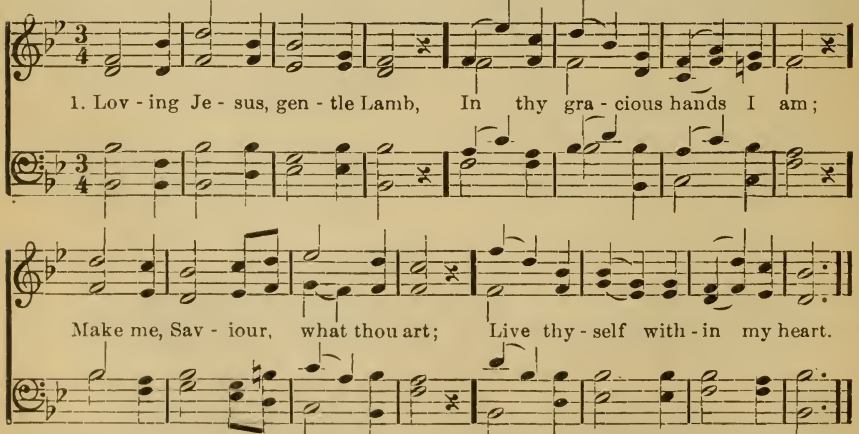
3 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

4 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known:
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

Charles Wesley.

415 HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNEIDER.

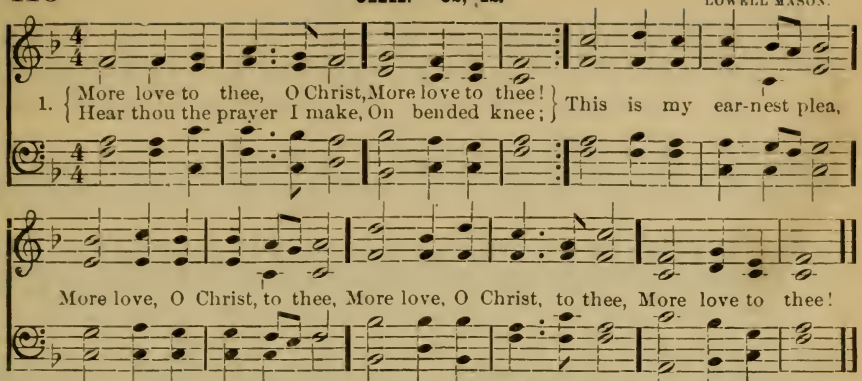


2 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

Charles Wesley.

416 OAK. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



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2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

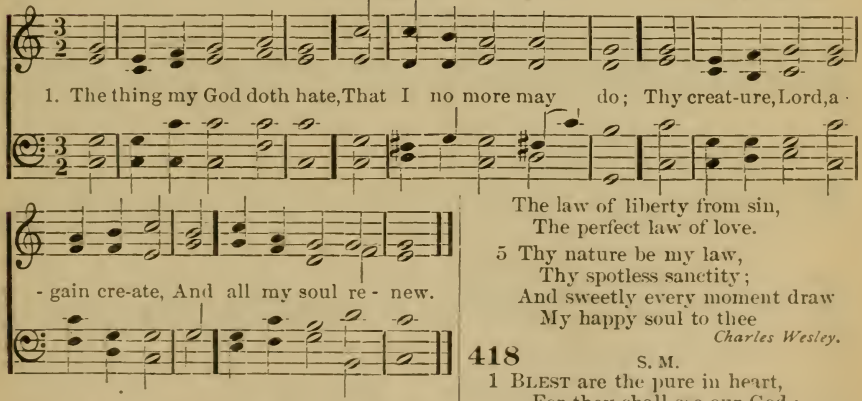
3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss.

417 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

3 That blessèd law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee

Charles Wesley.

418 S. M.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

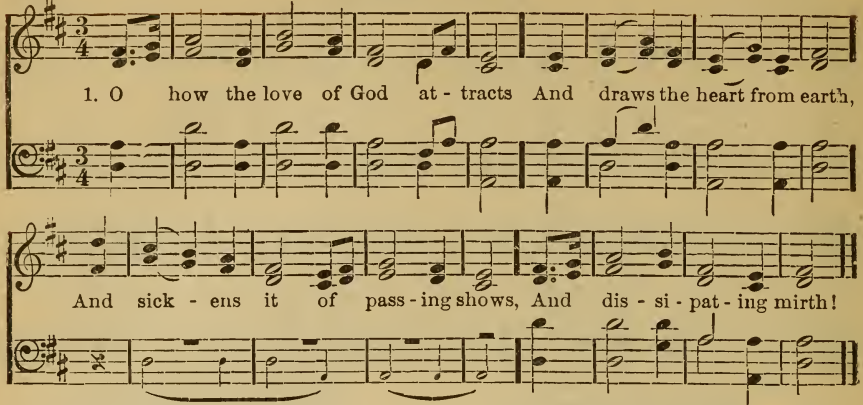
2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

John Keble.

419 SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The love of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

3 O cherish but the love of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

4 The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love:
O if thy heart with love were filled,
How swiftly wouldst thou move!

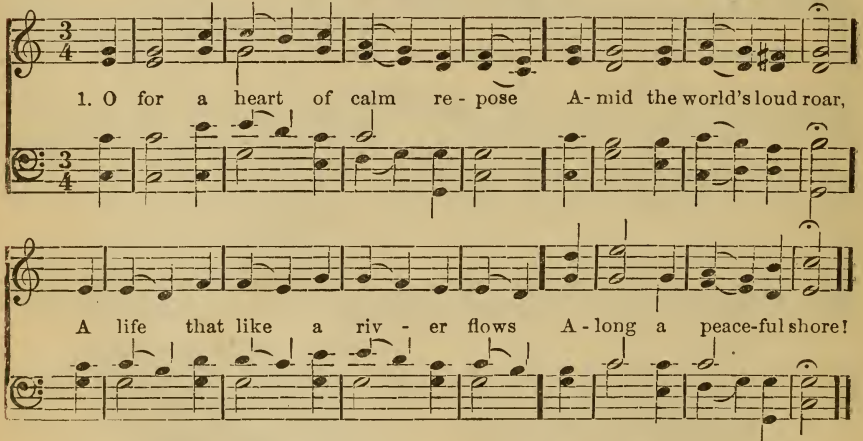
5 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

6 God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road
And nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

Frederick William Faber. Alt.

420 COVENTRY. C. M.

BENJAMIN CUZENS.



2 Come, Holy Spirit, still my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart:
O make that blessing mine!

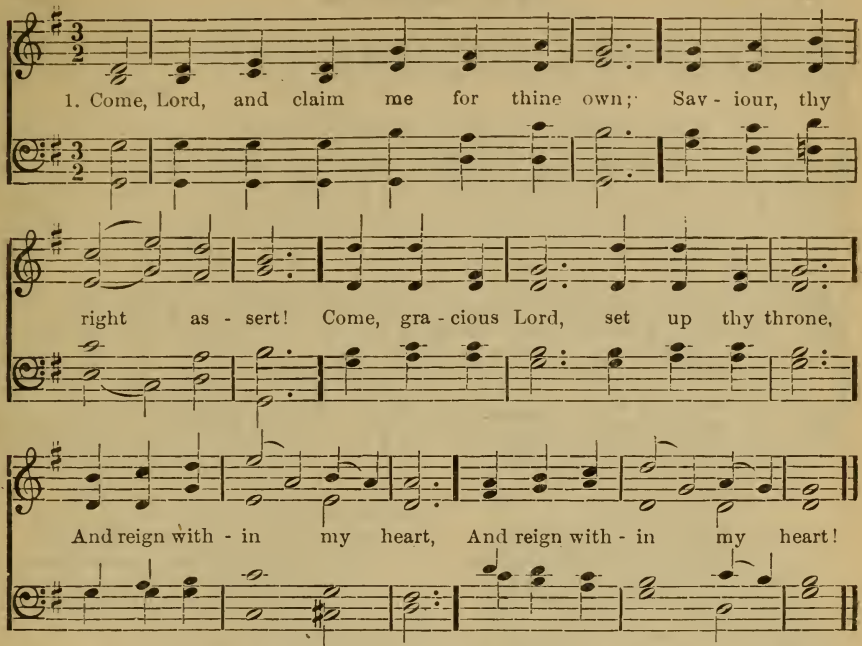
3 Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair:
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace,
That victory make me win,
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

Author Unknown.

421 NEWBOLD. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 The day of thy great pow'r I feel,
And pant for liberty;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all for thee.

3 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

4 Thy love the conquest more than gains:
To all I shall proclaim,
Jesus, the King, the Conqu'ror reigns;
Bow down to Jesus' name.

5 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And ev'ry foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

422

C. M.

1 What is our calling's glorious hope
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!"

4 Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin:
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

Charles Wesley.

423

C. M.

1 Jesus, the life, the truth, the way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

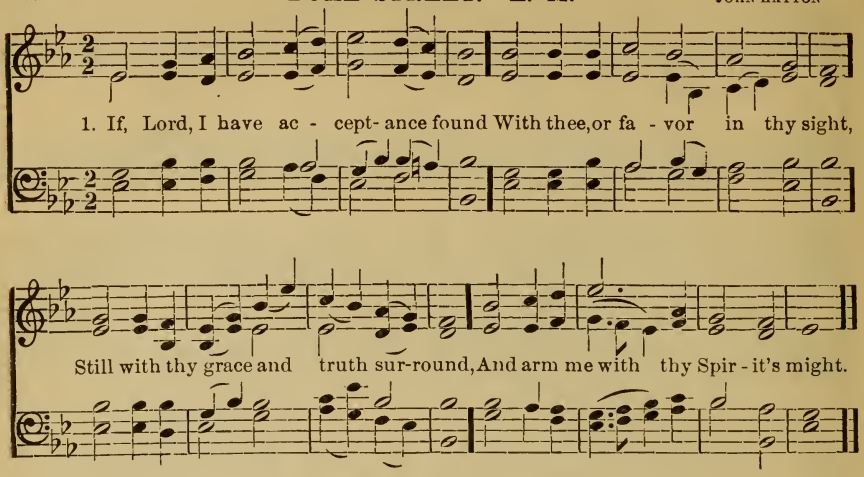
3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfill.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

Charles Wesley.

424 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON



2 O may I hear thy warning voice,
And timely fly from danger near,
With rev'rence unto thee rejoice,
And love thee with a filial fear!

3 Still hold my soul in second life,
And suffer not my feet to slide;
Support me in the glorious strife,
And comfort me on every side.

4 O give me faith, and faith's increase;
Finish the work begun in me,
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
And let me always rest on thee!

5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide
And bring me to the promised land,
Where righteousness and peace reside,
And all submit to love's command!

Charles Wesley.

425

L. M.

1 COME, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in thee impart;
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know—
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.

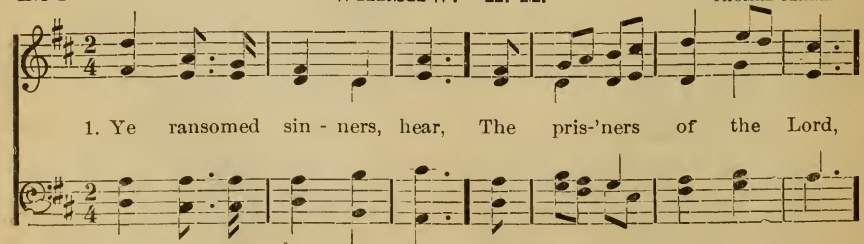
3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With thy meek spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

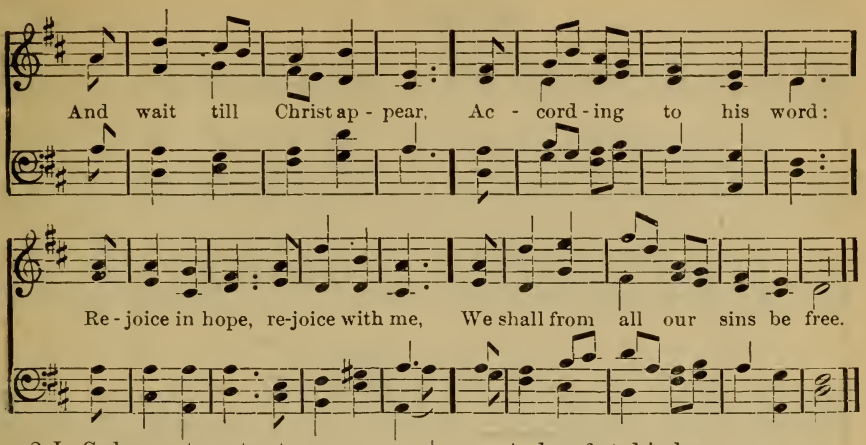
4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait:
O let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete,
Appear, our glorious God, appear!

Charles Wesley.

426 WARSAW. H. M.

THOMAS CLARK.





2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

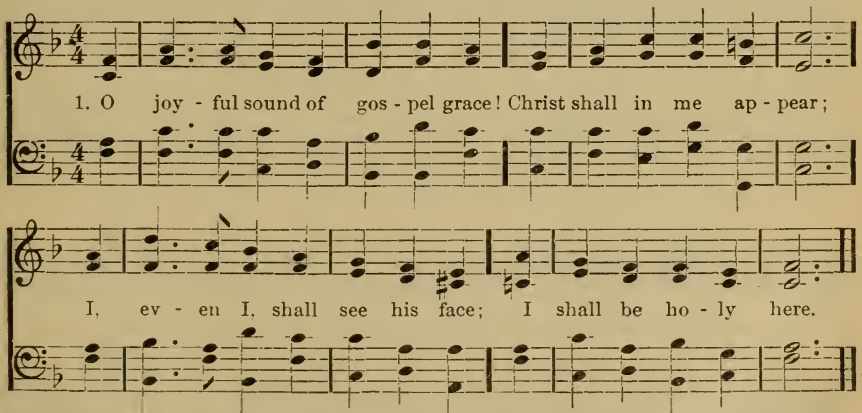
3 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

Charles Wesley.

427 WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

M. ESTE.



2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

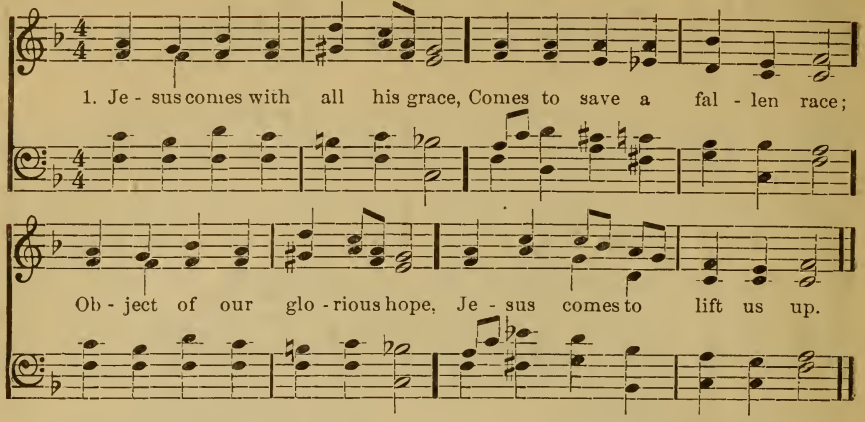
4 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home;
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

5 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

Charles Wesley.

428 SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. von WEBER.



2 He hath our salvation wrought;
He our captive souls hath bought;
He hath reconciled to God;
He hath washed us in his blood.

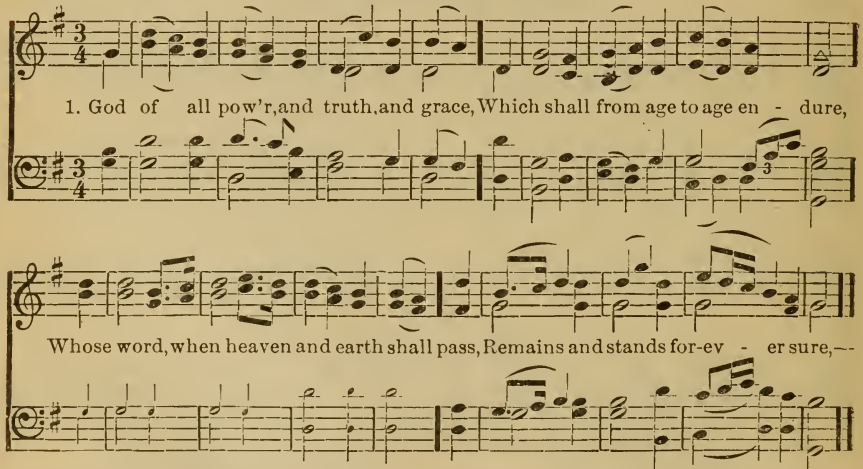
3 We are now his lawful right,
Walk as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see his face.

4 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up,
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait till he appear within.

Charles Wesley.

429 EFFINGHAM. L. M.

Anon.



2 Calmly to thee my soul looks up,
And waits thy promises to prove,
The object of my steadfast hope,
The seal of thy eternal love.

3 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

4 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

Charles Wesley.

430 TUNE—"EFFINGHAM." L. M.

1 O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fullness of life eternal find!

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.

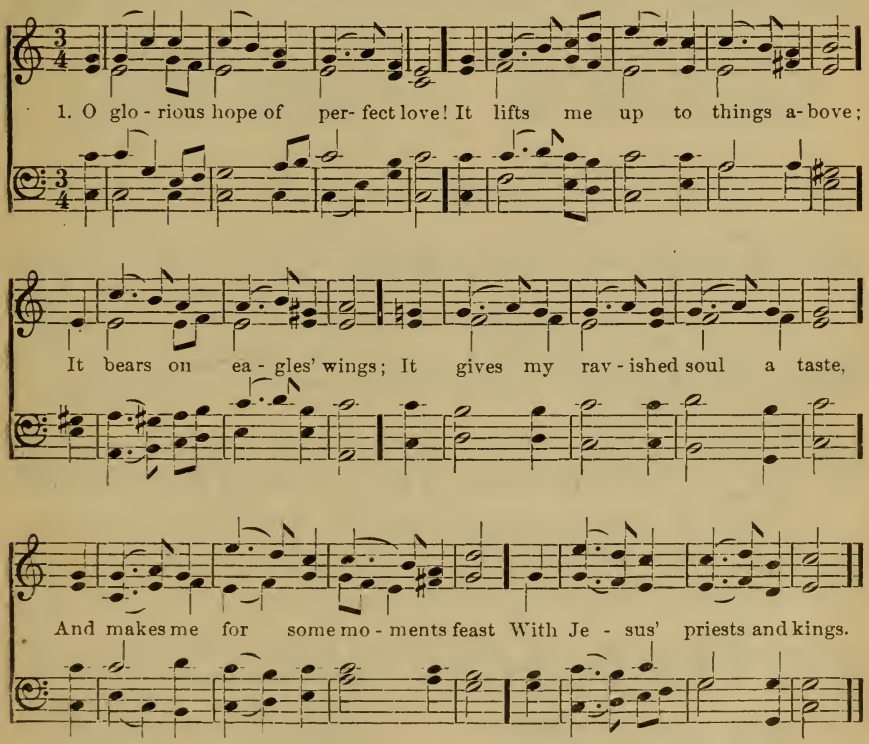
4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murm'ring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God forever pacified.

Charles Wesley

431 **HABAKKUK. C. P. M.** EDWARD HODGES.



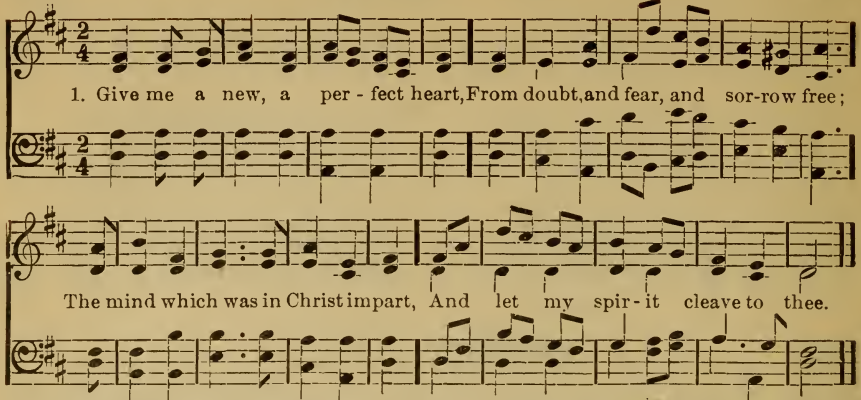
2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and, from the mountain top,
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest:
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

432 OVERBERG. L. M.

JOHANN C. H. RINK.



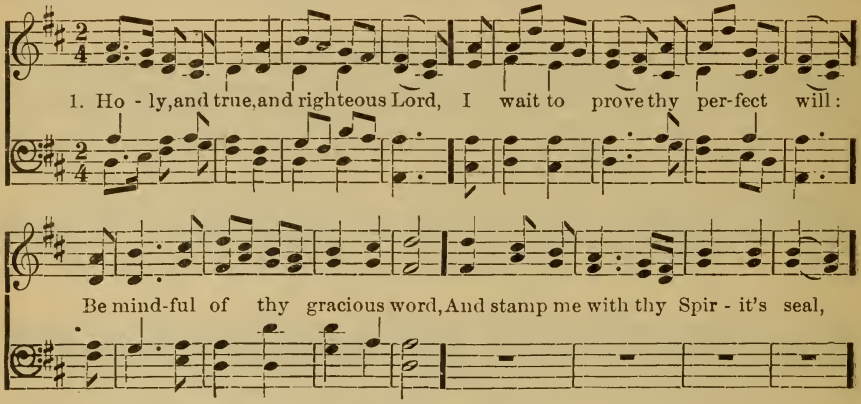
2 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own;
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone!

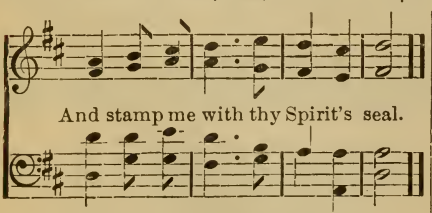
3 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove!
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

433 QUITO. L. M.

Sir. WILLIAM HORSLEY.





2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

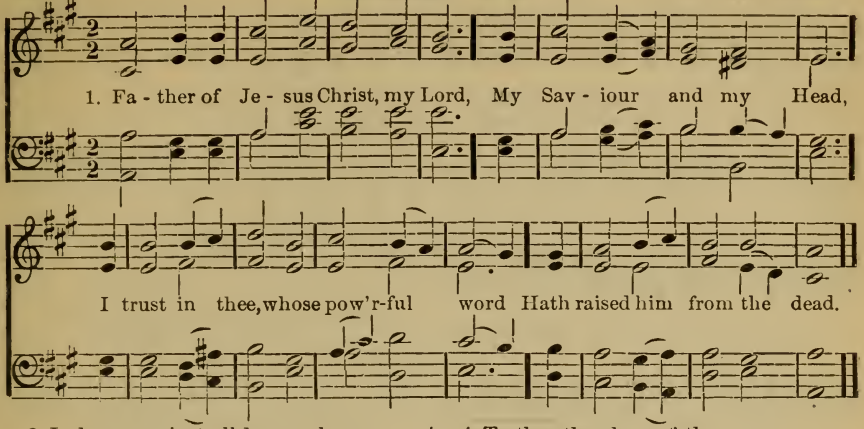
3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is *all* in *all*.

Charles Wesley.

434 DEDHAM. C. M.

WILLIAM GARDNER.



2 In hope, against all human hope,
Self desp'rate, I believe;
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

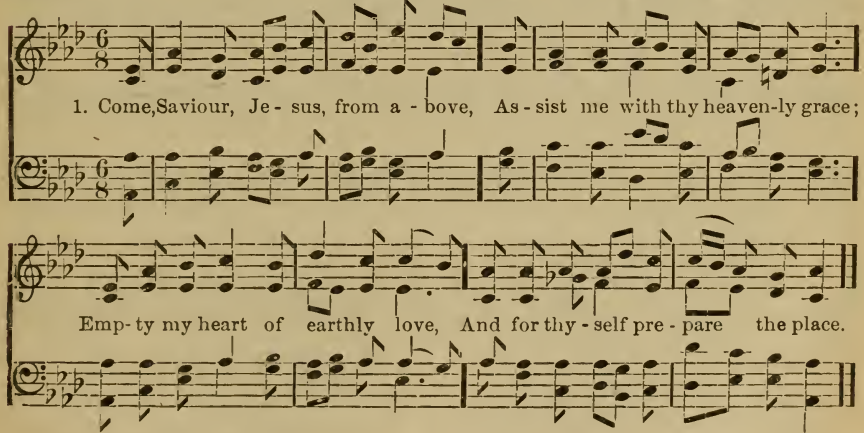
4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley.

435 ASAPH. L. M.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.



2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu!

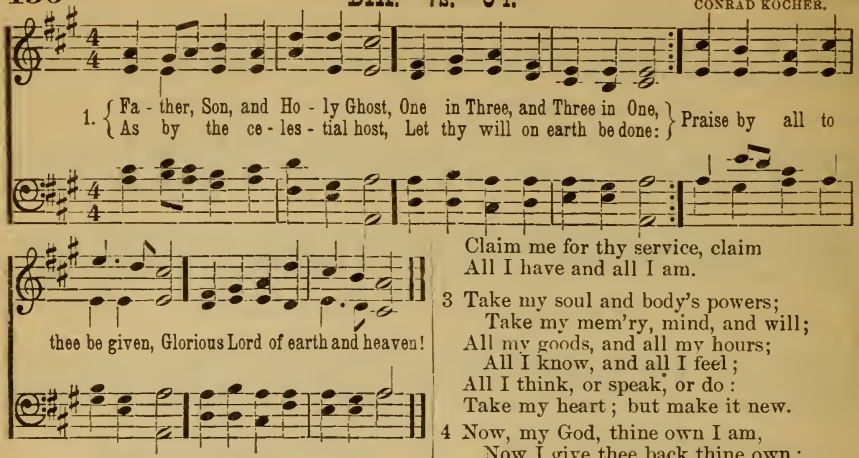
4 That path with humble speed I'll seek
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Antoinette Bourignon. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

436 DIX. 7s. 6 l.

CONRAD KOCHER.



2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

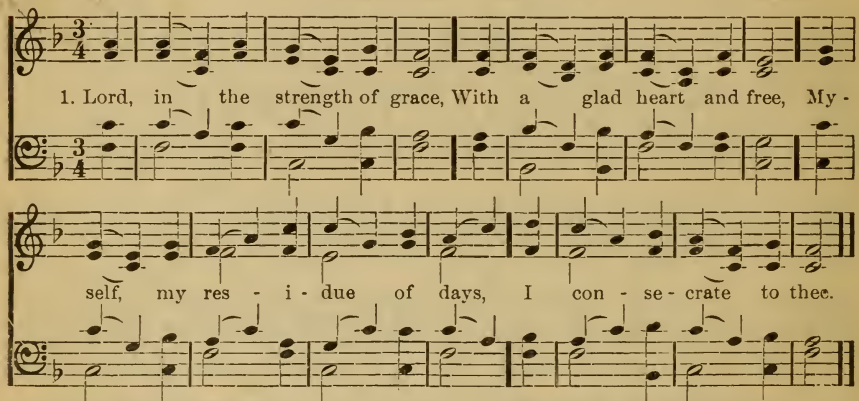
3 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do:
Take my heart; but make it new.

4 Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still if thine I die.

Charles Wesley.

437 DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI.



2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley.

438 S. M.

1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean:
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

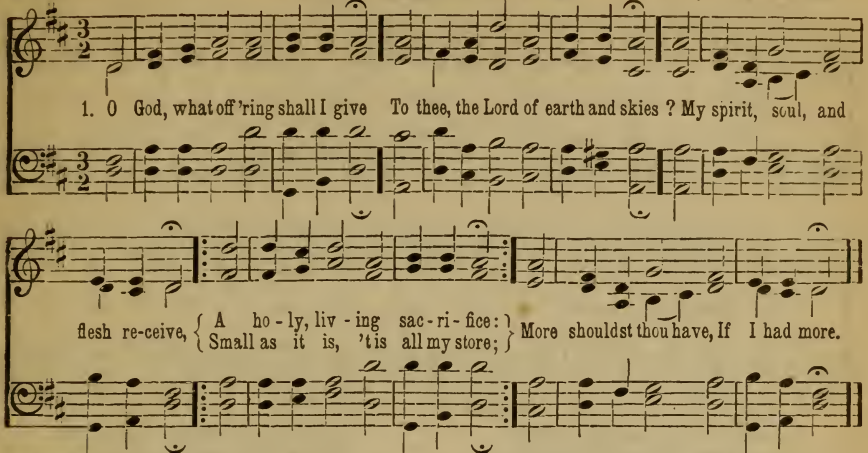
3 I cannot wash my heart
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Charles Wesley.

439 NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

Adapted by LOWELL MASON.



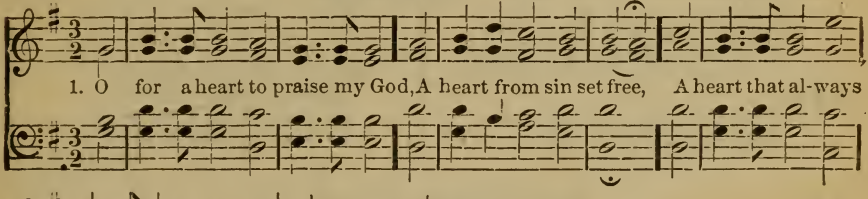
2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul:
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame!
Thou hast my spirit: there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

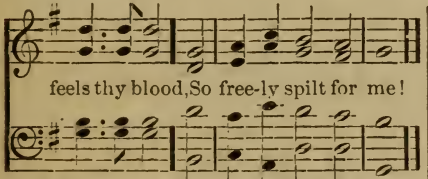
3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light forever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill:
O Source of life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!

Joachim Lange. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

440 ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.





2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Charles Wesley.

441

C. M.

1 JESUS, my Life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

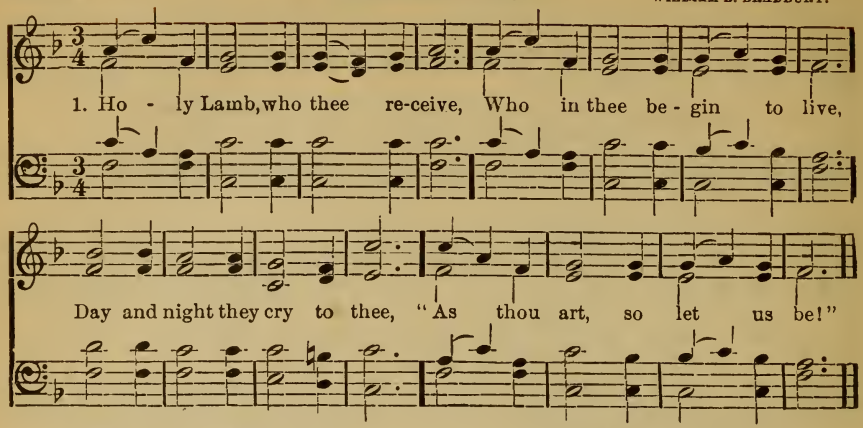
3 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul:
Shine to the perfect day.

4 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

Charles Wesley.

442 ALETTA. 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 Jesus, see my panting breast!
See I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind!
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God:
Take the purchase of thy blood!

Anna S. Dober. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

443

7s.

1 When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?—

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might?

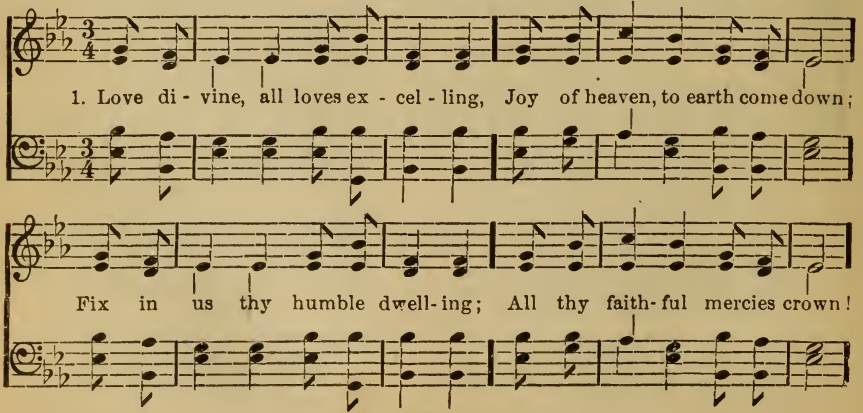
3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

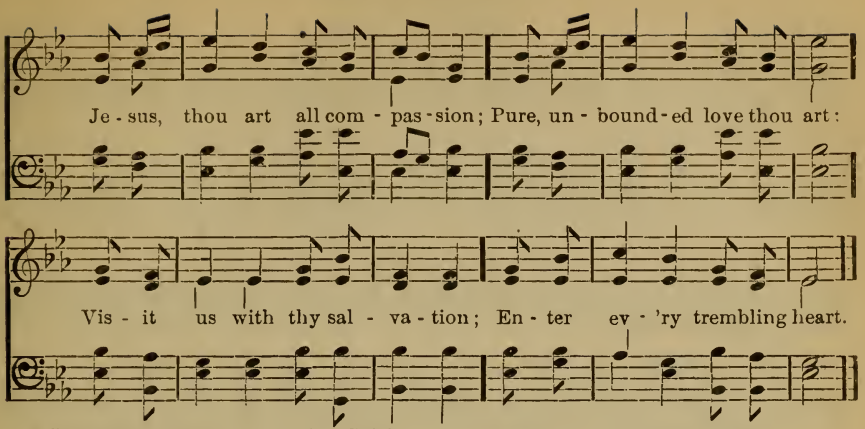
4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

444 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



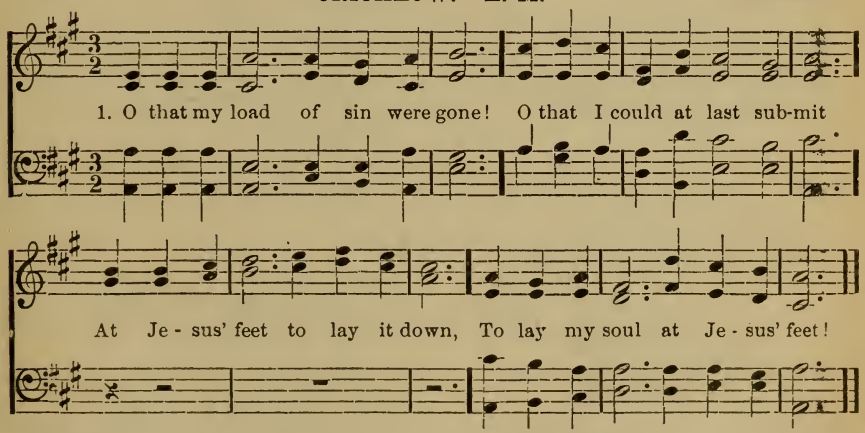


2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit.
Let us find that second rest:
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Charles Wesley.

445 **CRICHLOW. L. M.** R. M. McINTOSH.



2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

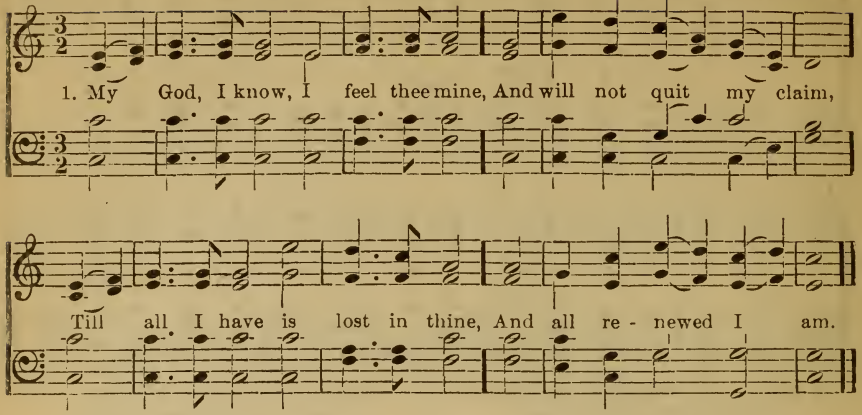
4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power:
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

446 HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!

4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

Charles Wesley.

447 C. M.

1 O THAT in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

2 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

3 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

4 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

Charles Wesley.

448 C. M.

1 GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
Thy word, thy oath, to Abrah'm's race.
In us, e'en us, fulfill.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thine image here retrieve,
And in the presence of our Lord,
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain,—

4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."

Charles Wesley.

449 C. M.

1 COME, O my God, the promise seal;
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.

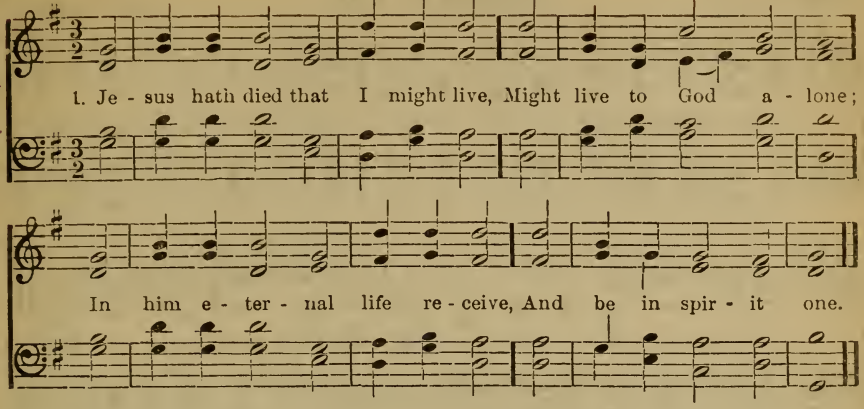
3 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour, thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

4 'Tis done: thou dost this moment save.
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Charles Wesley.

450 MARLOW. C. M.

JOHN CHETHAM.



2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

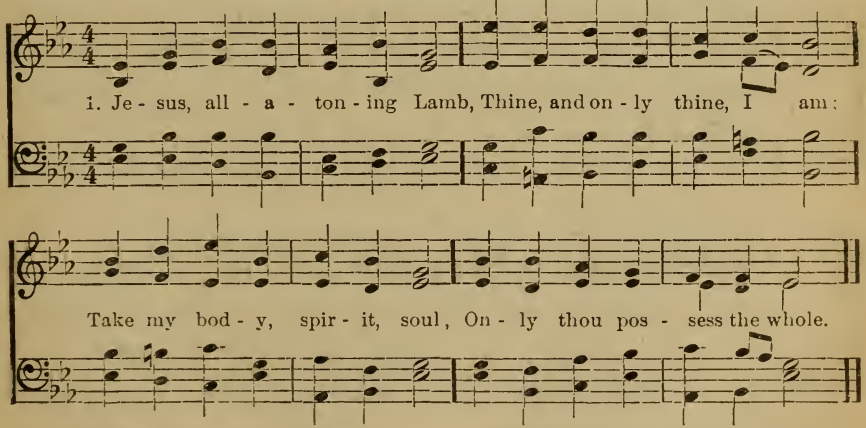
4 Give me thyself; from ev'ry boast,
From every wish set free:
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

Charles Wesley

451 ST. GERVAIS. 7s.

Arr. by Rev. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.



2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.

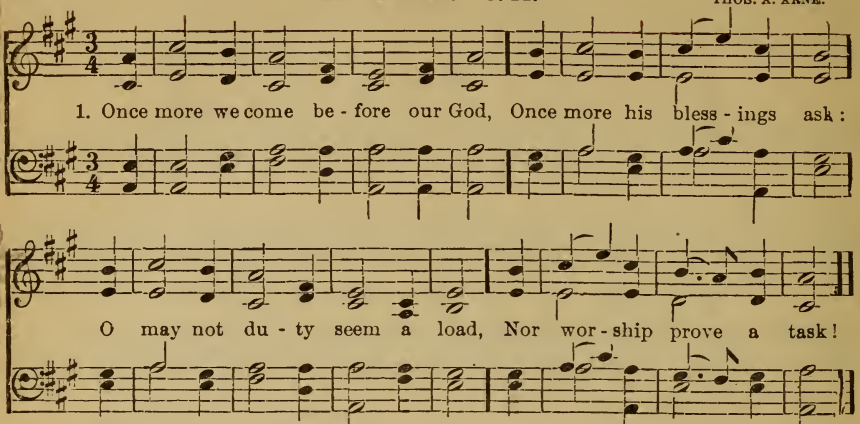
3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.

4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee:
Thou art all in all to me.

Charles Wesley.

452 BALERMA. C. M.

THOS. A. ARNE.



2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

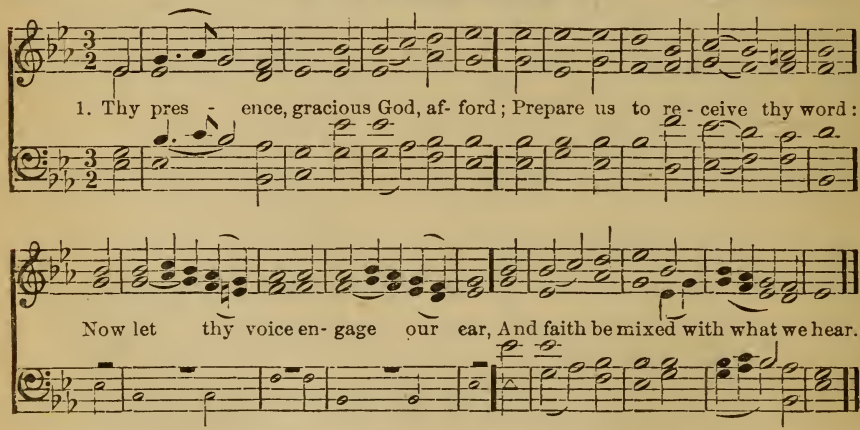
3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart,
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part!

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

Joseph Hart.

453 STONEFIELD. L. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett

454 TUNE—"BALERMA." C. M.

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

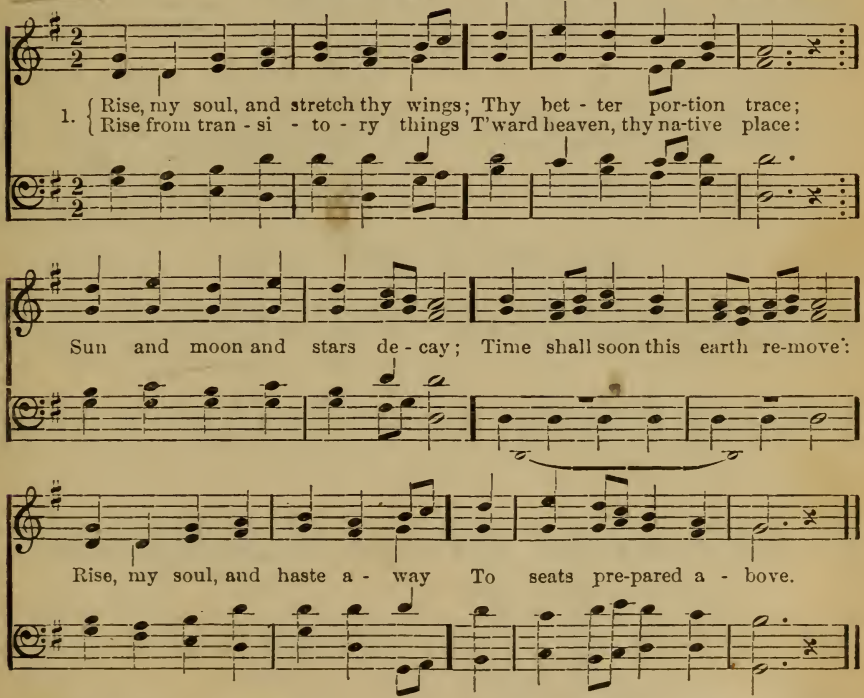
4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up the dying bed!

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst.

455 **AMSTERDAM.** 7s, 6s. Pec. JAMES NARES.



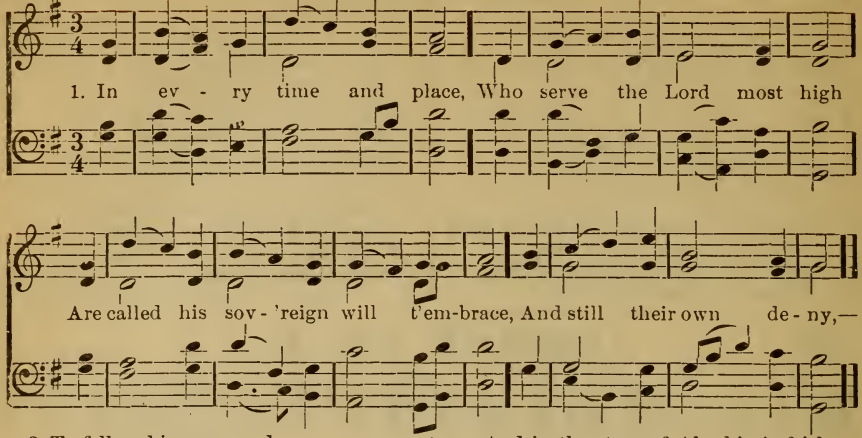
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave.

456 THATCHER. S. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 To follow his command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscovered land,
And house and friends above.

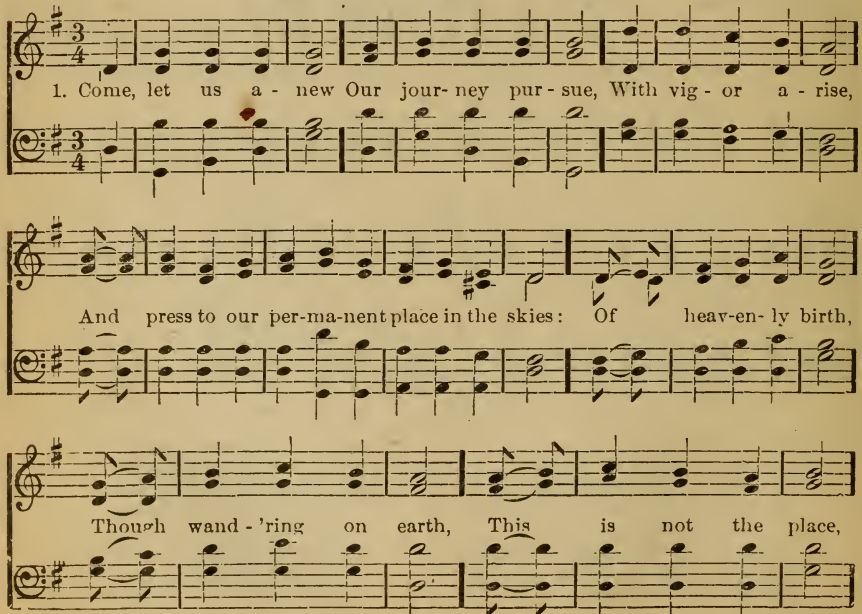
3 Father, the narrow path
To that far country show,
And in the steps of Abrah'm's faith
Enable me to go,—

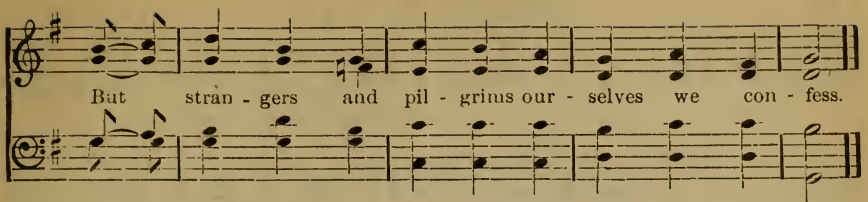
4 A cheerful sojourner,
Where'er thou bidd'st me roam,
Till, guided by thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.

Charles Wesley

457 COME, LET US ANEW. 5s, 11s.

SAMUEL WEBBE.





2 At Jesus's call We gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below:
No longing we find For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above—

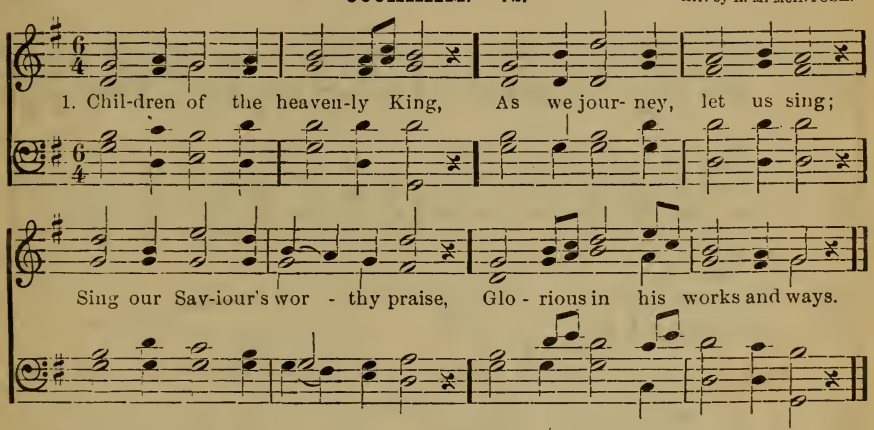
3 A country of joy Without any alloy;
We thither repair; [there:
Our hearts and our treasures already are
We march hand in hand To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!

4 The rougher our way, The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come [home.
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us

Charles Wesley.

458 COOKHAM. 7s.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

459

7s.

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply our every want:
Tree of life, thy influence shed;
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy,
O confirm my soul in thee!

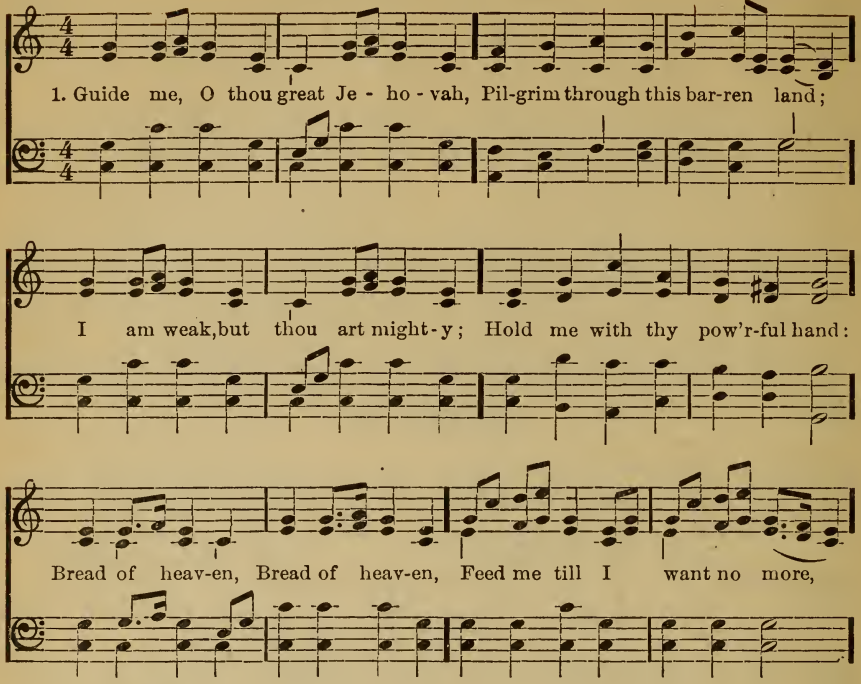
3 Unsustained by thee I fall:
Send the help for which I call;
Weaker than a bruisèd reed,
Help I every moment need.

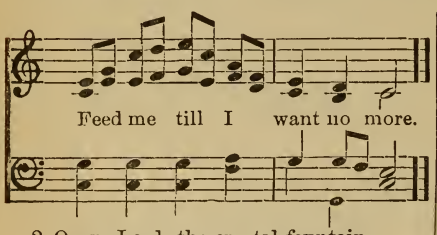
4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

Charles Wesley.

460 OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s, & 4.

From BAILLOT.





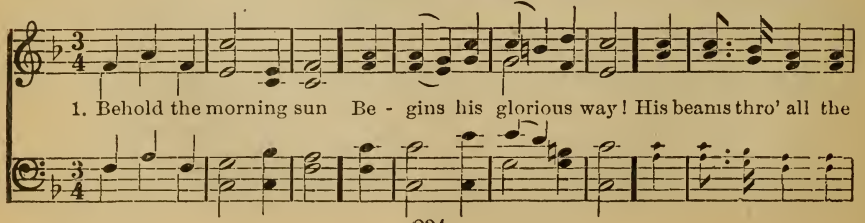
2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

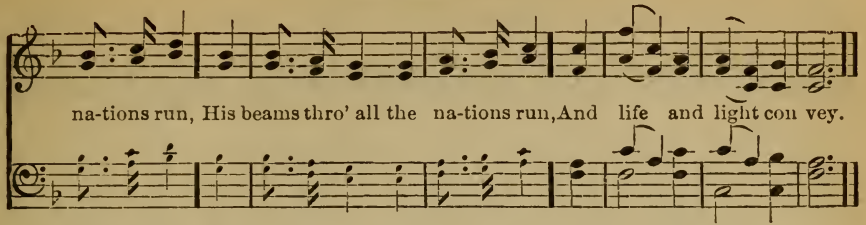
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams.

461 GERAR. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.





2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

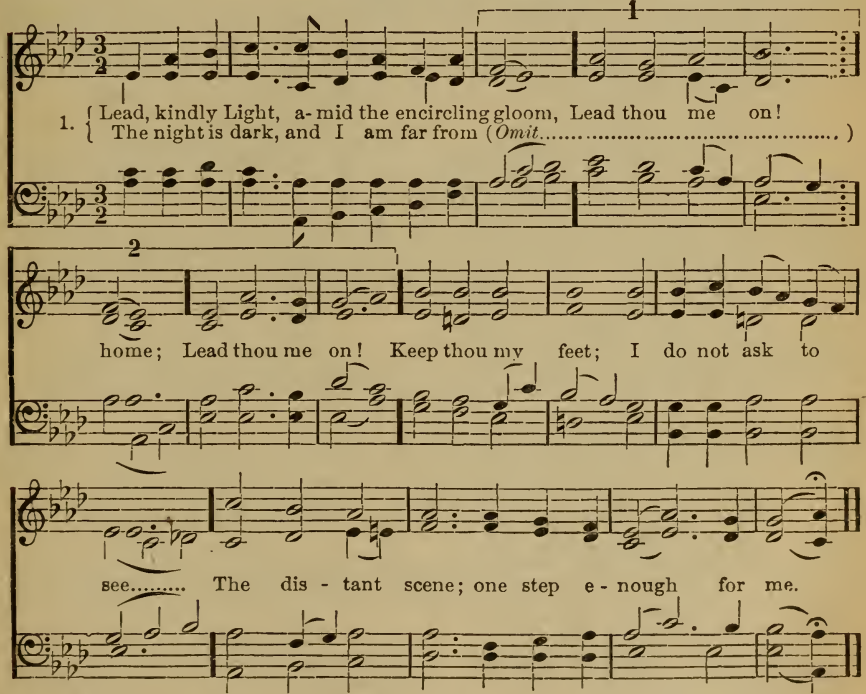
3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

Isaac Watts.

462 LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



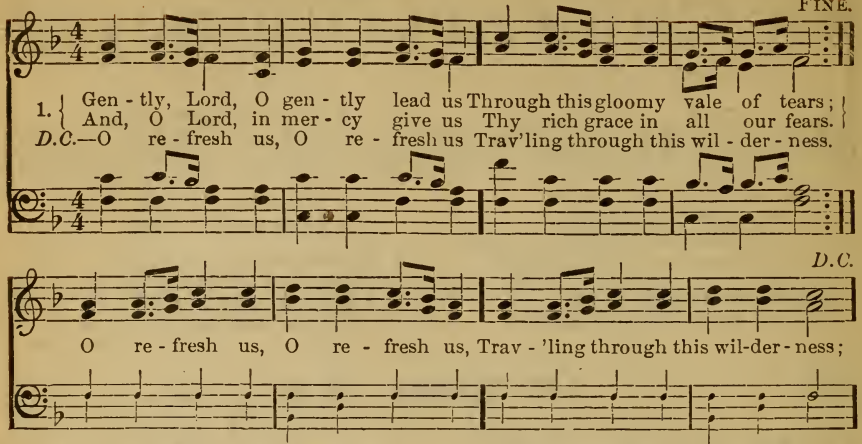
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it
Will lead me on [still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

John Henry Newman.

463 GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. With Chorus.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

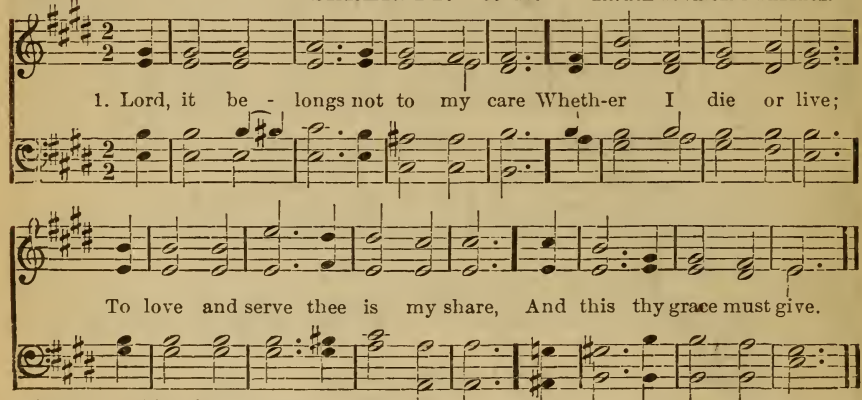
3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest!

Thomas Hastings.

464 SERENITY. C. M.

Arr. from W. VINCENT WALLACE.



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2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by his door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

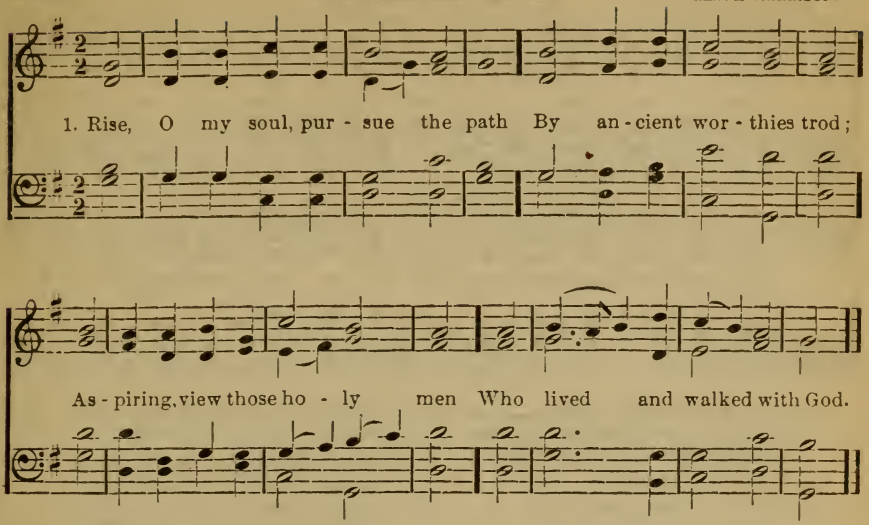
5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter.

465 PETERBORO. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON.



2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was thro' the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessèd road
That led them safe to heaven.

John Needham.

466 C. M.

1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek:
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee!

Charles Wesley.

467 C. M.

1 CHEERED with thy converse, Lord, I trace
The desert with delight;
Through all the gloom, one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

2 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.

3 I ask not Enoch's rapt'rous flight
To realms of heavenly day;
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds,
To bear this flesh away.

4 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load;
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,
That break its way to God.

Philip Doddridge.

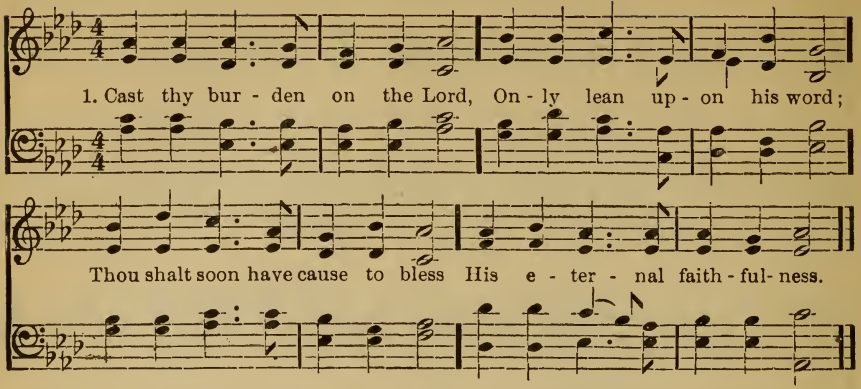
DOXOLOGY. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

Tate and Brady.

468 ST. BEES. 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

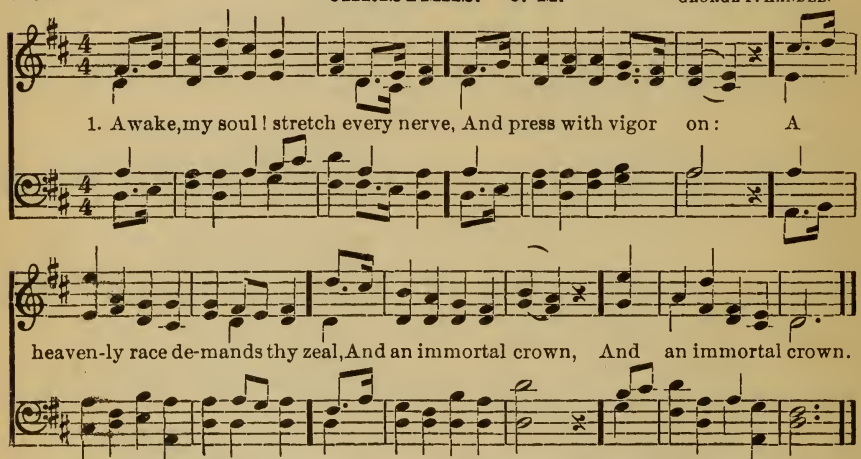
3 Cast thy burden at his feet;
Linger at his mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary, fainting hour:
Lean, then, loving, on his word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Author unknown.

469 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

470 TUNE—"CHRISTMAS." C. M.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants; for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

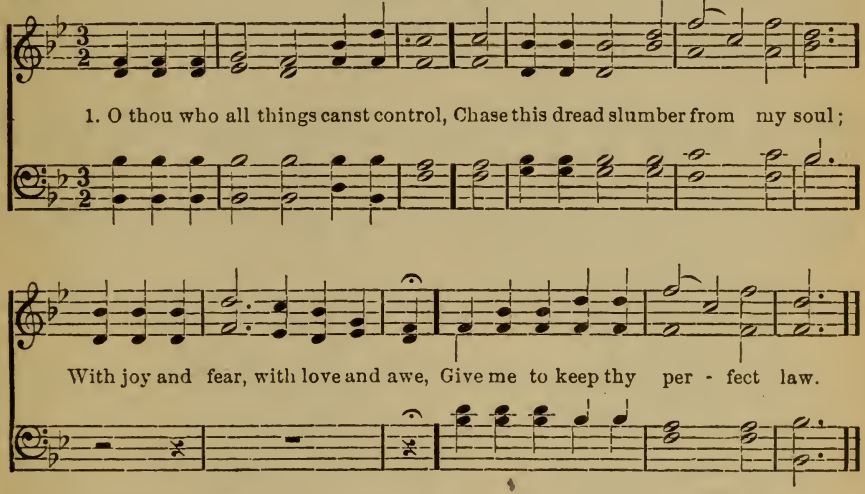
4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise,
With hands of faith and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

Isaac Watts.

471 **WARE. L. M.** GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

3 With outstretched hands and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! how soon it dies away!

4 The deadly slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

Unknown German Author.
Tr. by *John Wesley.*

472 L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

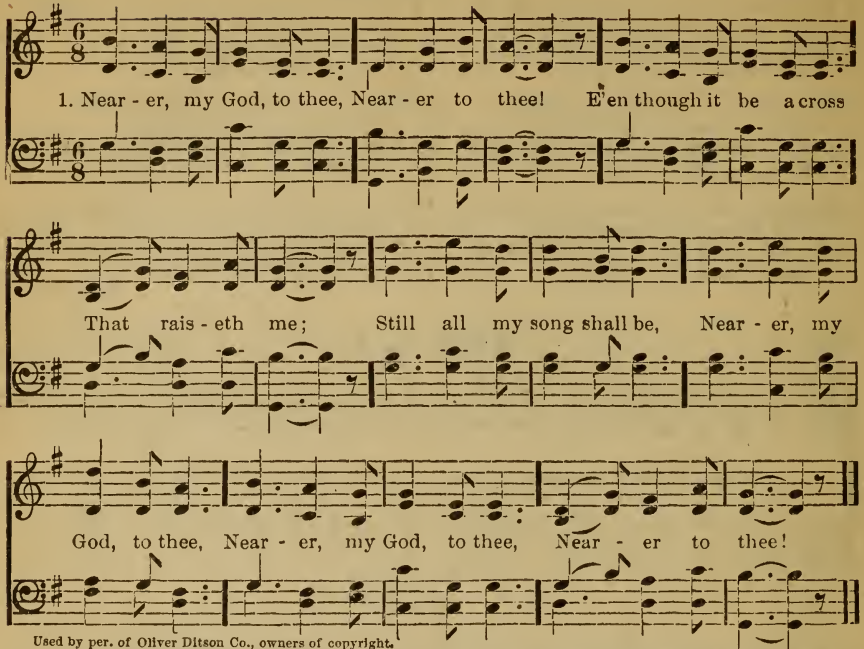
3 From him, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to his abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts.

473 BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



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2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

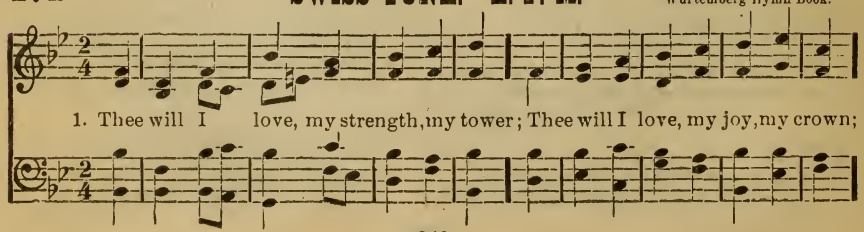
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

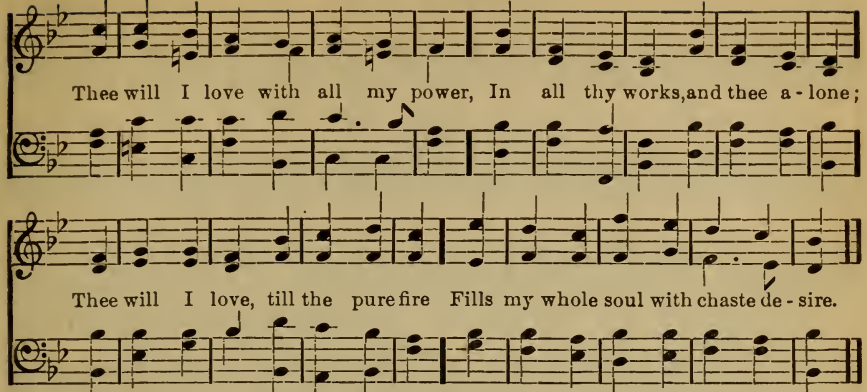
5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Sarah Flower Adams.

474 SWISS TUNE. L. P. M.

Wurtemberg Hymn Book.





2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun, [shined;
That thy bright beams on me have
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way:
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

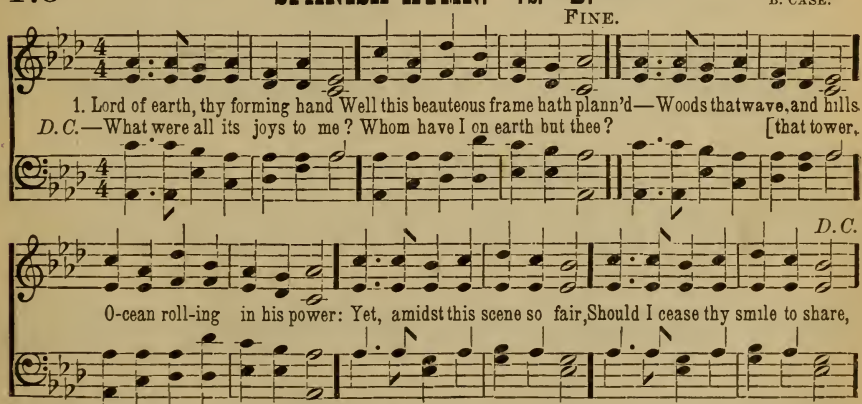
4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

John Angelus Scheffler. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

475 SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.

B. CASE.



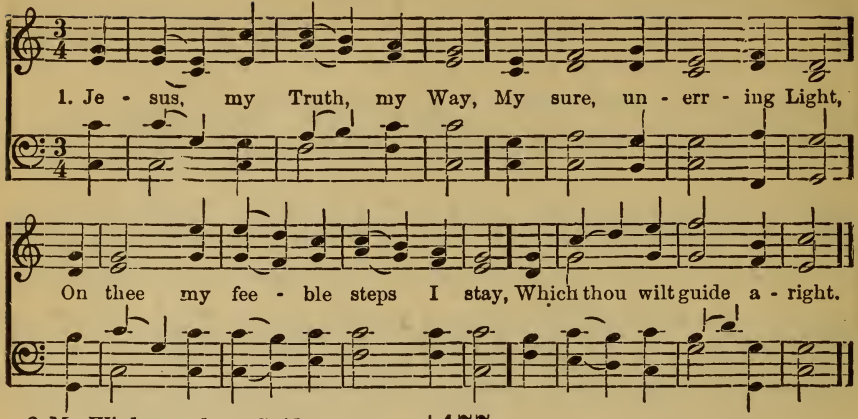
2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign,
Severed friends shall meet again:
O that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest;
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wand'ring child:
O, if once thy smile Divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

Robert Grant.

476 FERGUSON. S. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counselor thou art:
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee: O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

Charles Wesley.

477

S. M.

1 STILL stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

2 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.

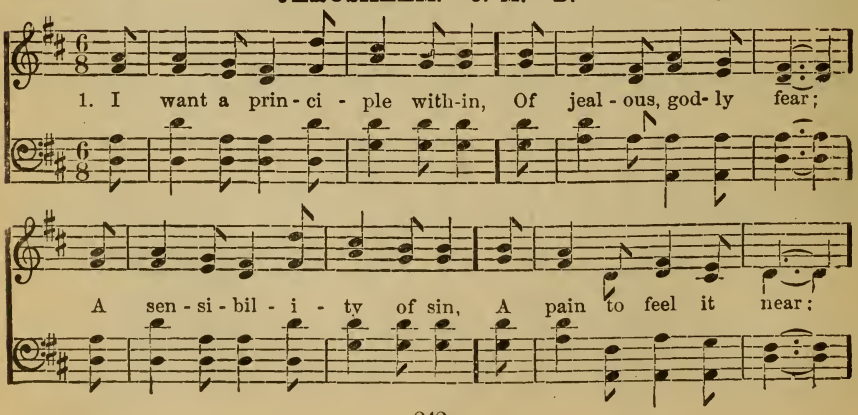
3 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
And build me up in love.

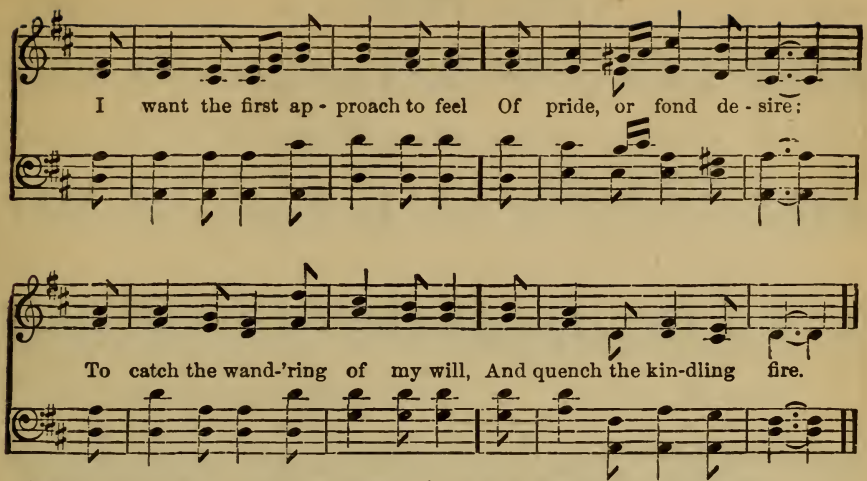
4 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

Charles Wesley

478 JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

LUDWIG SPOHR.



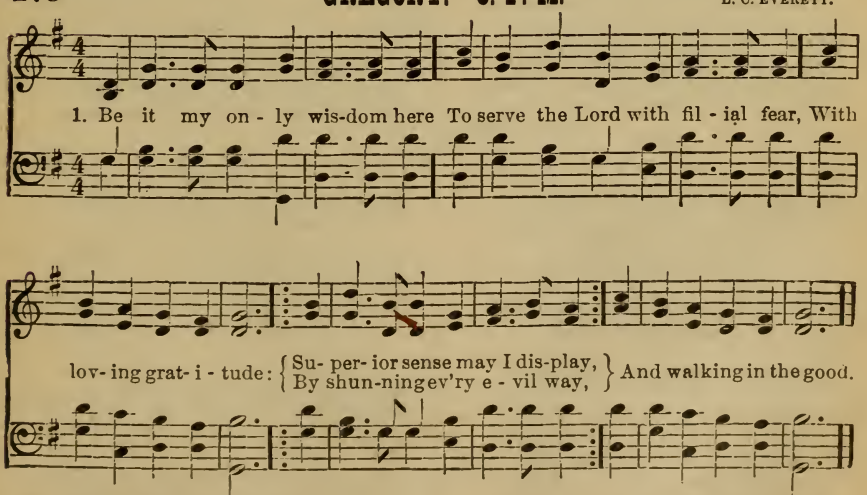


2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole!

Charles Wesley.

479 **GREGORY. C. P. M.** L. C. EVERETT.



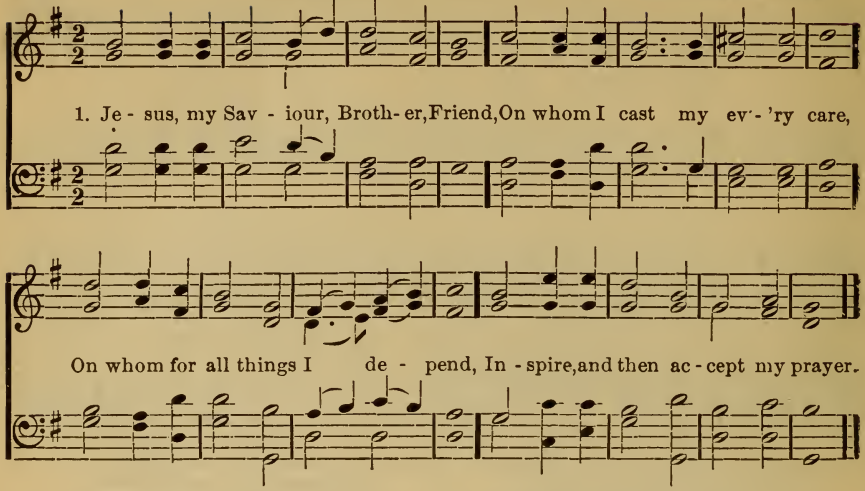
2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!

And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

480 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER.



2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hov'ring, hides me in his wings,—

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!"

Charles Wesley.

481 L. M.

1 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

2 Pierce, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal!
Satan and sin are always near;
Thee may I always nearer feel.

3 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire!
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

4 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill!
Quick, as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

5 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

482 L. M.

1 It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

2 Yet where our duty's task is wrought,
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed, is done.

3 And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

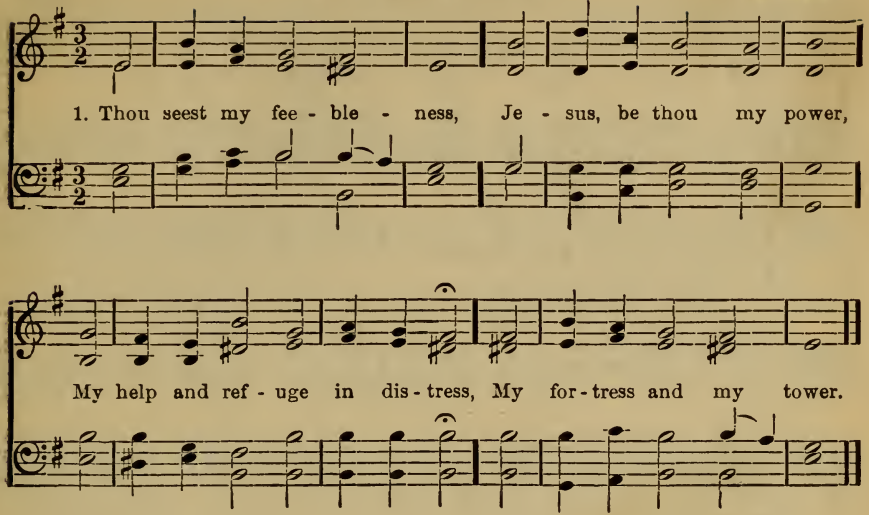
4 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

5 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven, their harvest day!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

483 AYLESBURY. S. M.

JAMES GREEN.



2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode:
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone,
Now, therefore, I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end!

Charles Wesley.

484 S. M.

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole."

2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power!

3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

6 "Come back! this is the way!
Come back! and walk herein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

Charles Wesley.

485 S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

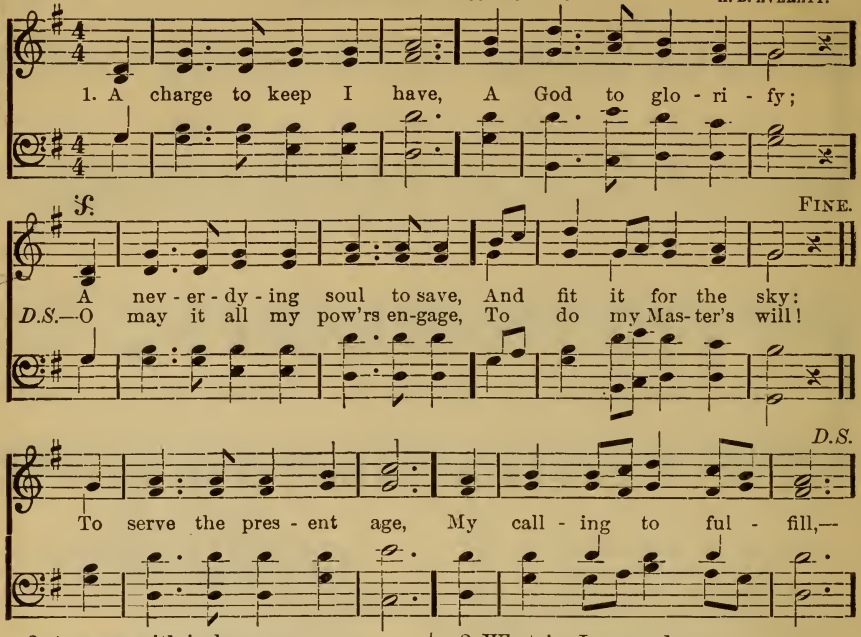
3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge.

486 RICHMOND. S. M. D.

A. B. EVERETT.



2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My off'rings all be offered through
The ever-blessèd name:
Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone;
Thy name be praised on earth, on high.
Thy will by all be done.

487 S. M. D.

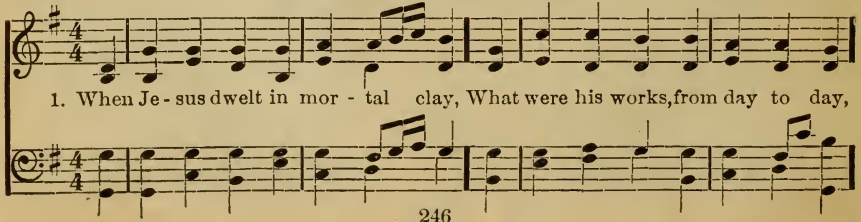
1 God of almighty love,—
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face,—
Through Jesus Christ, the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

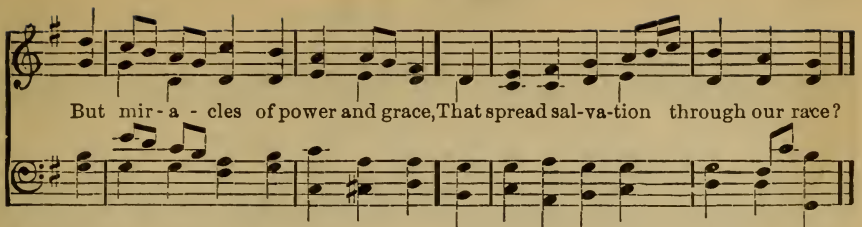
3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast and art:
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renewed,
Into a saint exalt a worm—
A worm exalt to God!

Charles Wesley.

488 EVENING HYMN. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS.





2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

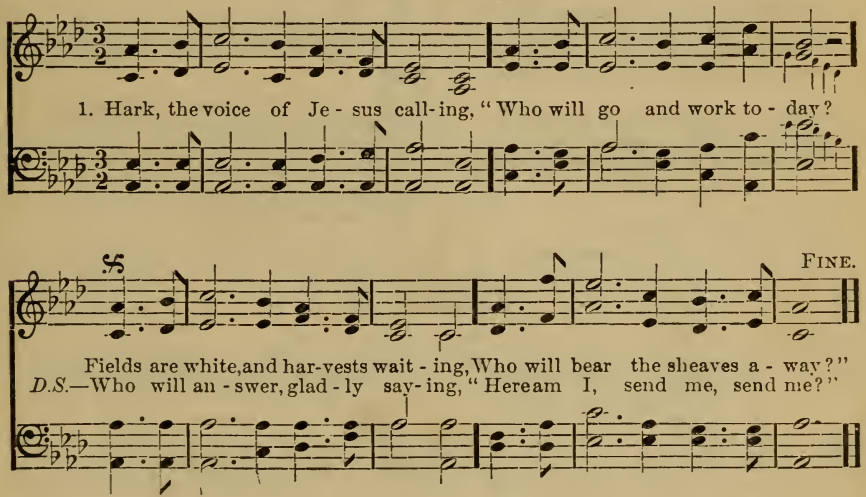
3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Thomas Gibbons.

489 AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.

From Marechio.

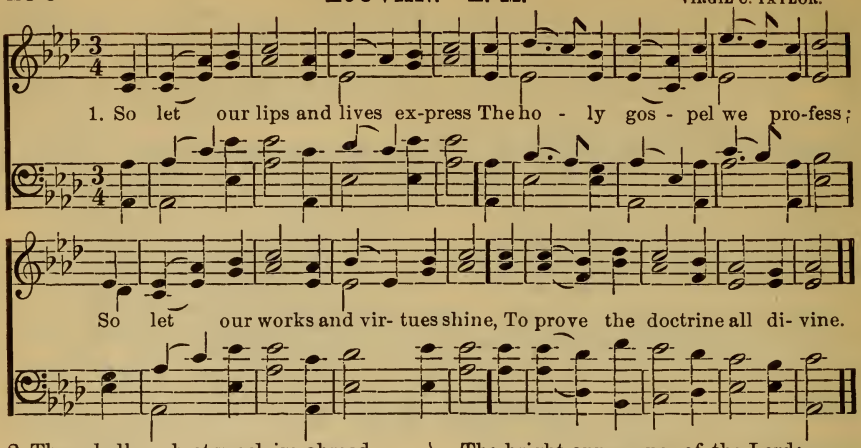


2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you, gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Daniel March.

490. LOUVAN. L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.



2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts.

491 L. M.

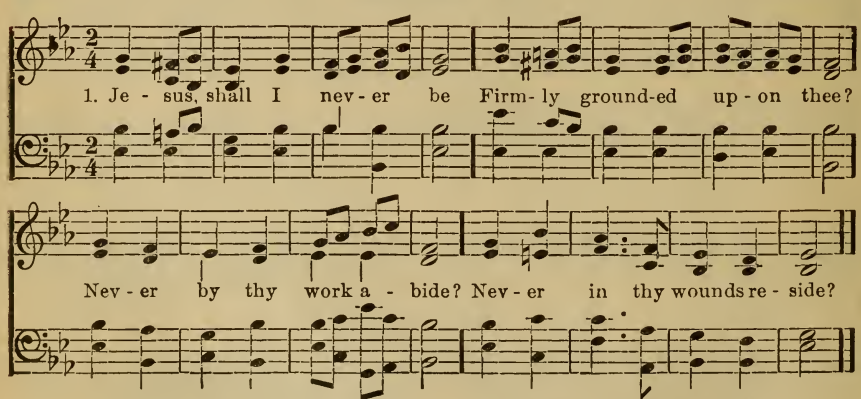
1 Ah! Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seas'ning power,
And never, never find it more!

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

492 HOLLEY. 7s.

GEORGE HEWS.



2 O how wav'ring is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

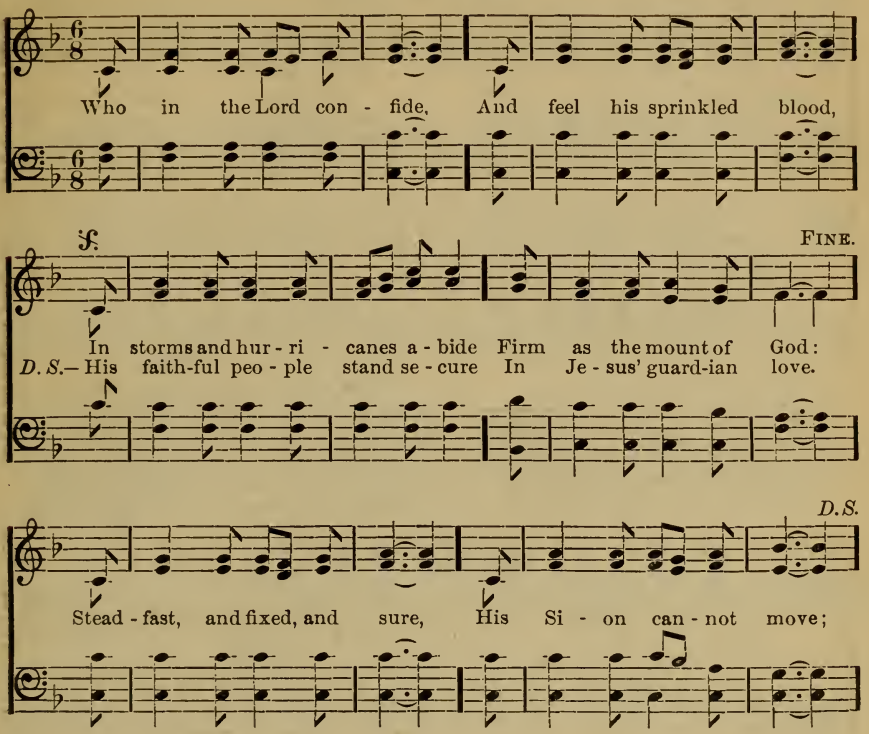
3 Jesus, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable:
Jah, Jehovah, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe and feel thee nigh,
Steadfastly behold thy face,
Stablished with abiding grace.

Charles Wesley.

493 LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies:
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored:
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

Charles Wesley.

494 S. M. D.

1 BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed,
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread:
O may I calmly wait
Thy succors from above,
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love!

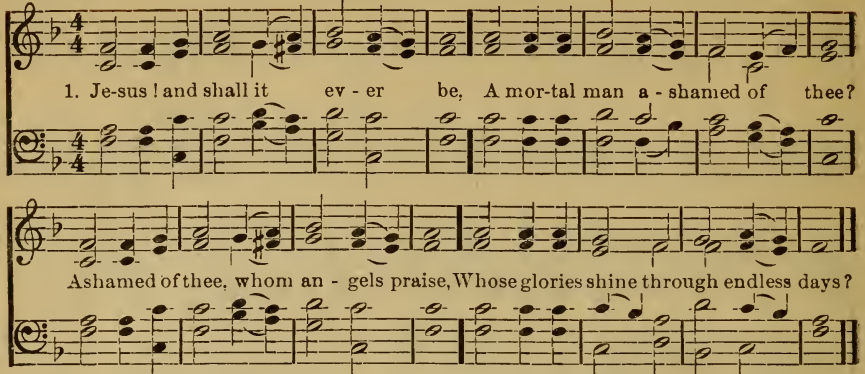
2 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join,
Against the wiles of Satan arm,
In panoply divine;
O may I set my face
His onsets to repel,
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell!

3 But above all, afraid
Of my own bosom-foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show;
Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

Charles Wesley.

495 HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

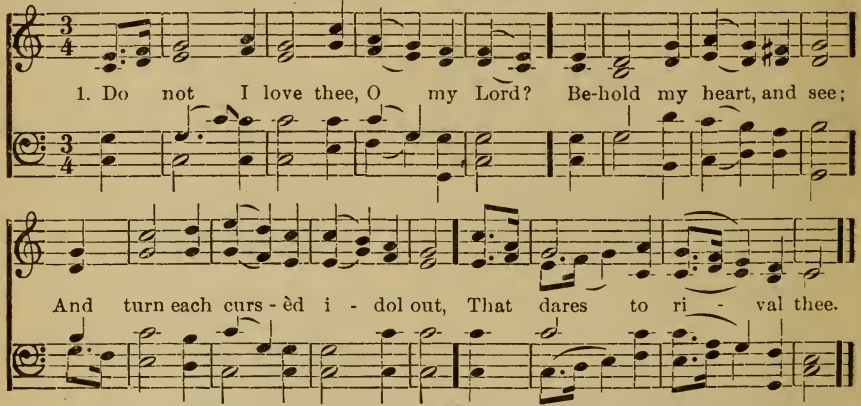
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee!

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Joseph Grigg.

496 HOWARD. C. M.

ELIZABETH H. CUTHBERT.



2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge

497 TUNE—"HOWARD." C. M.

1 SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed.

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

William Cutter.

498 TUNE—"HOWARD." C. M.

1 JESUS, let all thy lovers shine,
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

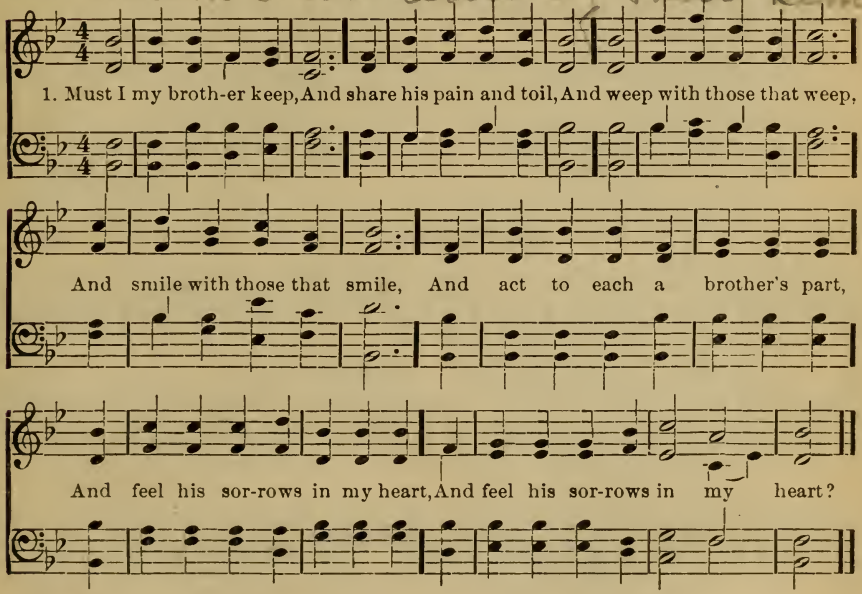
2 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

3 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night.

4 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their luster still increase
Unto the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

499 LENOX. H. M. LEWIS EDSON.



2 Must I his burden bear,
As though it were my own,
And do as I would care
Should to myself be done,
And faithful to his int'rests prove,
And as myself my neighbor love?

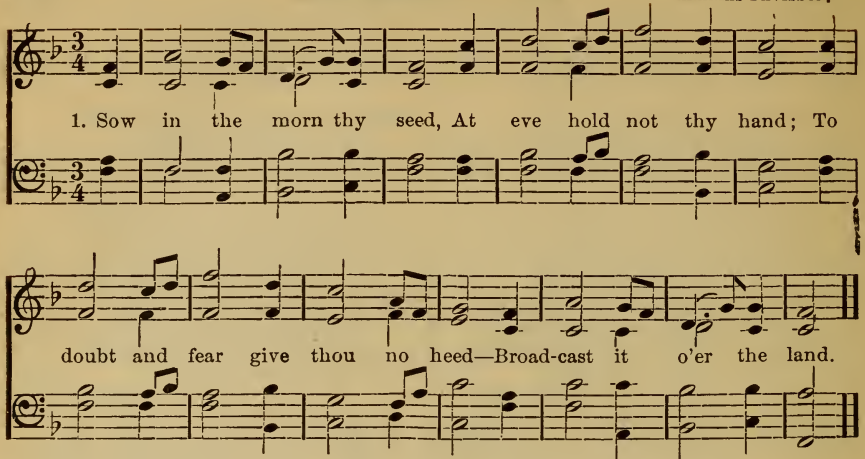
3 Must I reprove his sin?
Must I partake his grief,
And kindly enter in,
And minister relief,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And love him, not in word, but deed?

4 O make me as thou art,
Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow;
The kind and gentle heart
That feels another's woe;
That thus I may be like my Head,
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread.

Thomas Raffles.

500 GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

ANANIAS DAVISSON.



2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

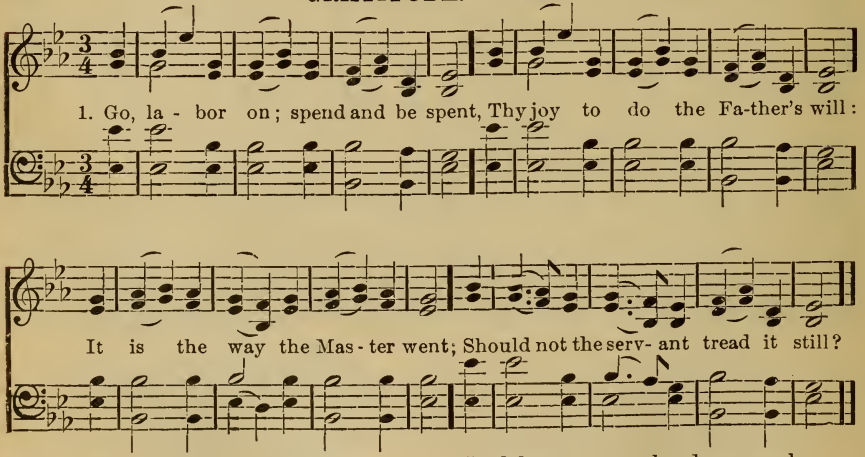
4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the final end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

501 GRATITUDE. L. M.

PAUL A. D. I. BOST.



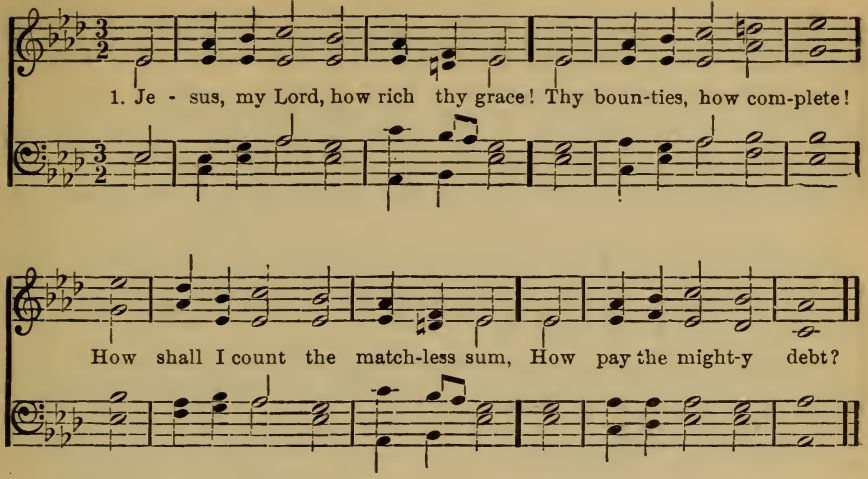
2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

Horatius Bonar.

502 MELODY. C. M.

L. P. COLE.



2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered,
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

Philip Doddridge.

503 C. M.

1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2 The bags are rent, the treasure's lost,
We fondly called our own:
Scarce could we the possession boast,
When, lo! we found it gone.

3 But there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4 To that my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest,
And glories in such wide desires,
Of all its wish possessed.

5 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

6 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And Heaven at large repay.

Philip Doddridge.

504 C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know;
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

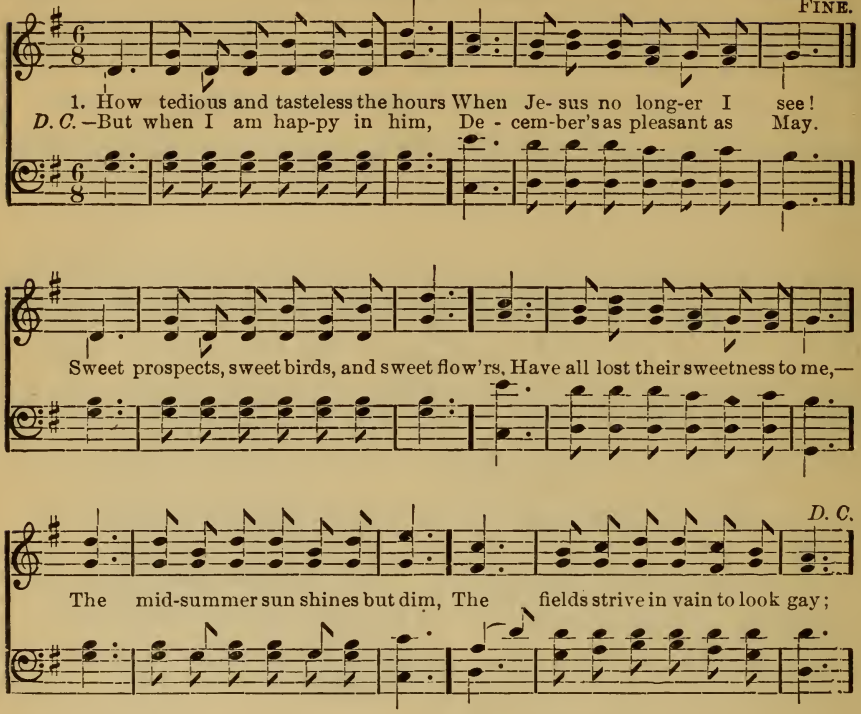
4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And midst th' embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

Philip Doddridge.

505 DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

German.



2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

John Newton.

506 8s. D.

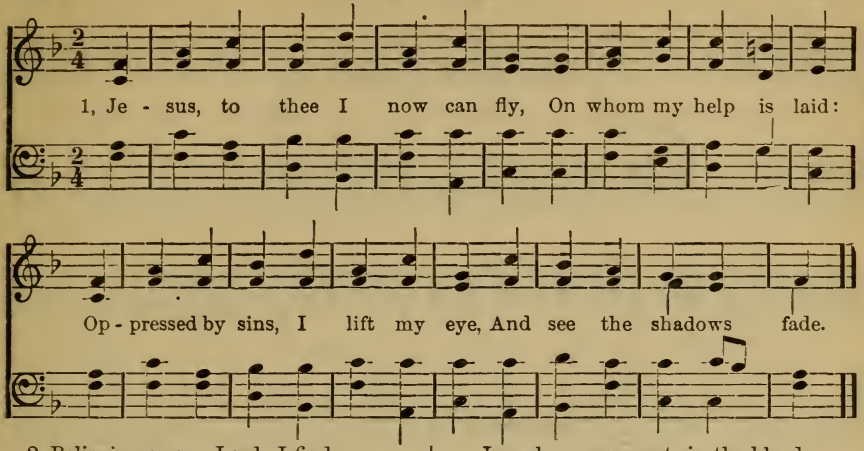
1 THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day

2 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Charles Wesley.

507 YORK. C. M.

Scotch Psalter.



2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed!

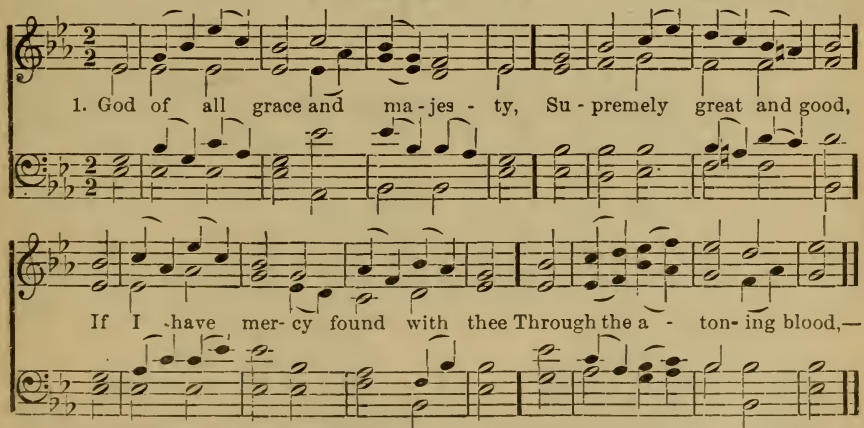
3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

Charles Wesley.

508 WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



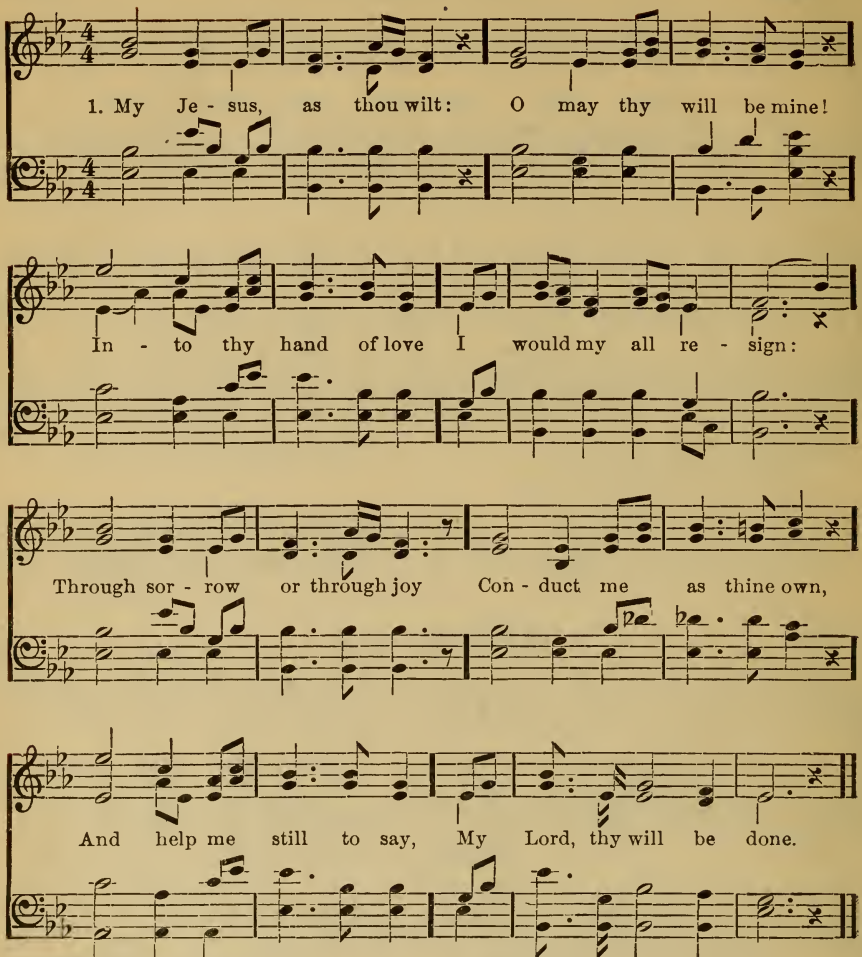
2 The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The Comforter divine.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And thou, by rev'rent love, unite
My childlike heart to thee.

4 Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesus' feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

Charles Wesley.

509 **ST. JUDE.** 6s. D. CARL MARIA von WEBER.



2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure:
The manna of thy Word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done.

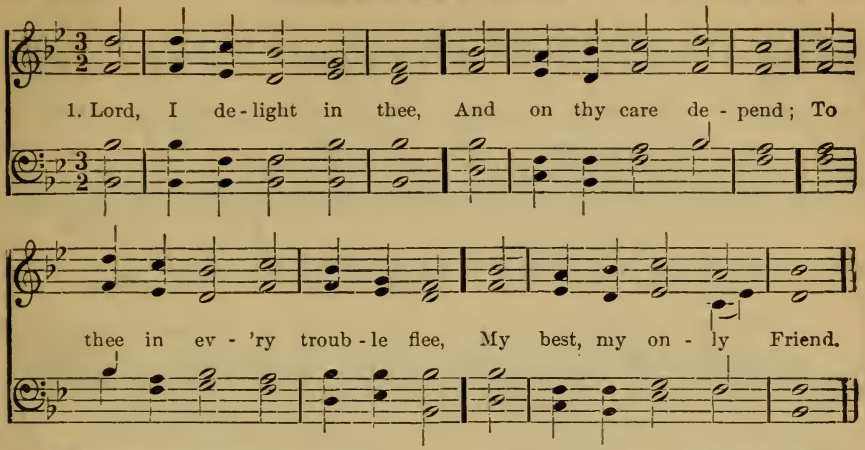
3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. by *Jane Borthwick.*

510 STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN



2 When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

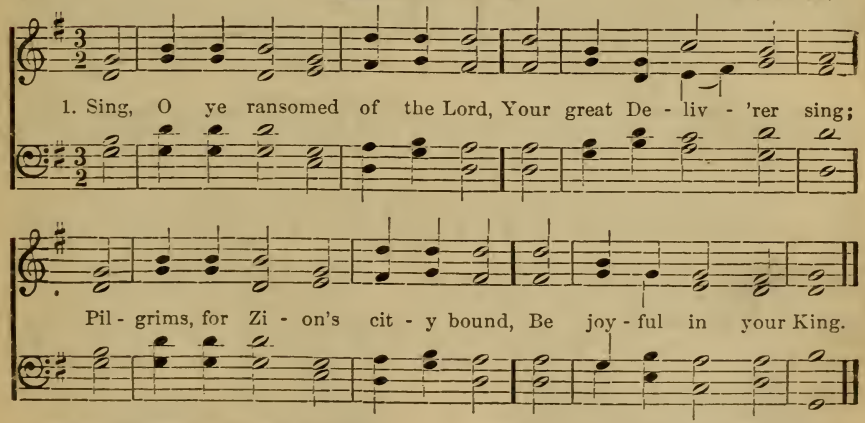
3 Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

John Ryland. Alt.

511 MARLOW. C. M.

JOHN CHETHAM.



2 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

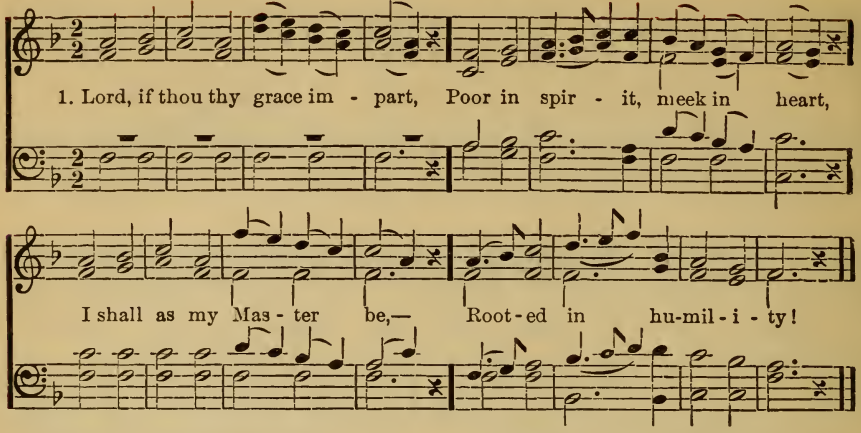
3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge.

512 KOZELUCK. 7s.

KOZELUCK.



2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

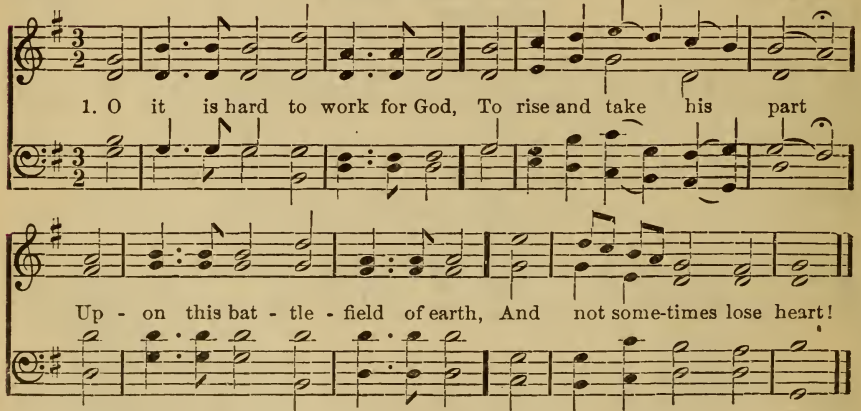
3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

Charles Wesley.

513 WOODSTOCK. C. M.

DEODATUS DUTTON, JR.



2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;

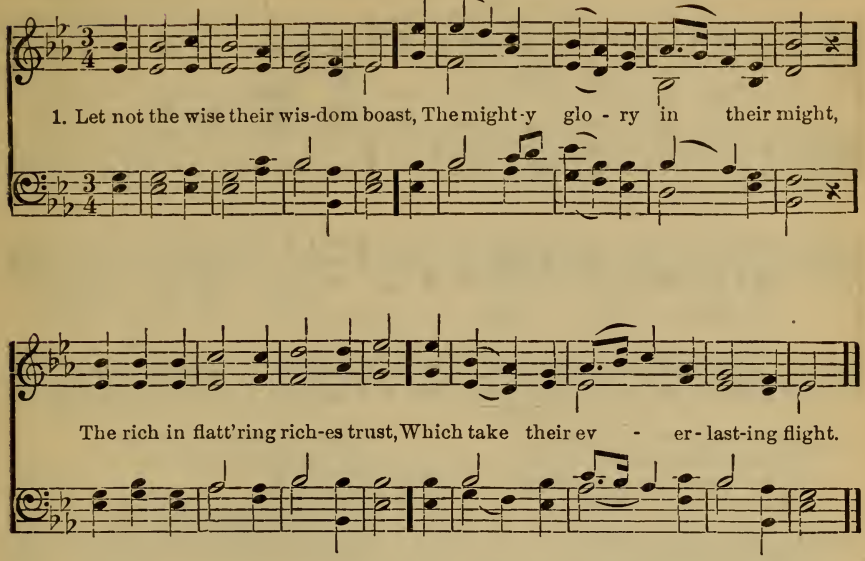
3 Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

Frederick William Faber

514 **LUTON. L. M.** GEORGE BURDER.



2 The rush of num'rous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God:
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord, my righteousness, I praise,
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

Charles Wesley.

515 L. M.

1 O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think, for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

516 TUNE—"WOODSTOCK." C. M.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom:
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

3 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

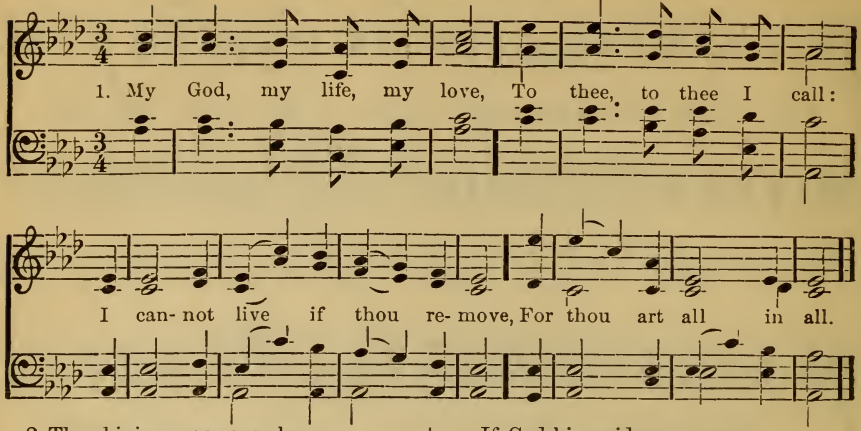
4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

5 Let lively hope my soul inspire:
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies!

John Fawcett.

517 LEIGHTON. S. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.



2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford:
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

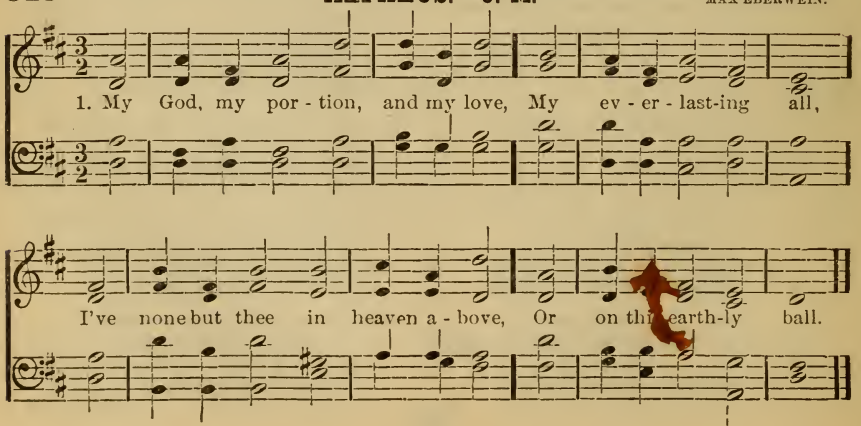
7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus, raise me higher!

Isaac Watts.

518 ALPHEUS. C. M.

MAX EBERWEIN.



2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

Isaac Watts.

519 TUNE—"ALPHENS." C. M.

1 How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

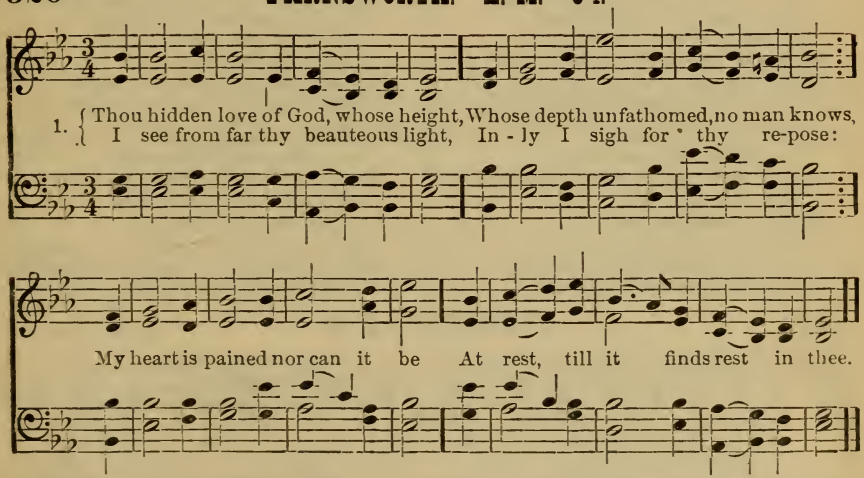
3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Isaac Watts.

520 **FARNSWORTH. L. M. 6 l.**



2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hind'rances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

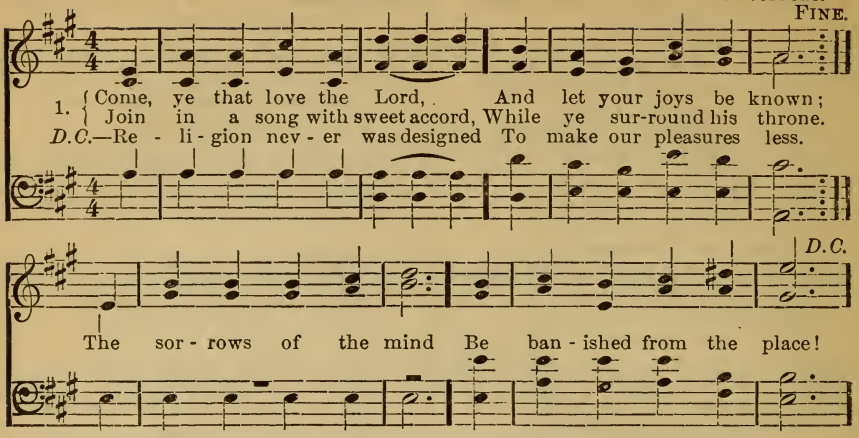
4 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee!

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

521 ELMSWOOD. S. M. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas—

3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.
There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

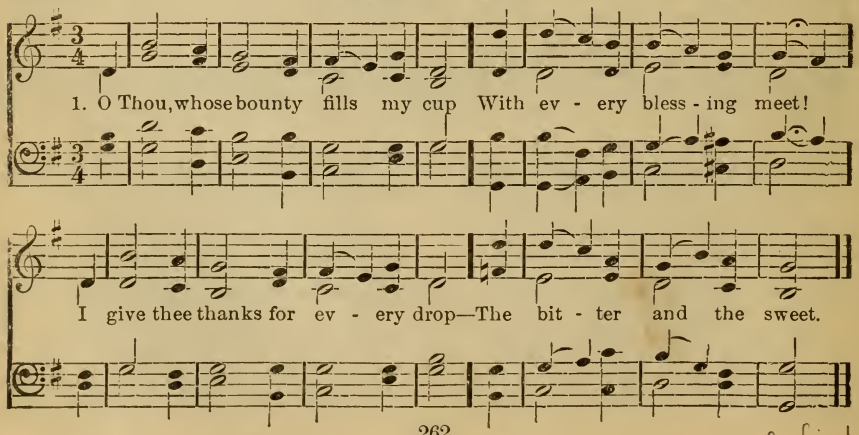
4 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts.

522 BELMONT. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



sung this thanksgiving nov 29, 1900. holiday

1 I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

2 I thank thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

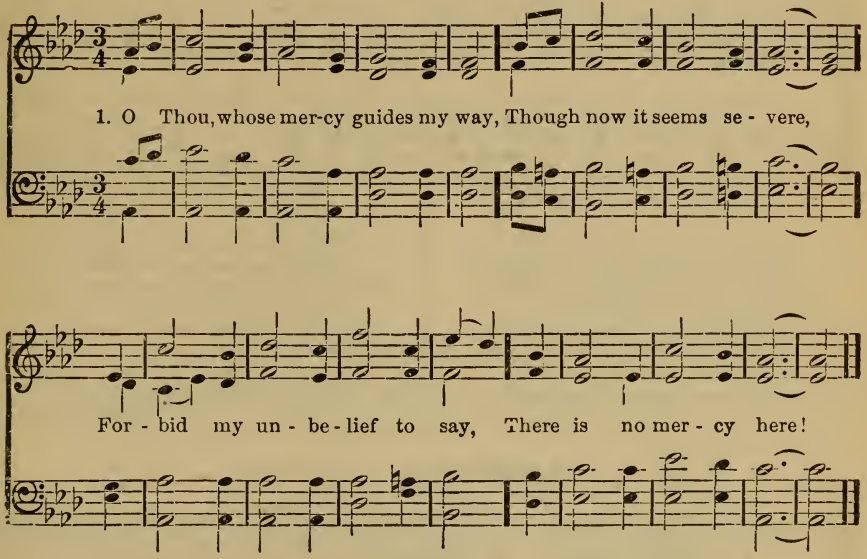
4 I thank thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
Me, trembling, to thy breast.

5 I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Jane Crewdson.

523 MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. HAYDN.



2 O may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

James Edmeston.

524 C. M.

1 My soul, with all thy wakened powers,
Survey the heavenly prize;
Nor let these glitt'ring toys of earth
Allure thy wand'ring eyes.

2 The splendid crown which Moses sought
Still beams around his brow;
Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride
Was taught by death to bow.

3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign;
Rich in that large immortal store,
Secured by grace divine.

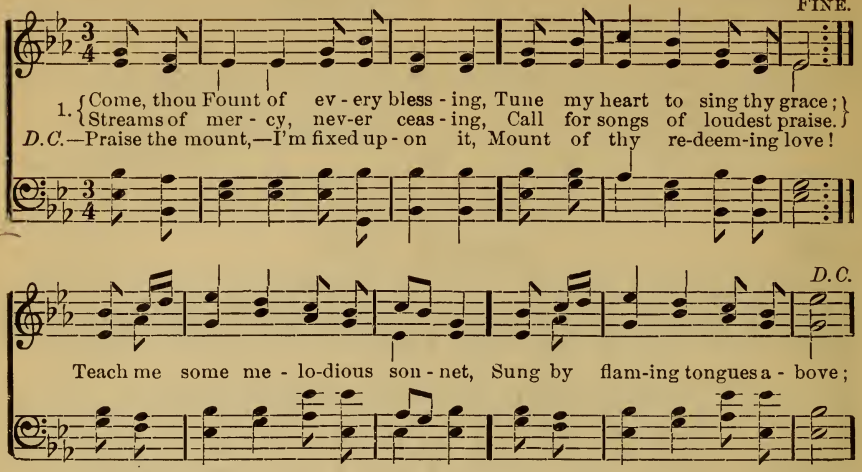
4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
My steadfast soul shall move.

5 With ardent eye, that bright reward
I daily will survey;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way.

Philip Doddridge

525 NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



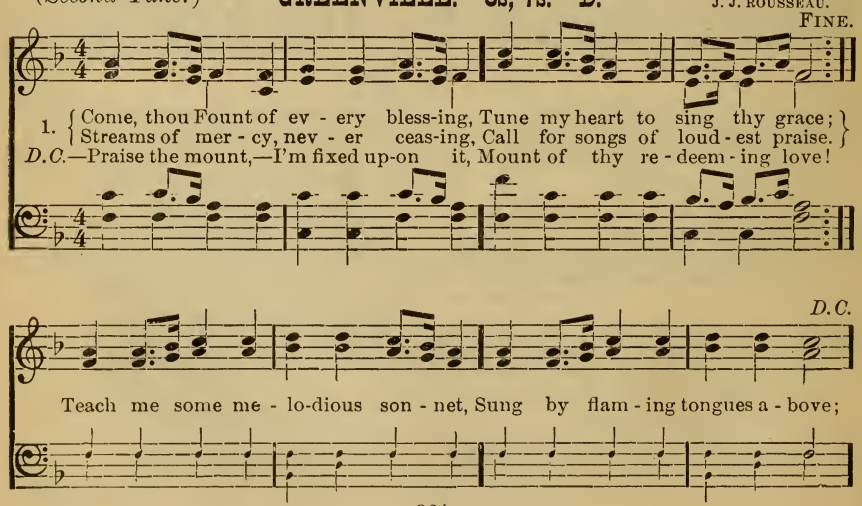
2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

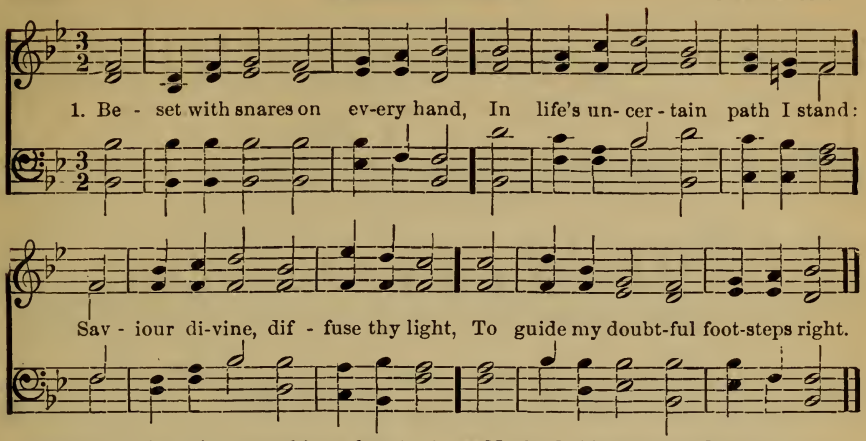
(*Second Tune.*) GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



526 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

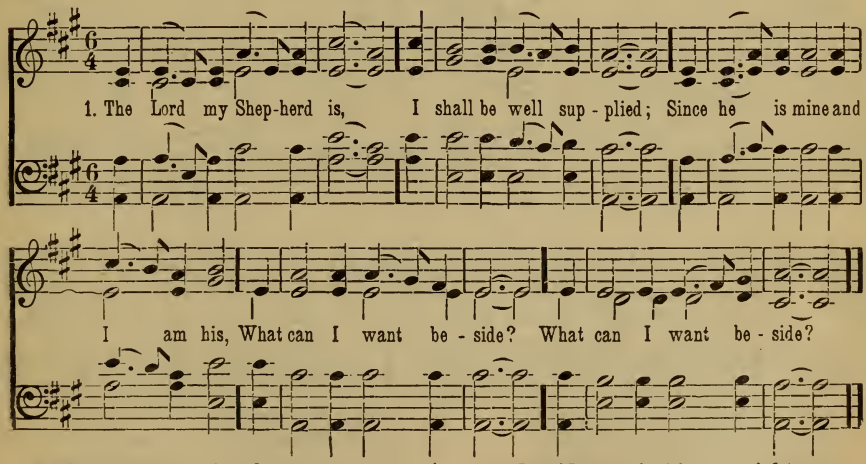
3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Philip Doddridge.

527 SCHUMANN. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT.



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

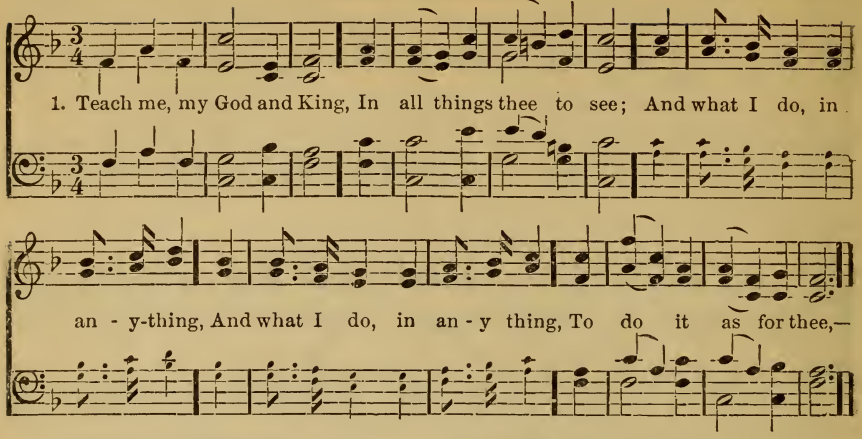
3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Isaac Watts.

528 GERAR. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend:
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

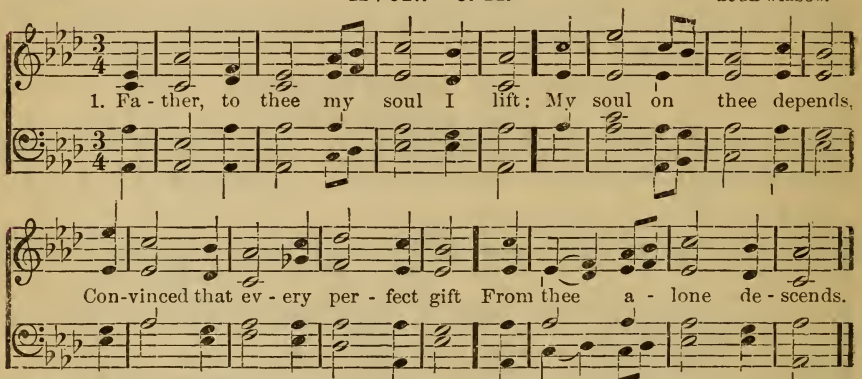
4 If done t' obey thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

5 Thee, then, my God and King,
In all things may I see;
And what I do, in any thing,
May it be done for thee!

George Herbert.

529 AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too:
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace;
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

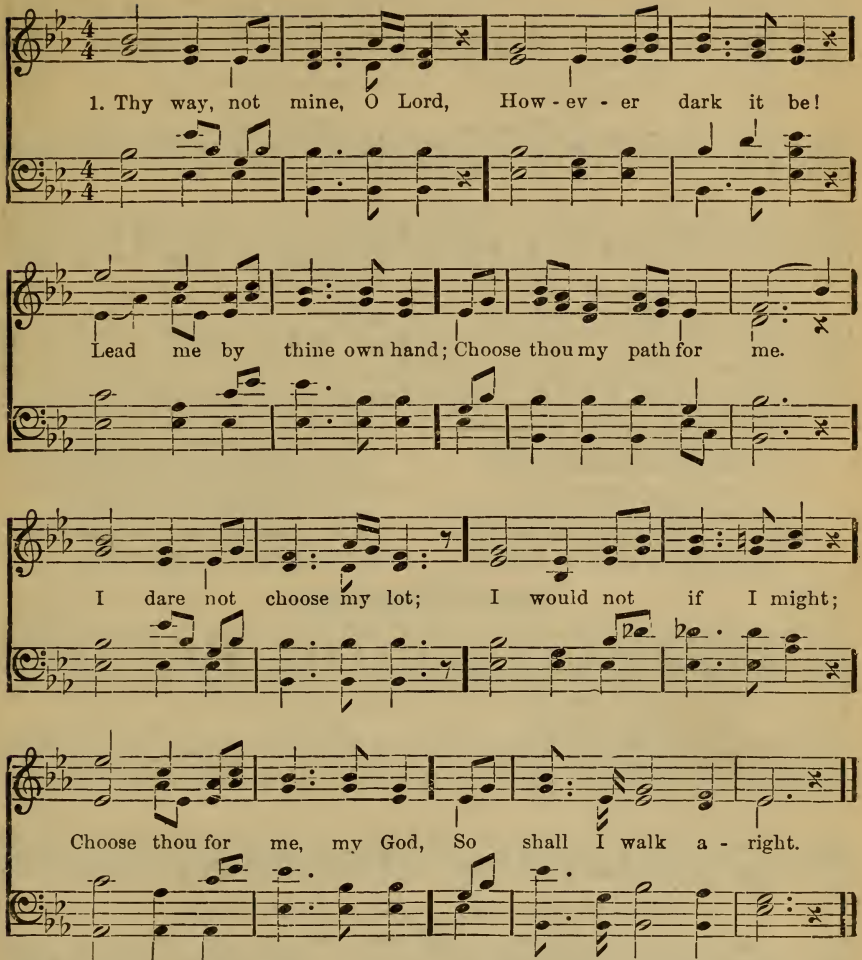
5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is ALL in ALL.

Charles Wesley

530 ST. JUDE. 6s. D.

CARL MARIA von WEBER.



2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

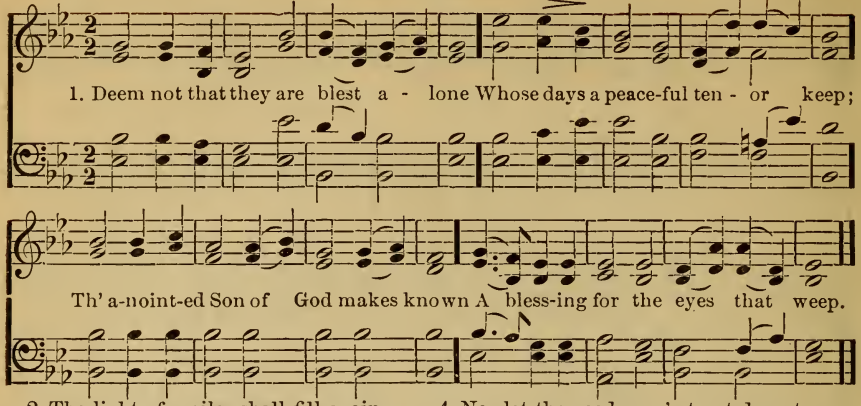
Horatius Bonar

Doxology.

To Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost! to thee,
Eternal Three in One!
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before thy throne we bow,
And thee, our God, adore.

531 BERA. L. M.

JOHN E. GOULD.



2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

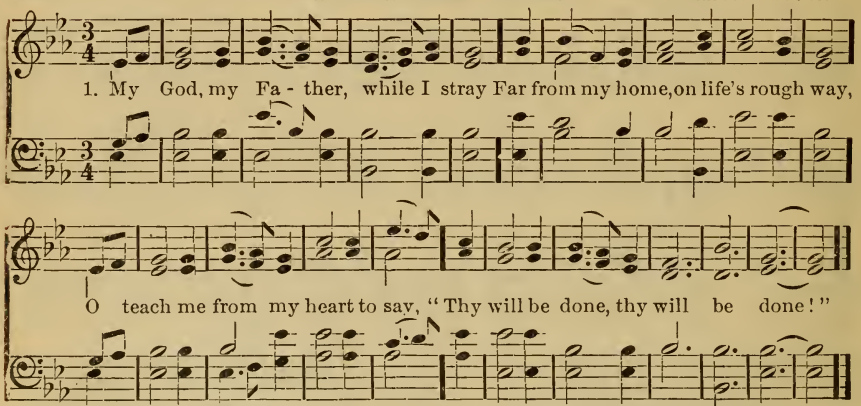
4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant.

532 WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

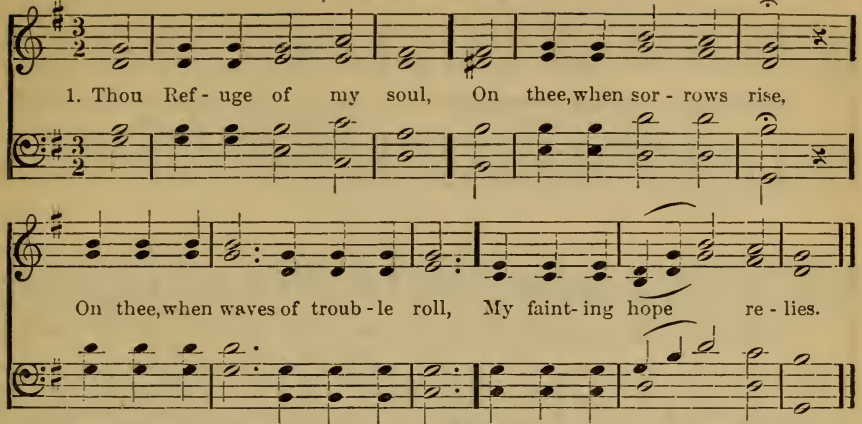
5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

533 PARAH. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

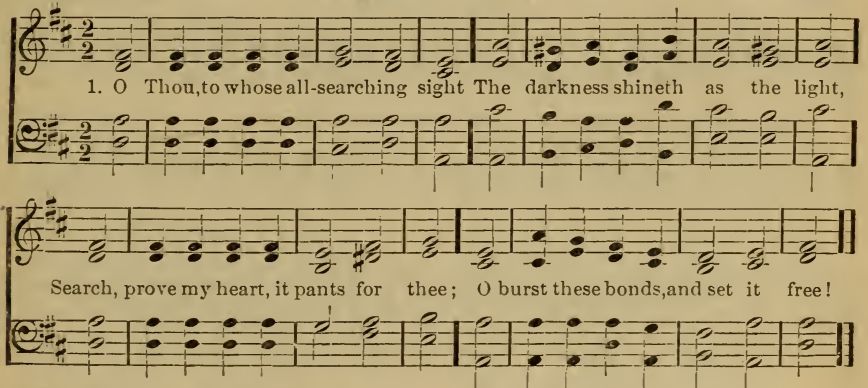
3 But O when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Anne Steele. Alt.

534 ASHWELL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

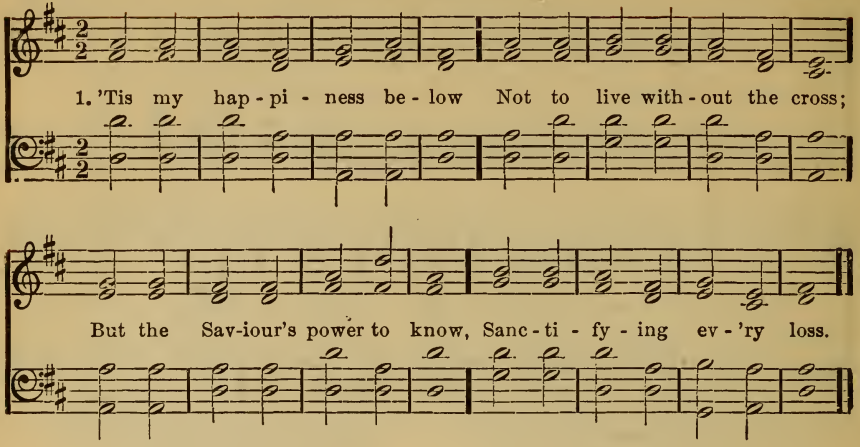
5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

535 PRAYER. 7s.

ASAHEL ABBOT.



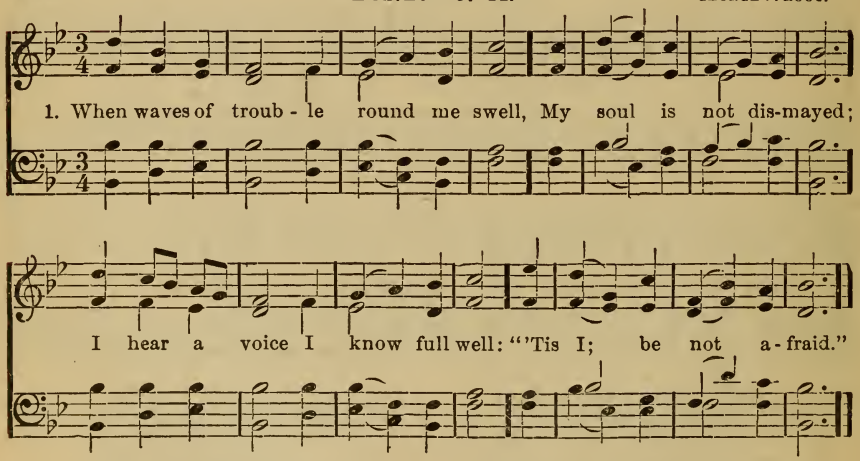
2 Trials must, and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

William Cowper

536 BOND. C. M.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



2 When black the threat'ning skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed
Saviour, be near to aid;
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

Charlotte Elliott

537 TUNE—"BOND." C. M.

1 IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

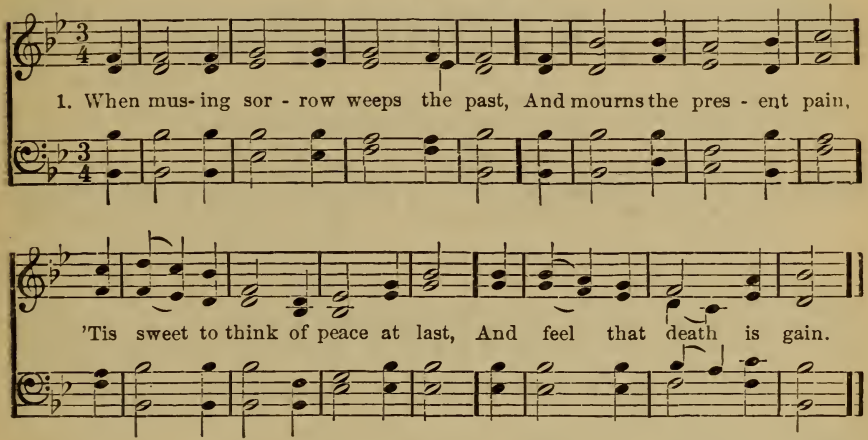
2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

Author unknown.

538 **VACHÈ. C. M.** B. C. UNSELD.



2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight:

4 It is that hope with ardor glows,
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

Gerard Thomas Noel.

539 C. M.

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too,—

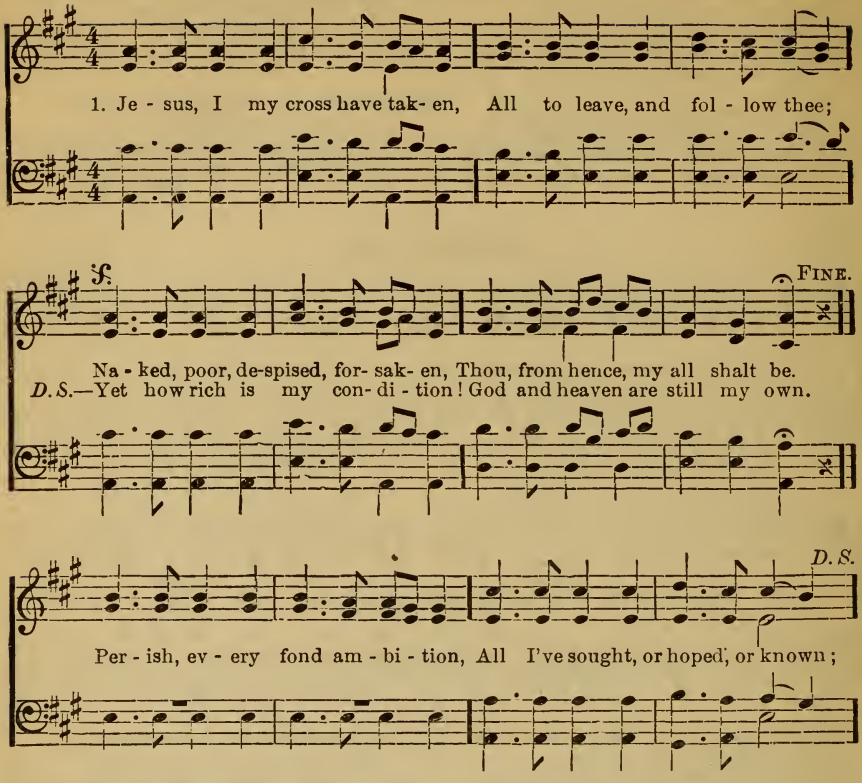
5 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!

6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore.

540 DISCIPLE. 8s, 7s. D.

From W. A. MOZART.



2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

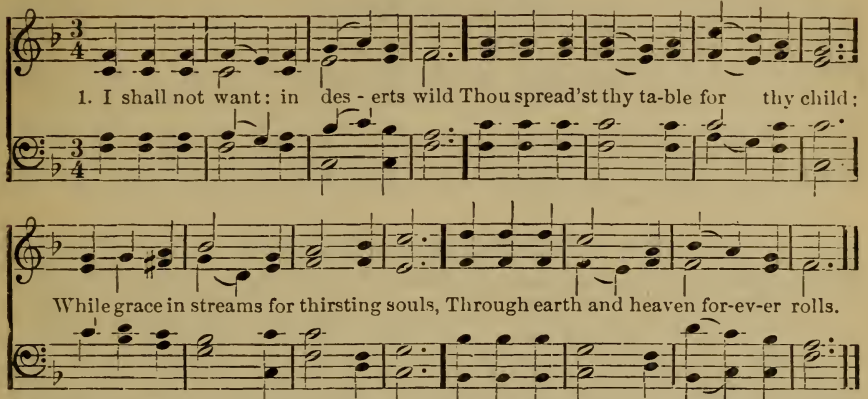
5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte

541 HURSLEY. L. M.

PETER RITTER.
Har. by W. H. MONK.



2 I shall not want: my darkest night
Thy loving smile shall fill with light;
While promises around me bloom,
And cheer me with divine perfume.

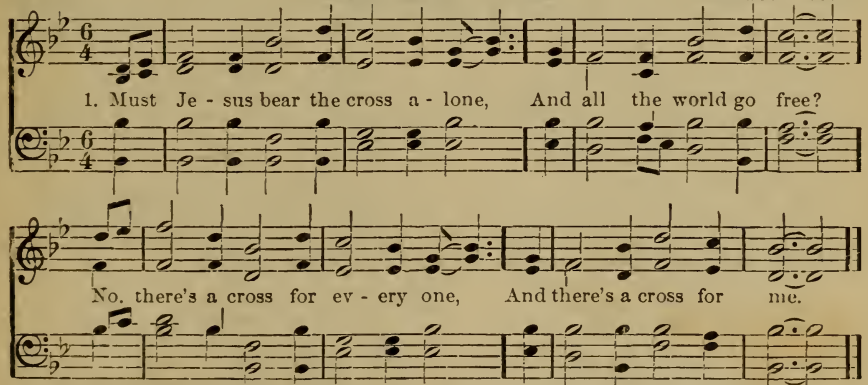
3 I shall not want: Thy righteousness
My soul shall clothe with glorious dress;
My blood-washed robe shall be more fair
Than garments kings or angels wear.

4 I shall not want: whate'er is good,
Of daily bread or angels' food,
Shall to my Father's child be sure,
So long as earth and heaven endure.

Charles Force Deems.

542 MAITLAND. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd. Alt.

543 L. M.

1 "TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

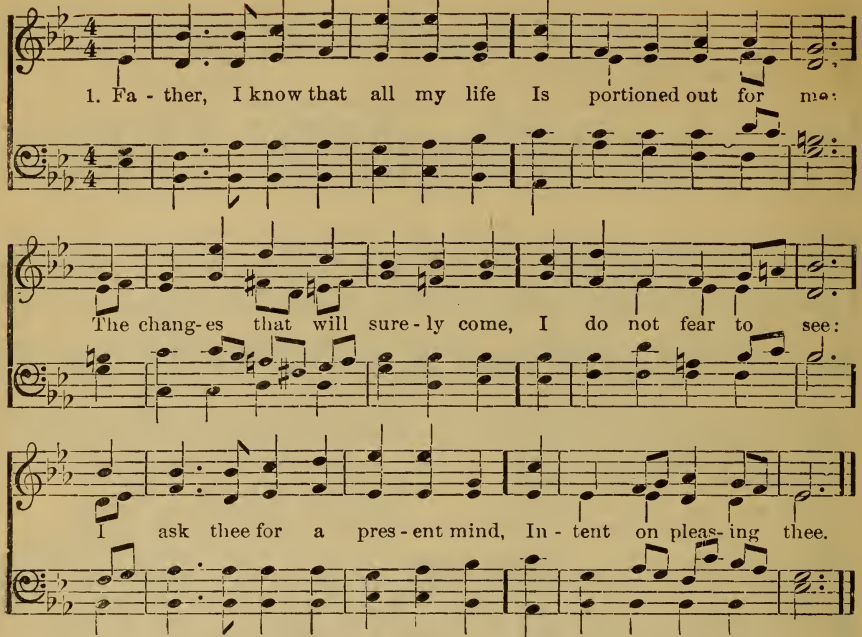
3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles William Everest.

544 WARING. C. M. 61.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes:
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and symapthize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate:
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

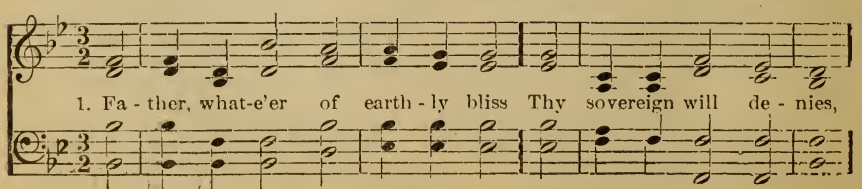
5 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side:
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

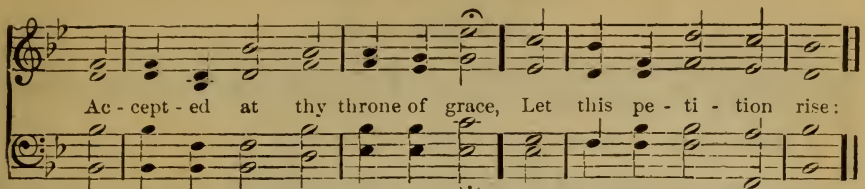
6 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee:
More careful, not to serve thee much,
But please thee perfectly.

Anna Laetitia Waring.

545 LUCIUS. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



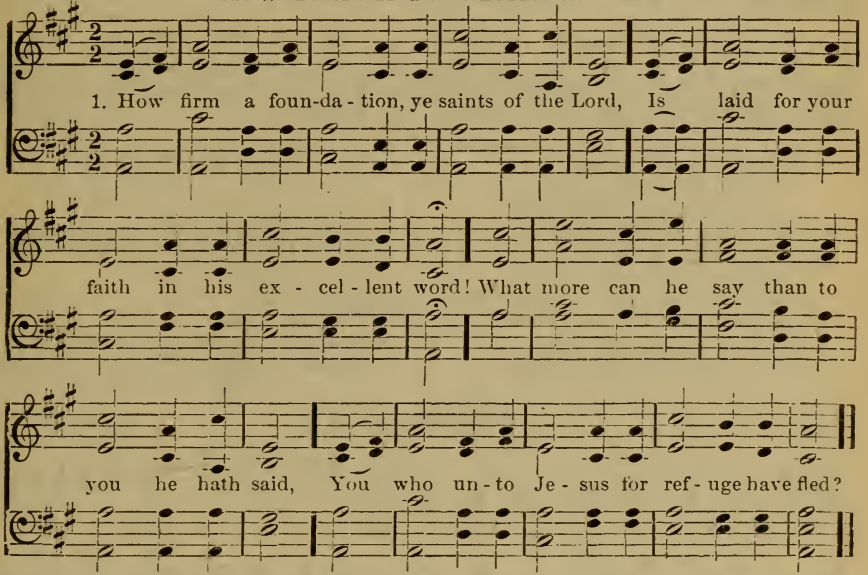


2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free,
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sure trust that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

546 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.



2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

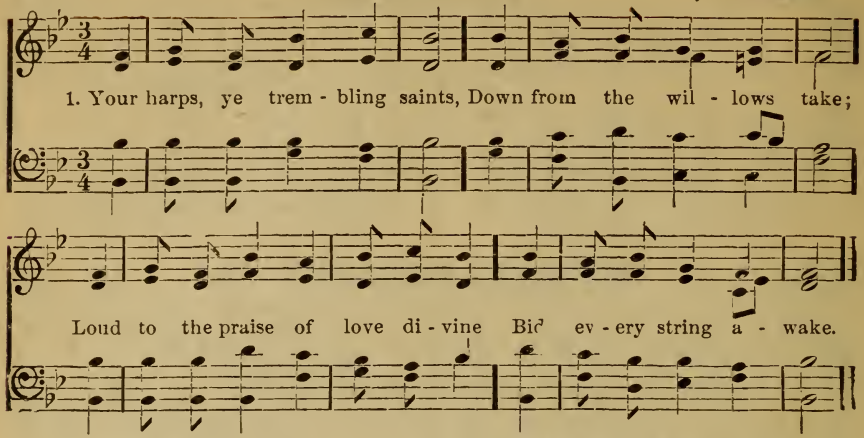
6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no, never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

George Keith.

547 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

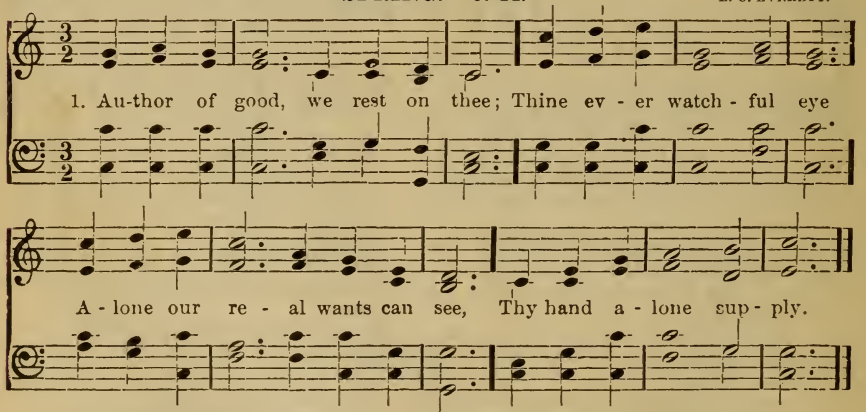
5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

Augustus Montague Toplady

548 SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.



2 In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let thy power be our defense,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

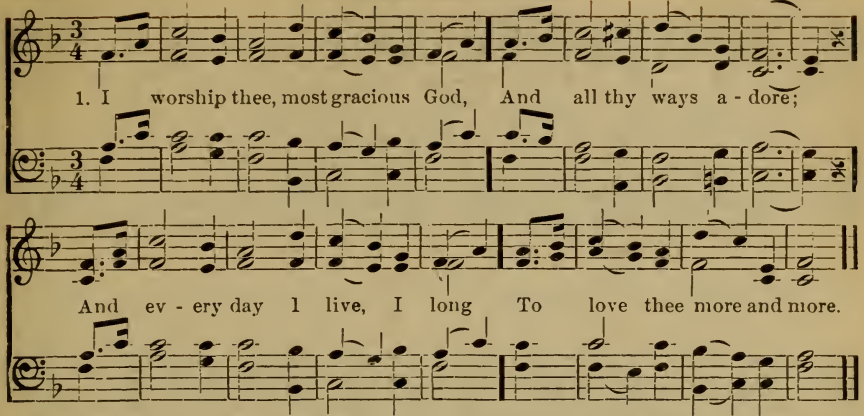
3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

James Merrick.

549 GENTLENESS. C. M.

OLIVER SHAW.



2 When duty's path and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

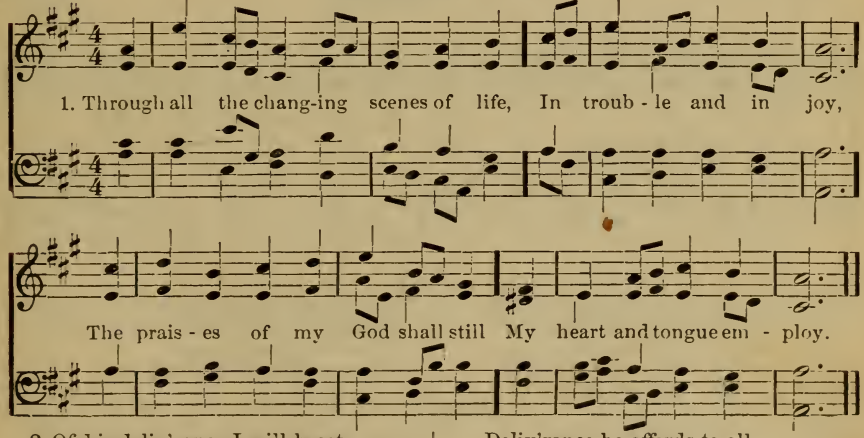
3 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

4 Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

Frederick William Faber.

550 STEPHENS. C. M.

WILLIAM JONES.



2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

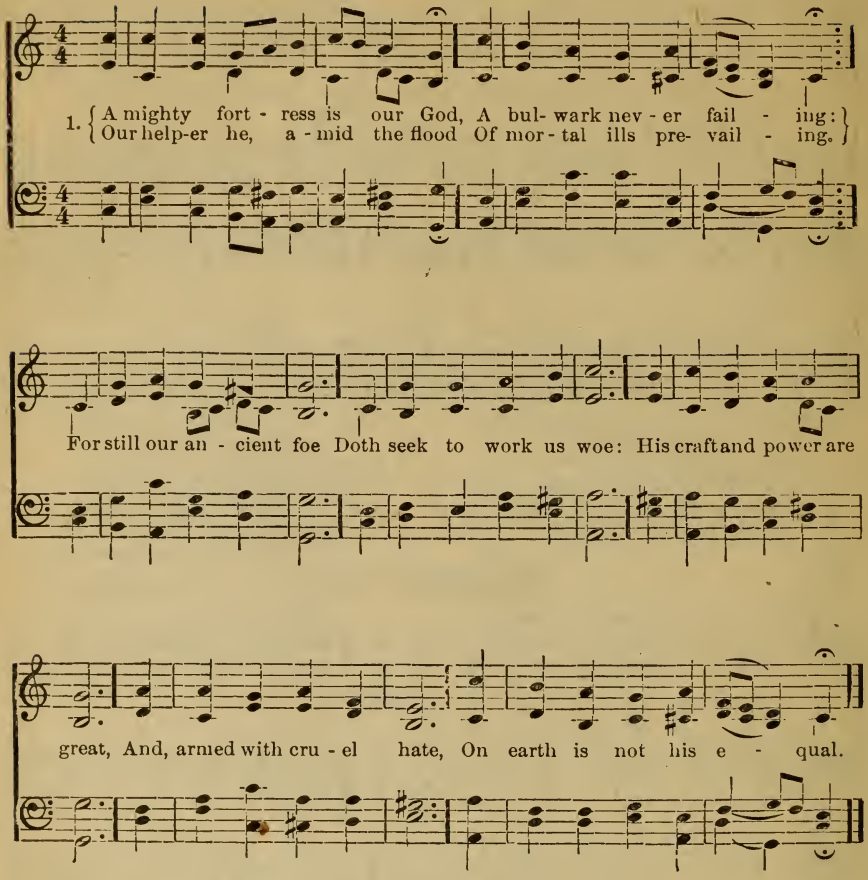
4 The angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

5 O! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight;
Your wants shall be his care.

Tate and Brady.

551 **FORTRESS.** 8s, 7s, 6s. MARTIN LUTHER.



2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

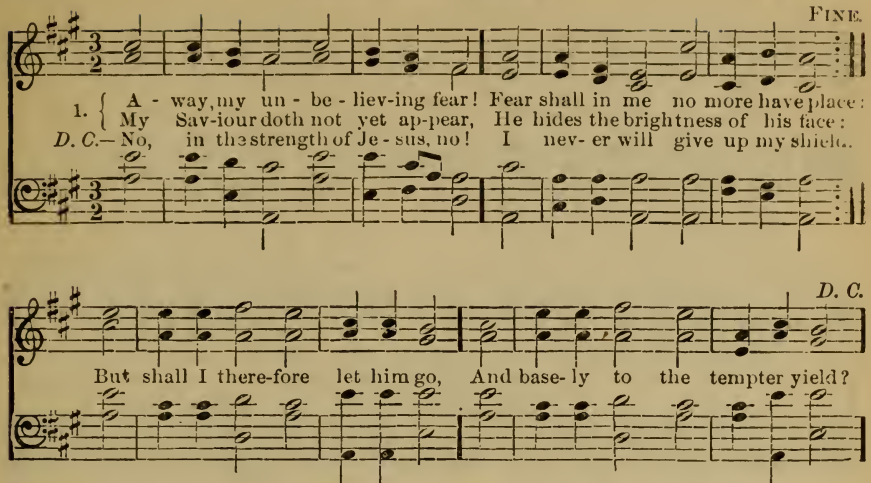
3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly power
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther. Tr. by *Frederick H. Hedge*

552 BEAUFORT. L. M. D.

L. C. EVERETT.

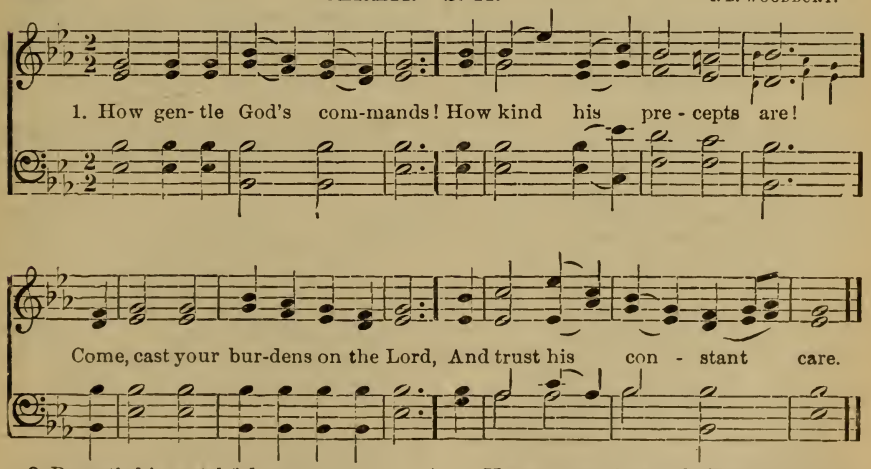


2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

Charles Wesley.

553 OZREM. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

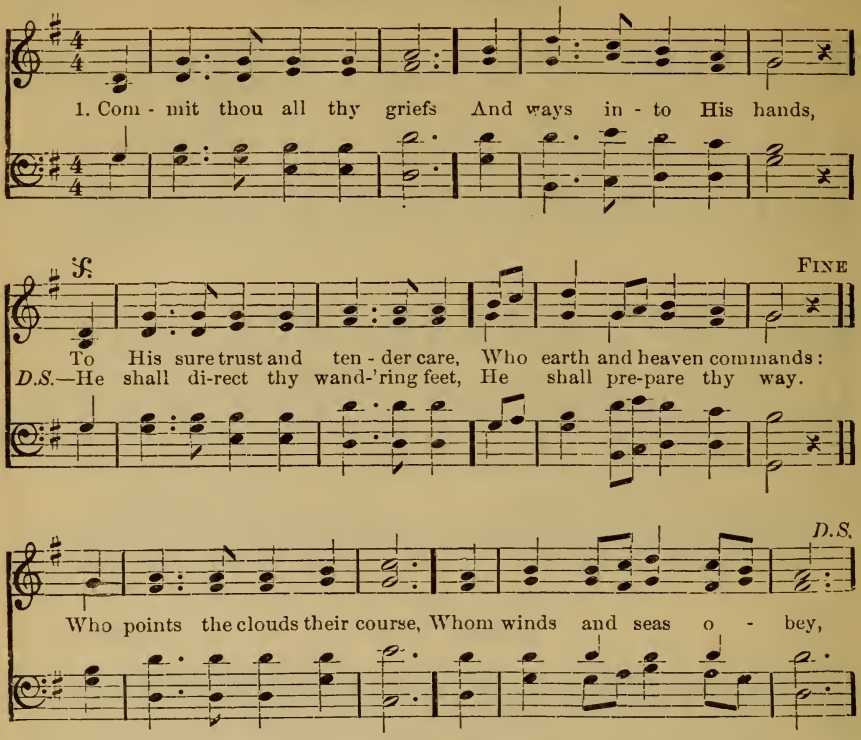
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved.
Unchanged from day to day.
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

554 RICHMOND. S. M. D.

A. B. EVERETT



2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

3 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove;
And whatsoe'er thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What's thine unerring wisdom's choice,
Thy power to being brings!

4 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thine every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
When all thy children want, thou giv'st;
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

555 S. M. D.

1 AWAY! my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine:
Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

2 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will Divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.
Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley.

536 TUNE—"RICHMOND." S. M. D.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head:
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

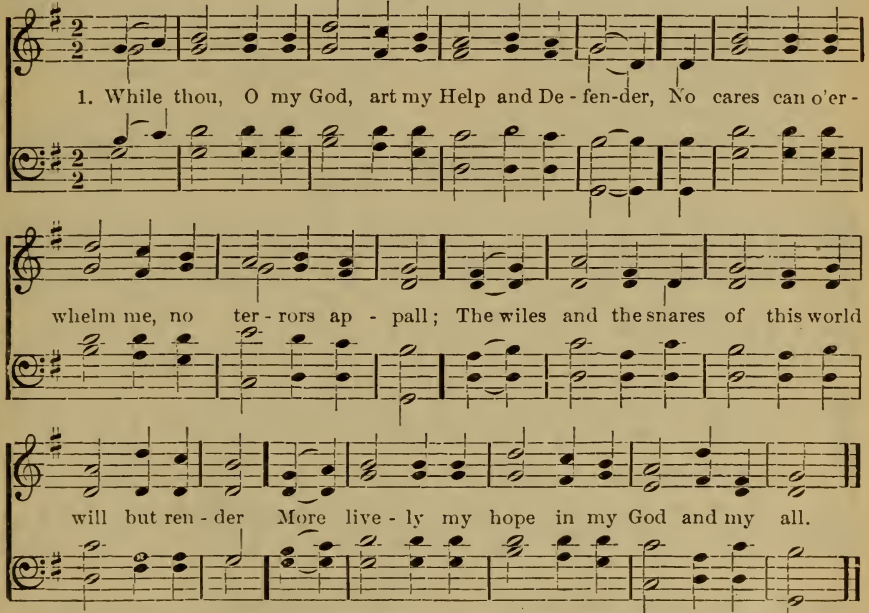
2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

537 **GENNESARET.** 12s, 11s.



2 Yes, thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger,
My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall,
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger,
My treasure, my glory, my God and my all.

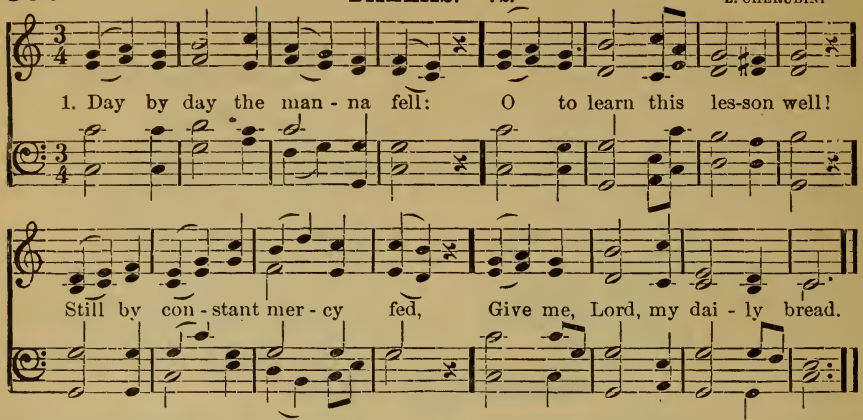
3 To thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,
Though grief may oppress me, or sorrow befall,
And love thee till death, my blest spirit releasing,
Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.

4 And when thou demandest the life thou hast given,
With joy will I answer thy merciful call;
And quit thee on earth but to find thee in heaven,
My portion forever, my God, and my all!

William Young.

558 DALLAS. 7s.

L. CHERUBINI



2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.

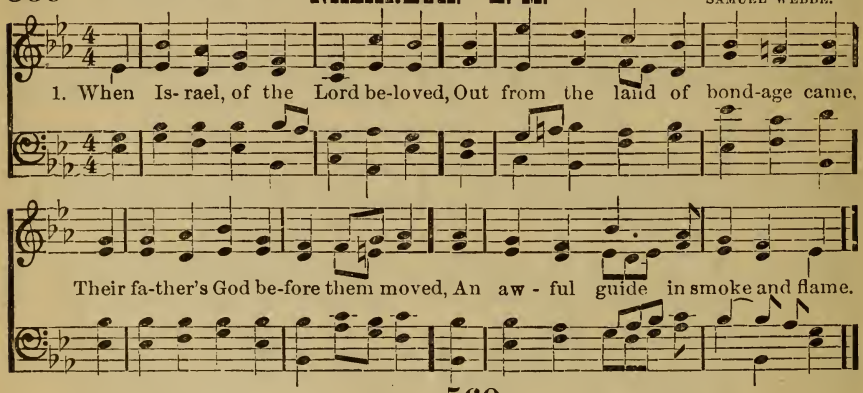
3 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder.

559 NAZARETH. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



2 By day, along th' astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Walter Scott.

560

L. M.

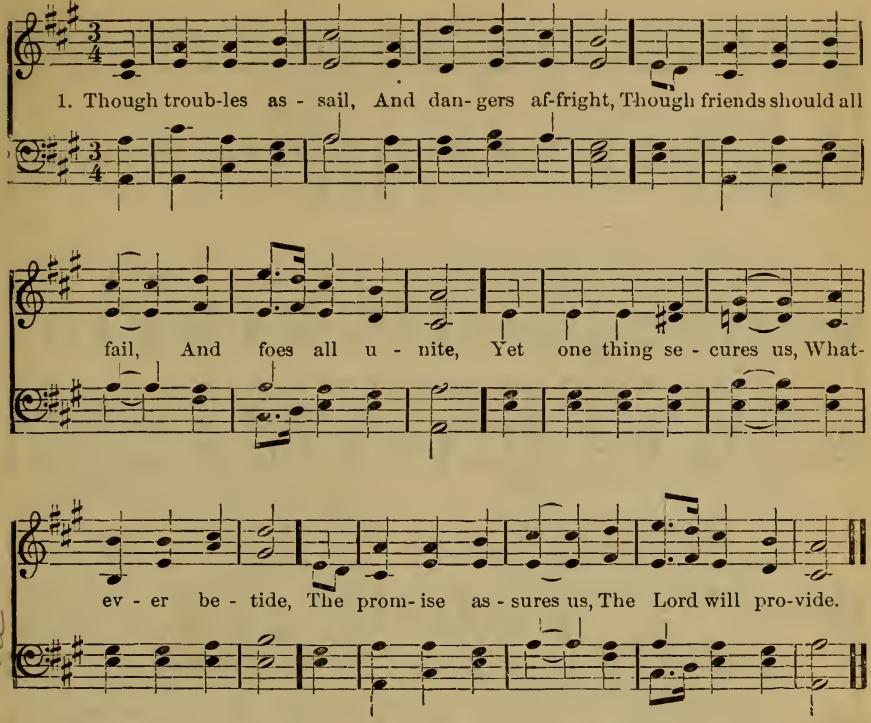
1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals:
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Benjamin Beddome.

561 **LYONS. 10s, 11s.** F. J. HAYDN.



2 The birds, without barn Or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, By tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps, But need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages The wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages, The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, Like Abrah'm of old:
We know not the way, But faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, We have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

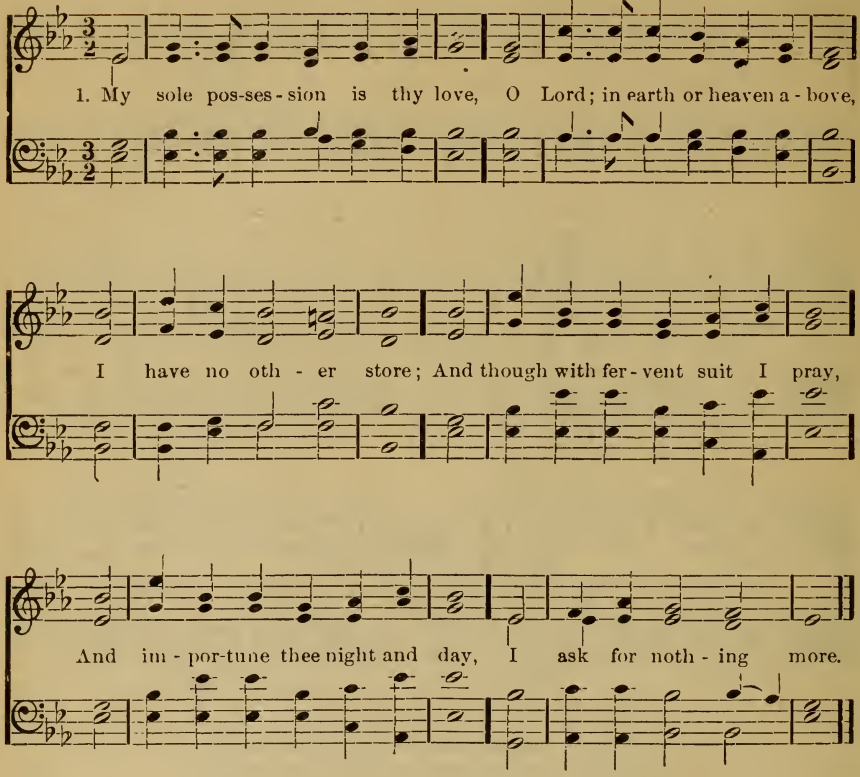
5 No strength of our own, Nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown On Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower For safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, And death is in view,
The word of his grace Shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

John Newton.

562 MERIBAH. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Adieu! ye vain delights of earth,
Insipid sports and sinful mirth,
I taste no sweets in you;
Unknown delights are in the cross,
All joy beside to me is dross,
While Jesus I pursue.

3 If by thy will, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attend me all my way,
A never-failing friend;
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content,
Let sorrow still attend.

4 Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which love doth sweetly raise!
To take the cross and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

Madame Guyon. Tr. by *William Cowper.*

563

C. P. M.

1 O Lord! how happy should we be,
If we could leave our cares to thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that one above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

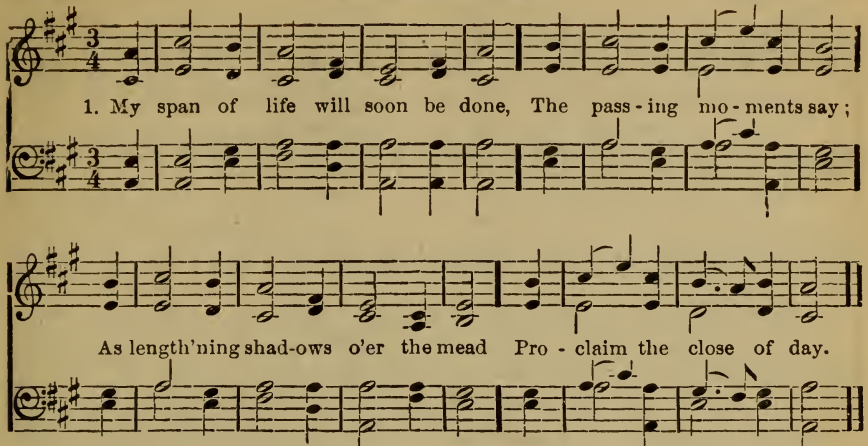
2 For when we kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened souls we rise,
Sure that our Father who is nigh,
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear his children's cries.

3 O may these anxious hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease,
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And in his mercy trusting still,
Find in each trial peace!

Joseph Anstice.

564 BALERMA. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above
Whence true contentment springs!

3 Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

4 The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care.
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

6 Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come:
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

Frances Maria Cowper.

565 C. M.

1 WHY thus impatient to be gone?
Such wishes breathe no more;
Let him who locked thy spirit in,
When meet, unbolt the door.

2 Why wouldst thou snatch the victor's palm
Before the conquest's won?
Or wish to seize th' immortal prize,
Ere yet the race is run?

3 Inglorious wish, to haste away,
And leave thy work undone!—
To serve thy Lord will please no less
Than praising round the throne.

4 While thou art standing in the field,
For bliss thou'lt riper grow:
Then wait thy Lord's appointed time,
Till he shall bid thee go.

Alexander Cruden.

566 C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

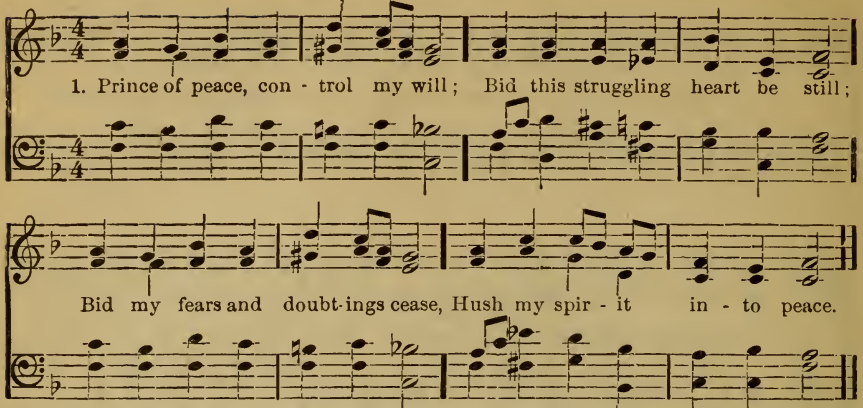
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

567 SEYMOUR. 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER



2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

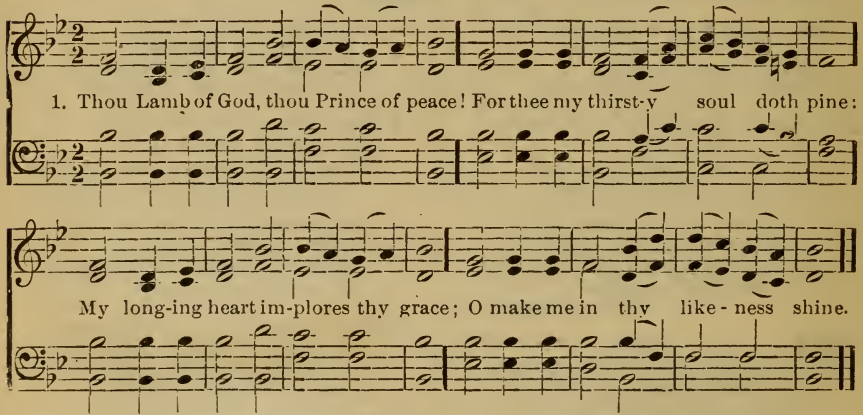
3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

Mary Barber Dana.

568 ERNAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

3 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

4 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown;
O may I conquer through thy blood!

5 So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

Christian Frederic Richter. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

569 TUNE—"ERNAN." L. M.

1 My hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow:
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be;
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

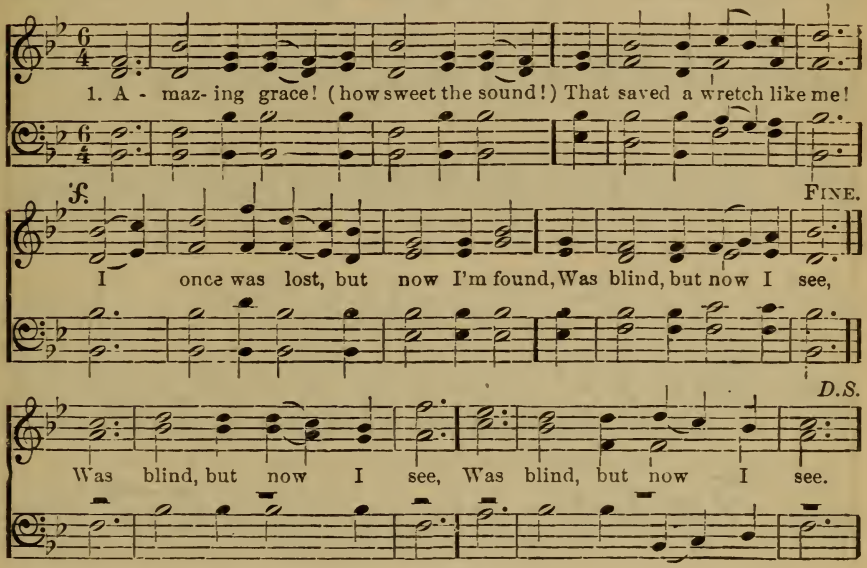
4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power:
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

Author Unknown.

570 **HARP.** C. M.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

John Newton.

571 C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

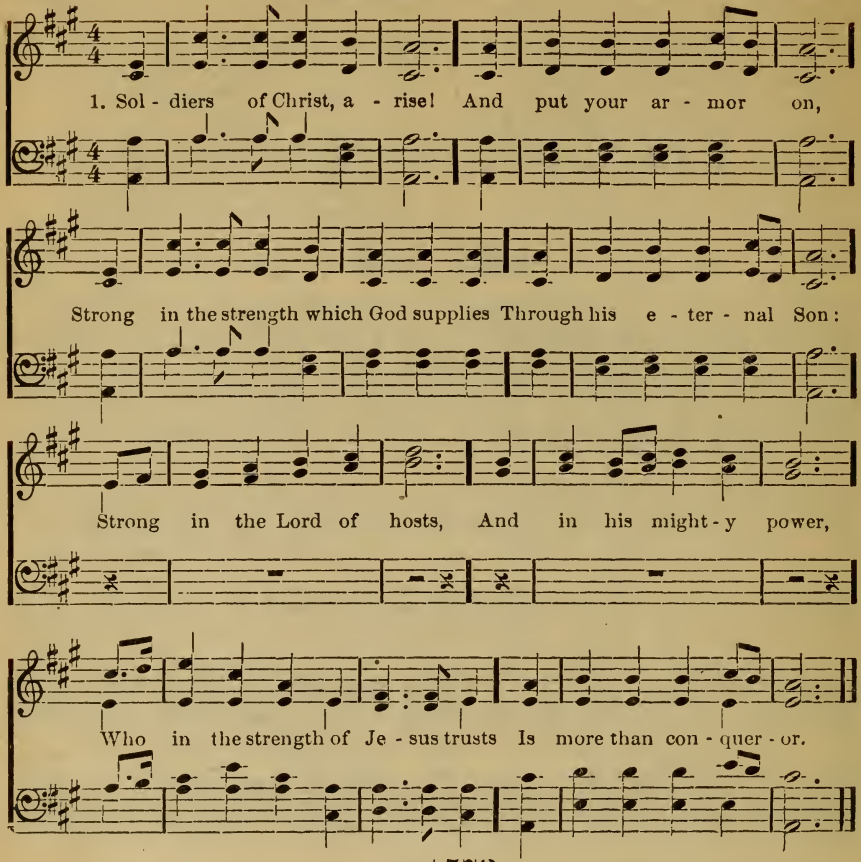
3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

572 BEALOTH. S. M. D.

L. C. EVERETT.



2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conqu'rors home.

Charles Wesley.

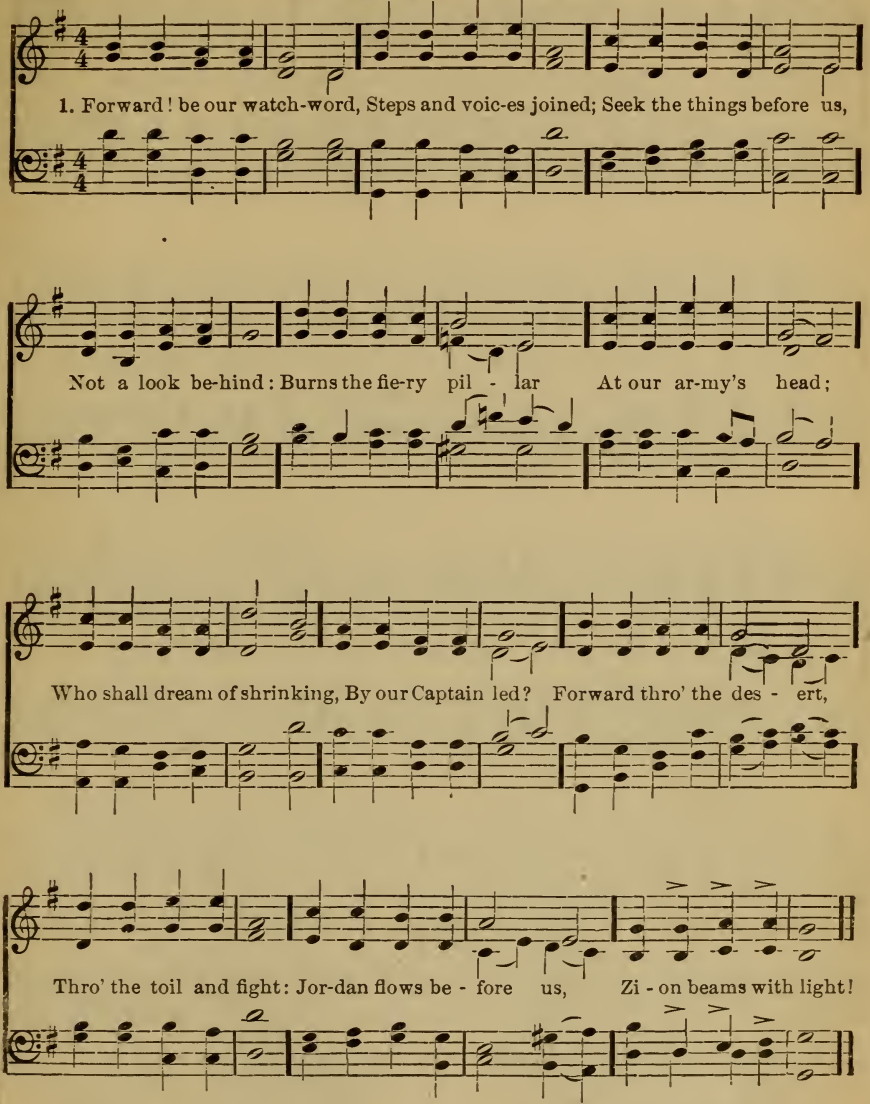
573 S. M. D.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name:
Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

2 Tell, in seraphic strains,
What he has done for you;
How he has taken off your chains,
And formed your hearts anew:
His faithfulness proclaim
While life to you is given;
Join hands and hearts to praise his name,
Till we all meet in heaven.

William Hammond.

574 **ST. ALBAN'S. 6s, 5s. D.** F. J. HAYDN.

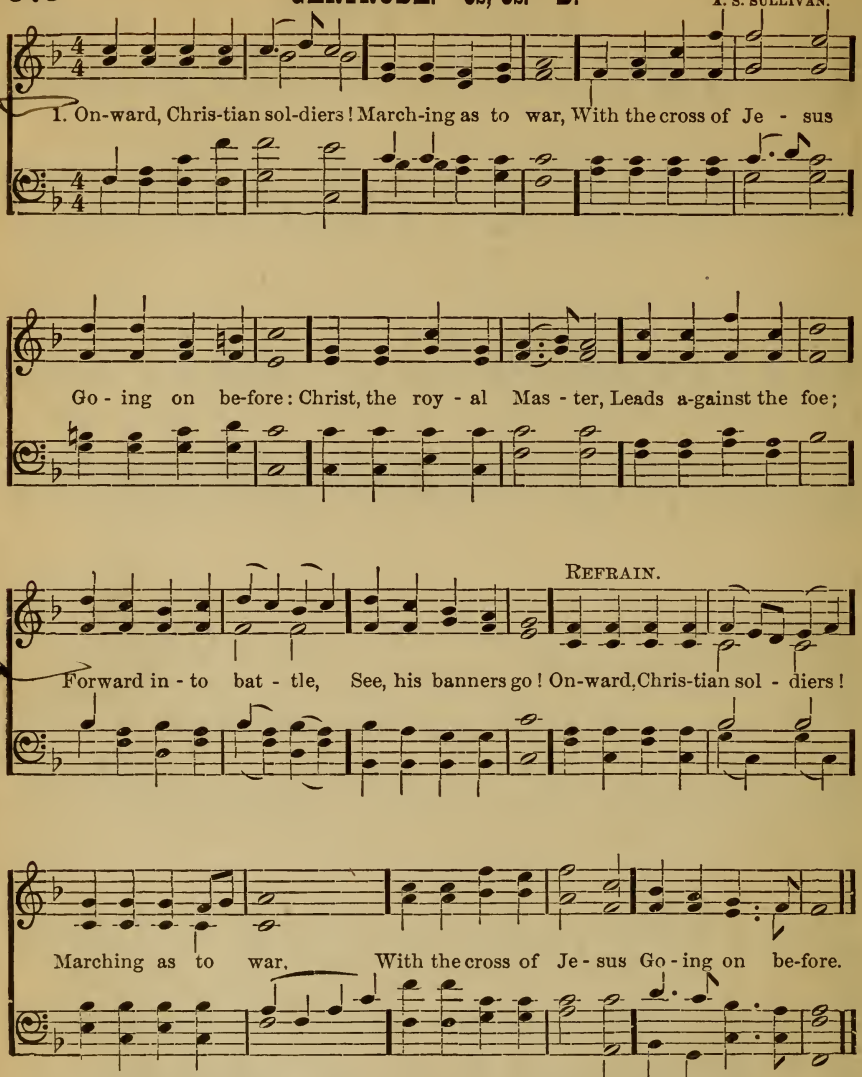


2 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold;
Onward, Christians, onward,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Henry Alford.

575 **GERTRUDE.** 6s, 5s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

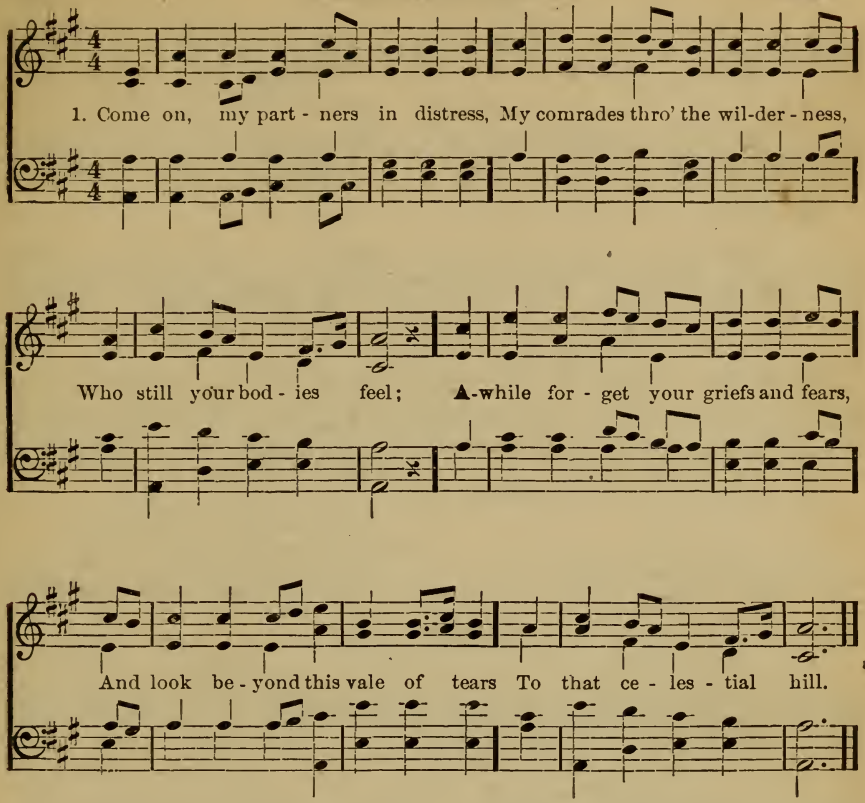


2 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

3 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

576 **WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.** CRANE.



2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessèd, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

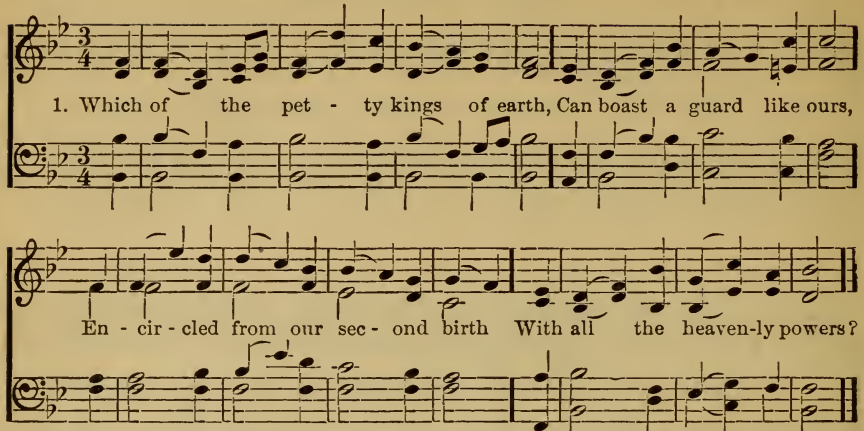
6 The Father, shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God be all in all.

Charles Wesley.

577 ST. GABRIEL. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.



2 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

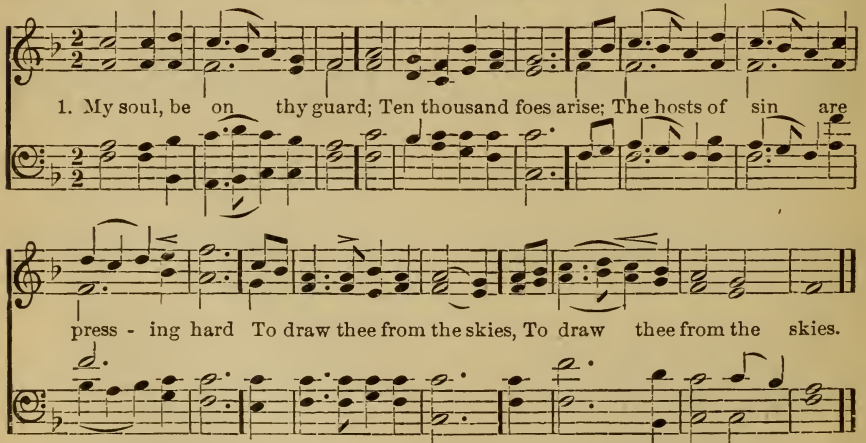
3 Their instrumental aid, unknown,
They day and night supply;
And, free from fear, we lay us down,
Though Satan's host be nigh.

4 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

Charles Wesley.

578 LUTHER. S. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

George Heath.

579 TUNE.—"LUTHER." S. M.

1 "I THE good fight have fought,'
O when shall I declare!
The vict'ry by my Saviour got
I long with Paul to share.

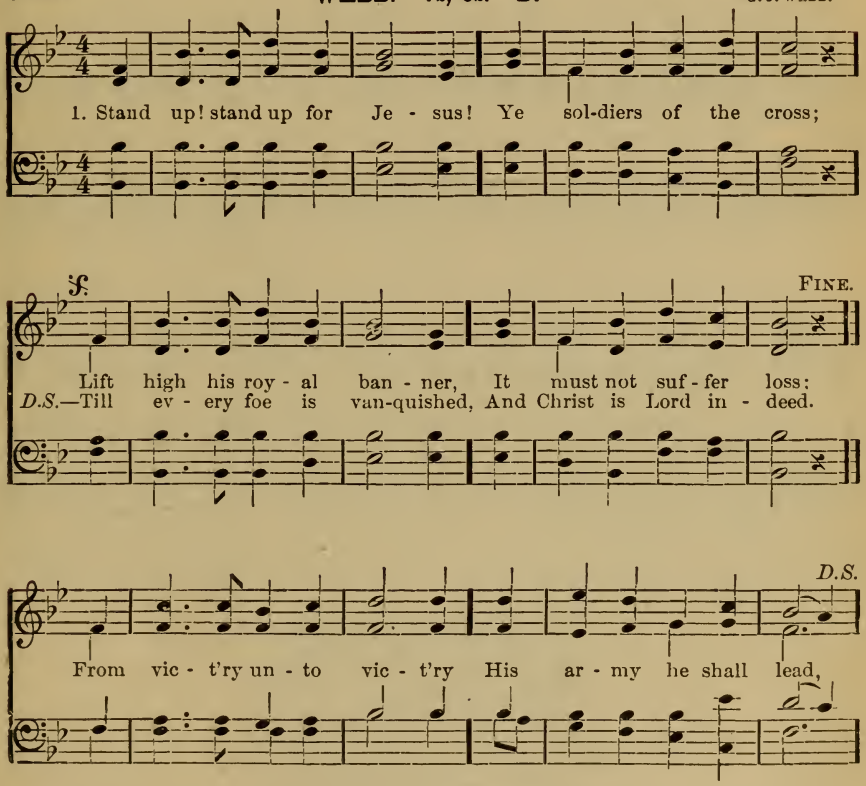
2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessèd word be mine,
Just as the port is gained,
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained."

4 Th' apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

580 **WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.** G. J. WEBB.



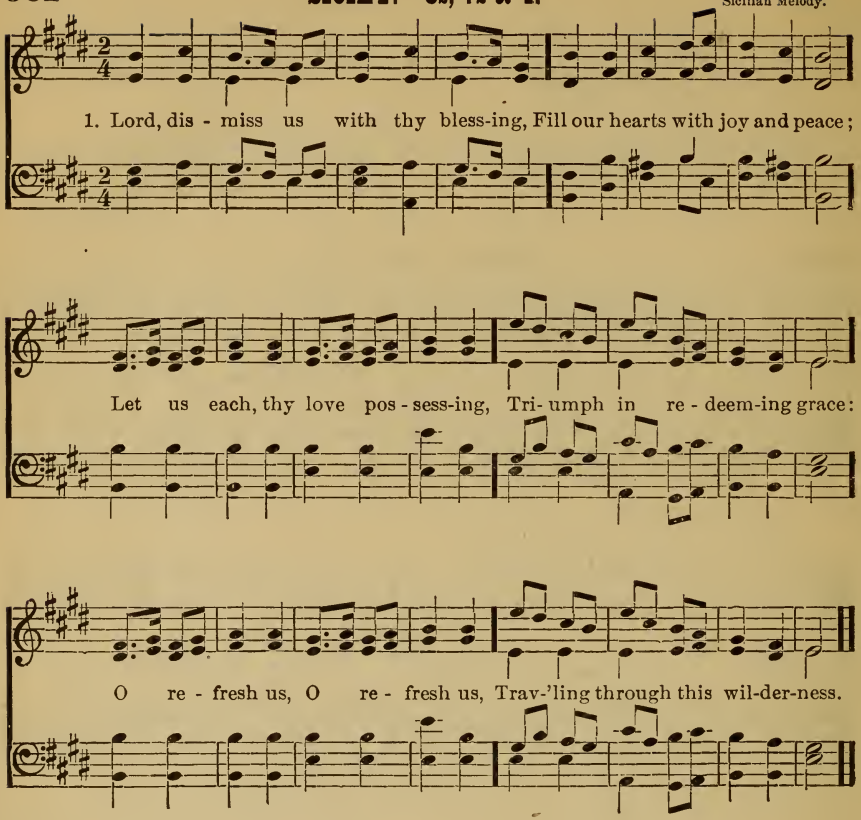
2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus:
The strife will not be long:
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, Jr.

581 **SICILY. 8s, 7s & 4.**

Sicilian Melody.



2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

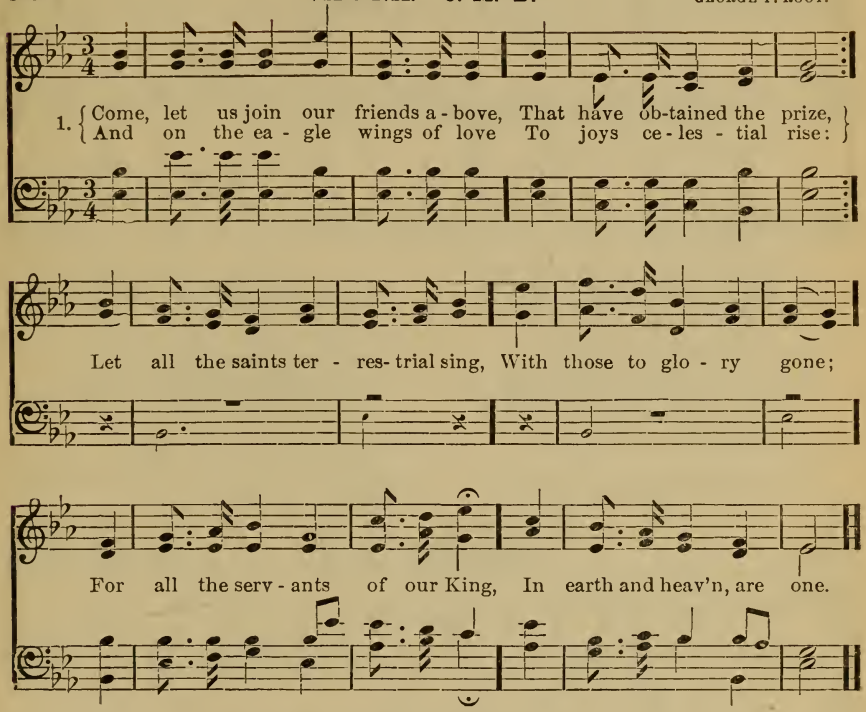
3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

John Fawcett.

SECTION VIII.

DEATH AND THE FUTURE STATE.

582 **VARINA. C. M. D.** GEORGE F. ROOT.



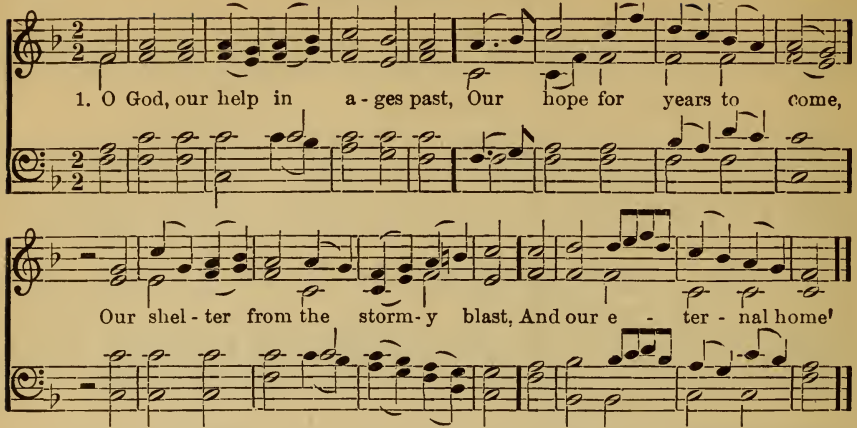
2 One family we dwell in him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Charles Wesley.

583 CLARENDON. C. M.

ISAAC TUCKER.



2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

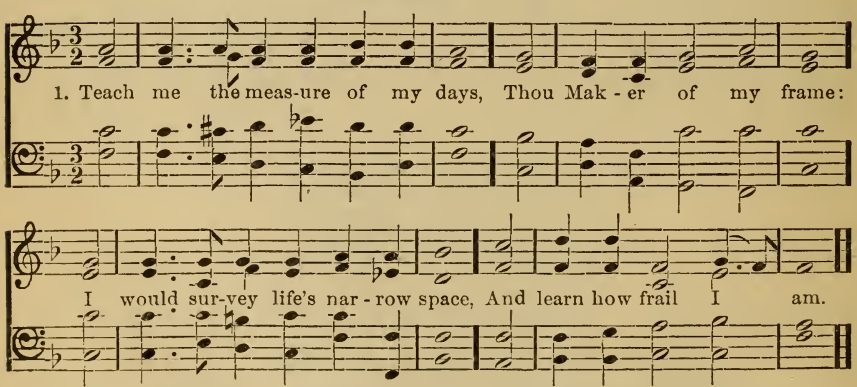
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

Isaac Watts.

584 BYEFIELD. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

Isaac Watts.

585 TUNE—"CLARENDON." C. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

4 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

Isaac Watts.

586 TUNE—"RYEFIELD." C. M.

1 DEATH rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

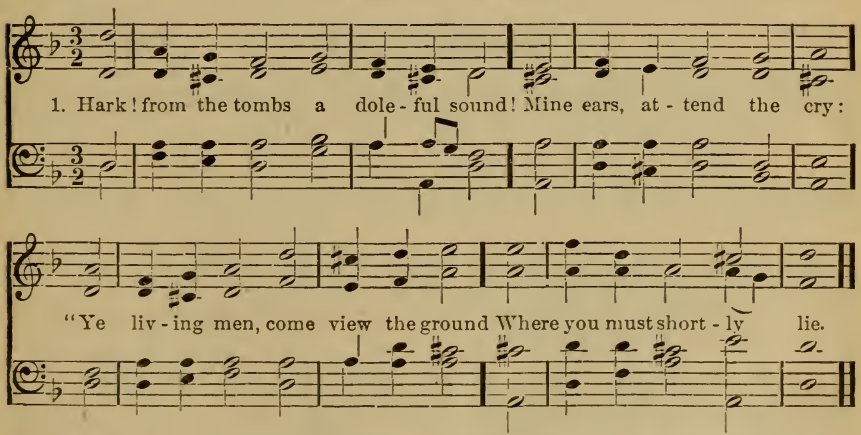
3 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

4 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

5 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

Reginald Heber.

587 **HAGUE. C. M.** FISH.



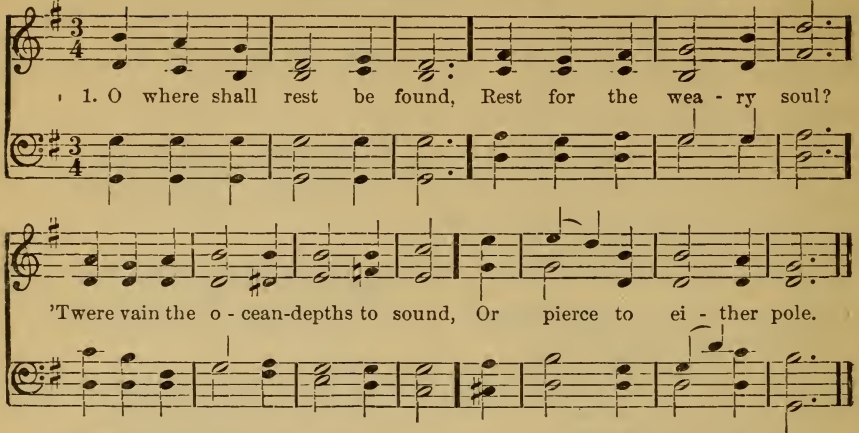
2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more!

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

588 **GREENWOOD. S. M.** JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

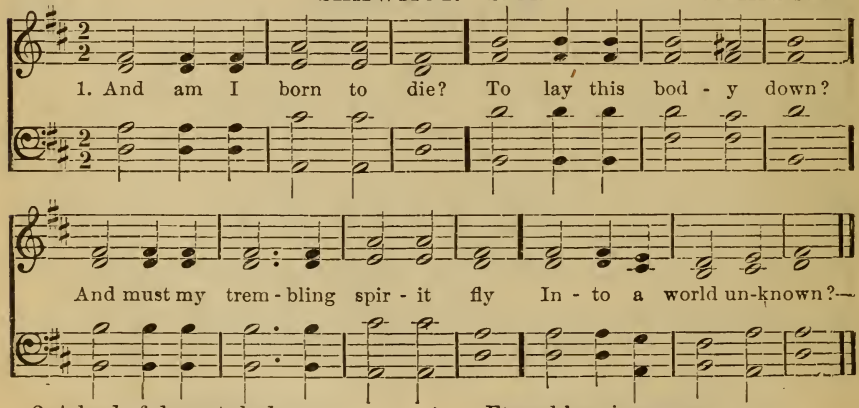
4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery.

589 **SHAWMUT. S. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!

4 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise;
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies!

5 How shall I leave my tomb,
With triumph, or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

6 Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away
To meet its sentence there?

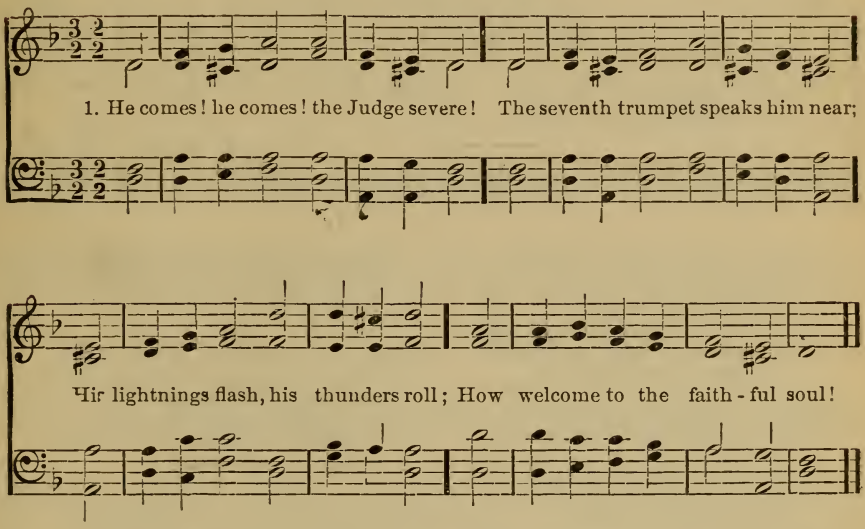
7 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?

8 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

Charles Wesley.

590 WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.



2 From heaven angelic voices sound:
See the almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

Charles Wesley.

591 L. M.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shriv'ling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay!
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

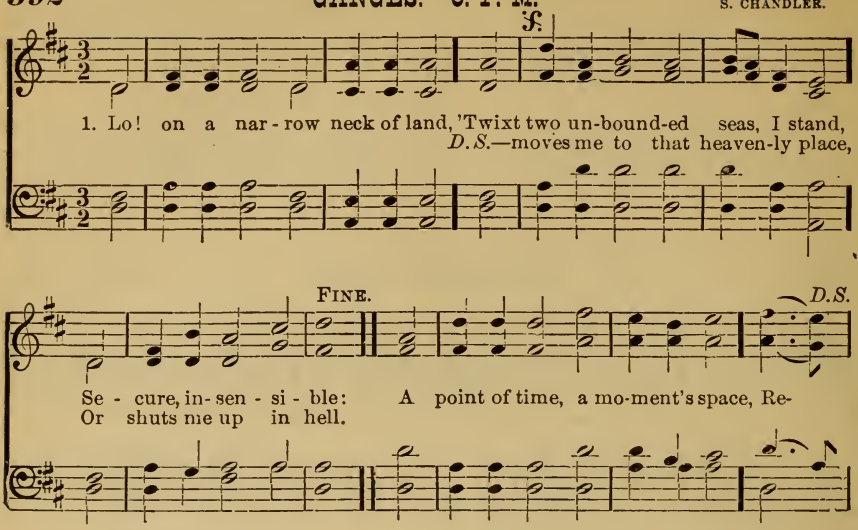
Sir Walter Scott.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessing flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

592 GANGES. C. P. M.

S. CHANDLER.



2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

3 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

593

C. P. M.

1 And am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay:
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death,
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way,
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

Charles Wesley.

594 TUNE—"GANGES." C. P. M.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

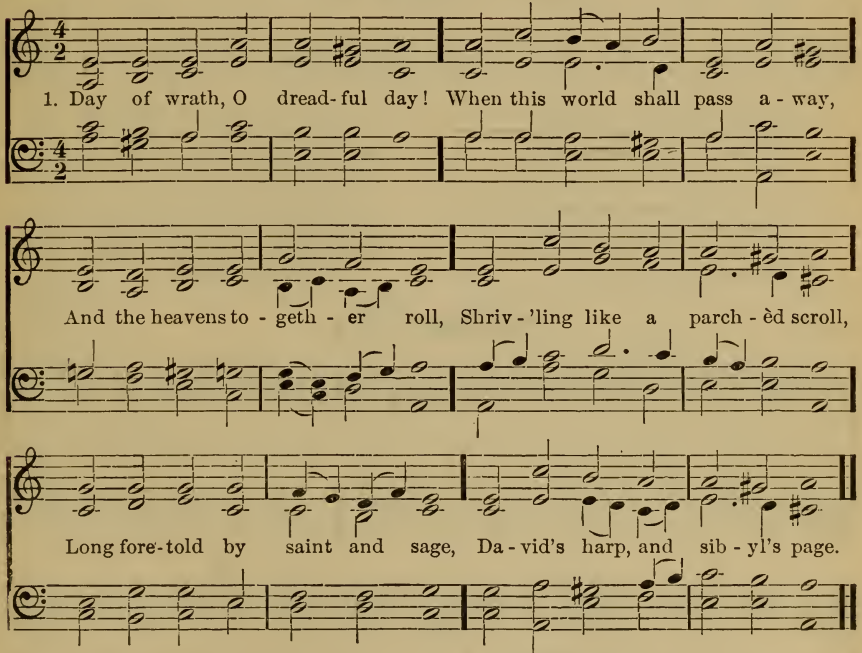
2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

595 **DAY OF WRATH.** 7s. 6 l. CHRISTOPHER TYE.



2 Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come!
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

3 Then the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead;
Then the Lord of all our race
Shall appoint to each his place;
Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light.

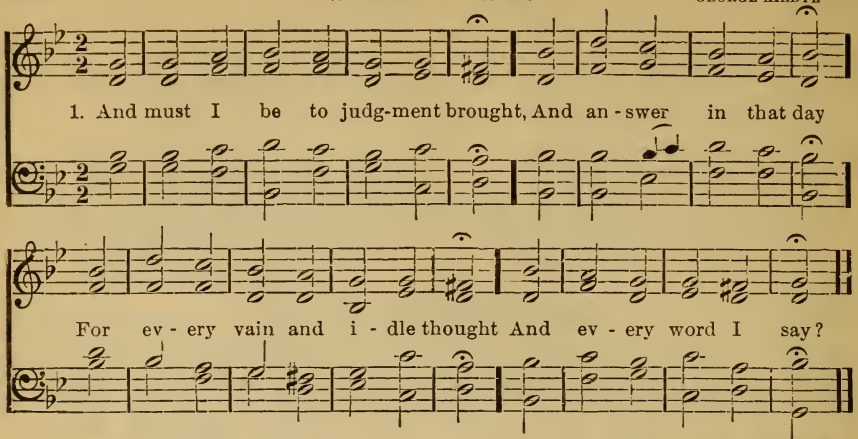
4 O just Judge, to whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past:
Lo, my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me for thine own great name.

5 Thou, who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears and go in peace,—
Thou, who to the dying thief
Spakest pardon and relief,—
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
E'en to me, the hope of heaven.

Thomas of Celano. Tr. by *Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.*

596 WINDSOR. C. M.

GEORGE KIRBYE



2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

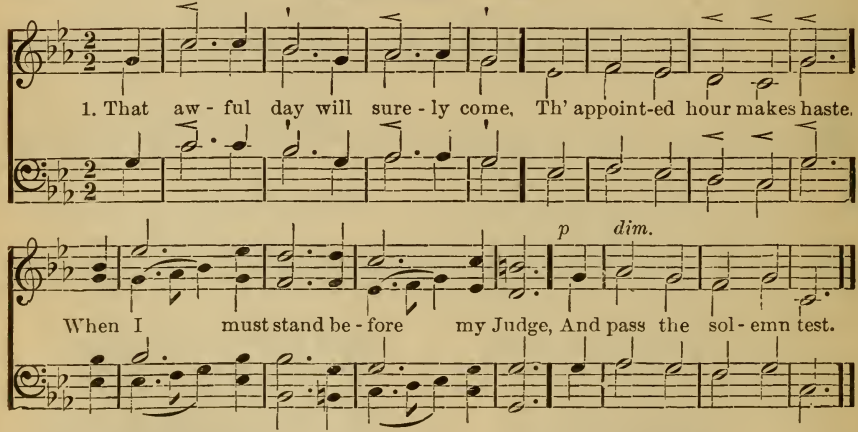
4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O, let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

Charles Wesley.

597 TRIBUNAL. C. M.

German Coll.



2 Jesus, thou Source of all my joys,
Thou Ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

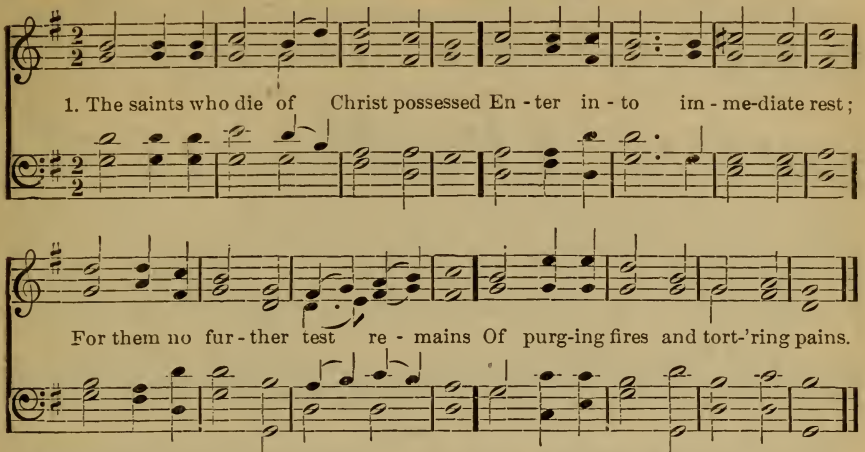
3 What! to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly!

4 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

Isaac Watts.

598 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER.



2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

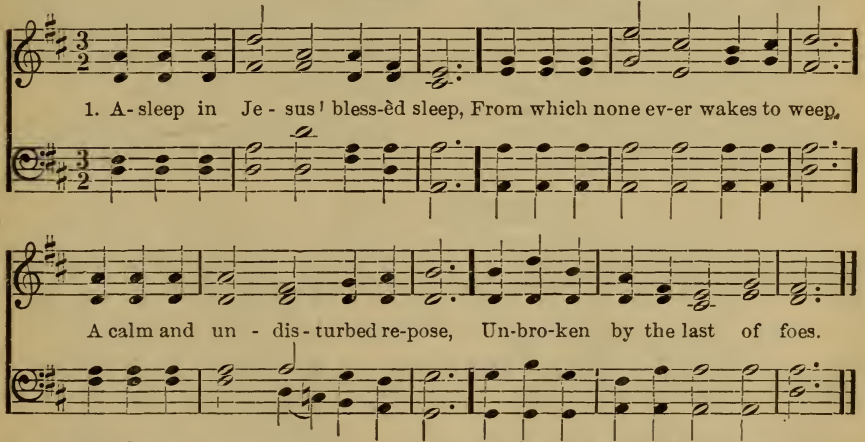
3 Close followed by their works they go,
Their Master's purchased joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
And each hath its distinct reward.

4 Yet glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne;
And fill the ech'ing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

Charles Wesley.

599 REST. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

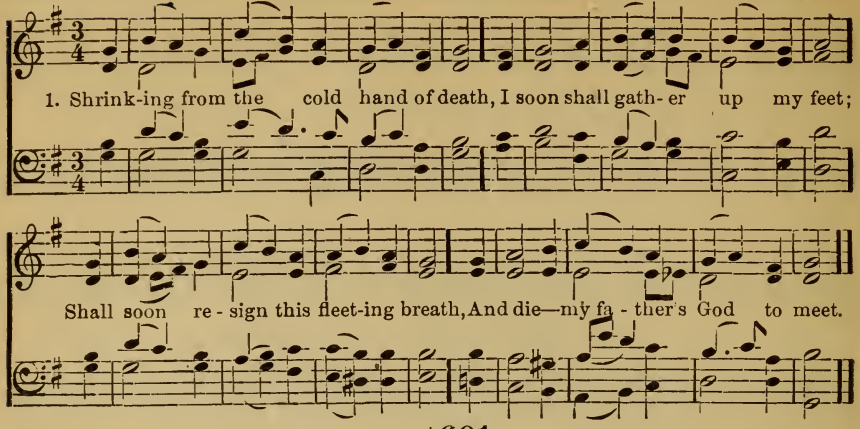
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay.

600 INTERCESSION. L. M.

Arr. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



2 Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a ling'ring groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!

Charles Wesley.

601

L. M.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away·
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

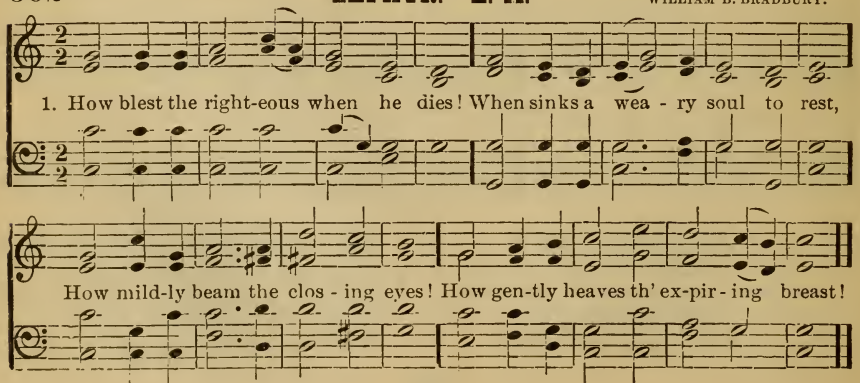
3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying-bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

602 ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



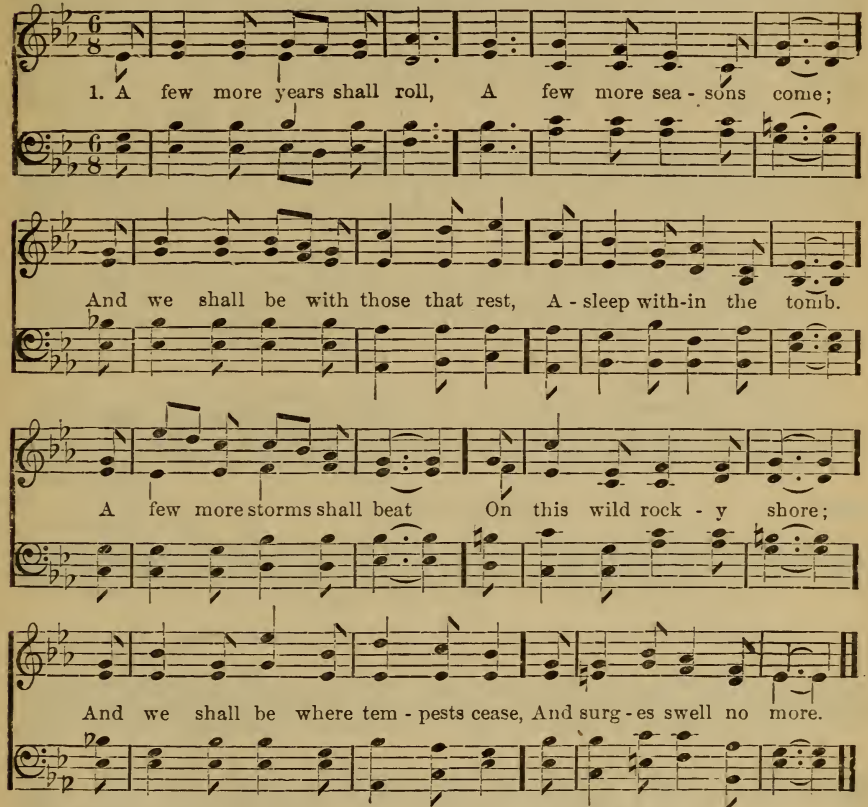
So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Anna Laetitia Barbauld.

603 RAVEN. S. M. D.

UZZIAH C. BURNAP.



2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

Horatius Bonar.

604 S. M.

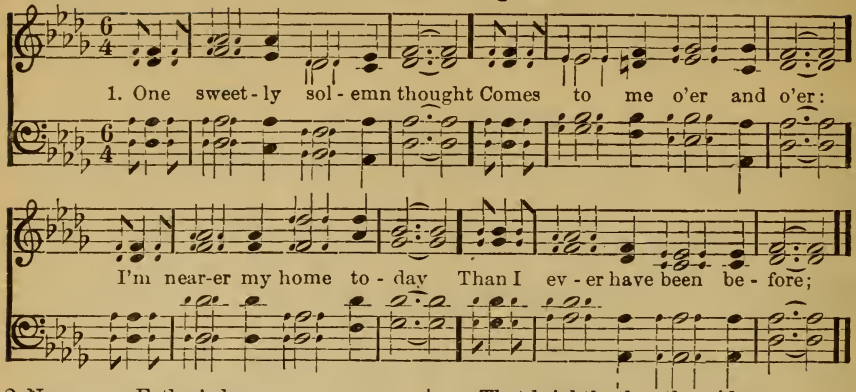
1 O THOU that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear!

2 Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will:
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

605 CARY. 6s. Irregular.

EBEN TOURJÉE.
Ad. by L. FRANKLIN SNOW.



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many | mansions | be; ‖
Nearer the great white throne,
| Nearer the | crystal | sea; ‖

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our | burdens | down; ‖
Nearer leaving the cross,
| Nearer | gaining the | crown. ‖

4 But the waves of that silent sea,
Roll dark be- | fore my | sight, ‖
That brightly the other side
| Break on a | shore of | light. ‖

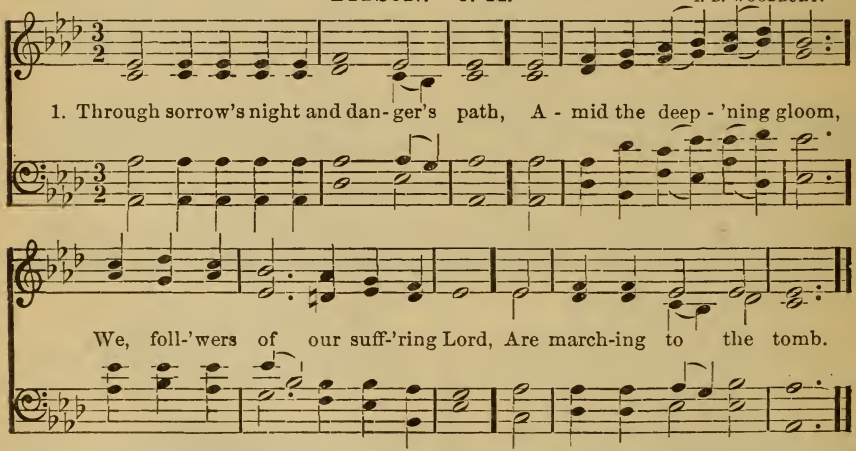
5 O, if my mortal feet
Have almost | gained the | brink, ‖
If it be I am nearer home
| Even to- | day than I | think,— ‖

6 Father! perfect my trust,
Let my spirit | feel in | death ‖
That her feet are firmly set
On the | Rock of a | living | faith. ‖

Phœbe Cary.

606 DITSON. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



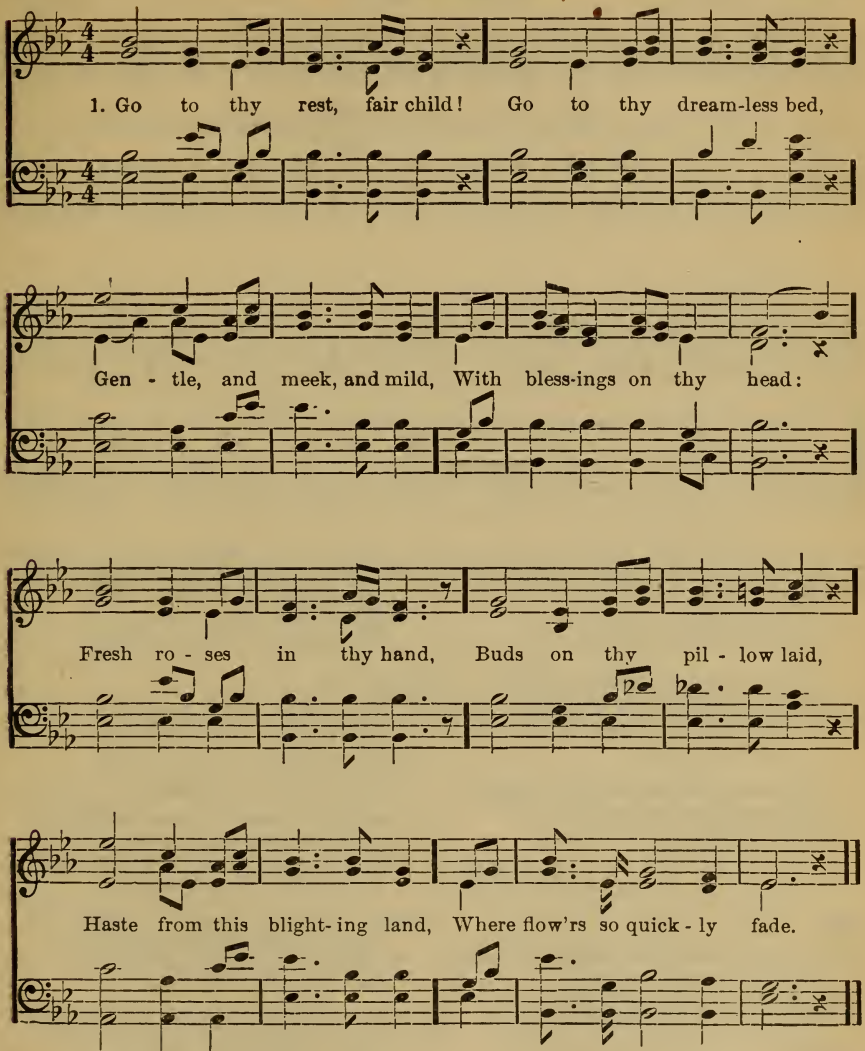
2 Yet not thus hopeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie:
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

3 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the archangel's trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

4 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

Henry Kirke White.

607 **ST. JUDE. 6s. D.** CARL MARIA von WEBER.



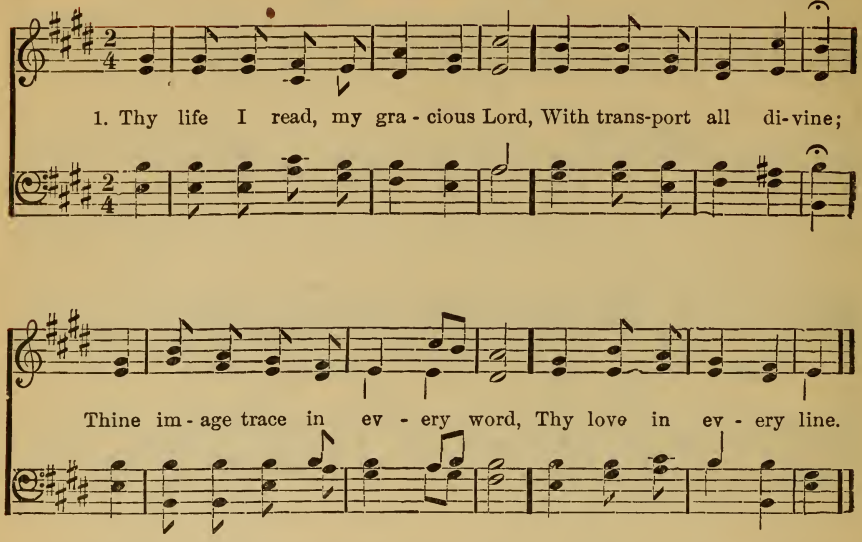
2 Before thy heart could learn
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin could wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear;
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

3 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight;
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

608 FAITHFUL. C. M.

SAMUEL P. TUCKERMAN.



2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love:
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

Samuel Stennett.

609 C. M.

1 When blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast!

3 Let this vain world delude no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
Let every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

Anne Steele.

610 C. M.

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his with'ring, wintry arms
And beauty smiles no more:
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleased our eyes before?

3 That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And withered all our joys.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

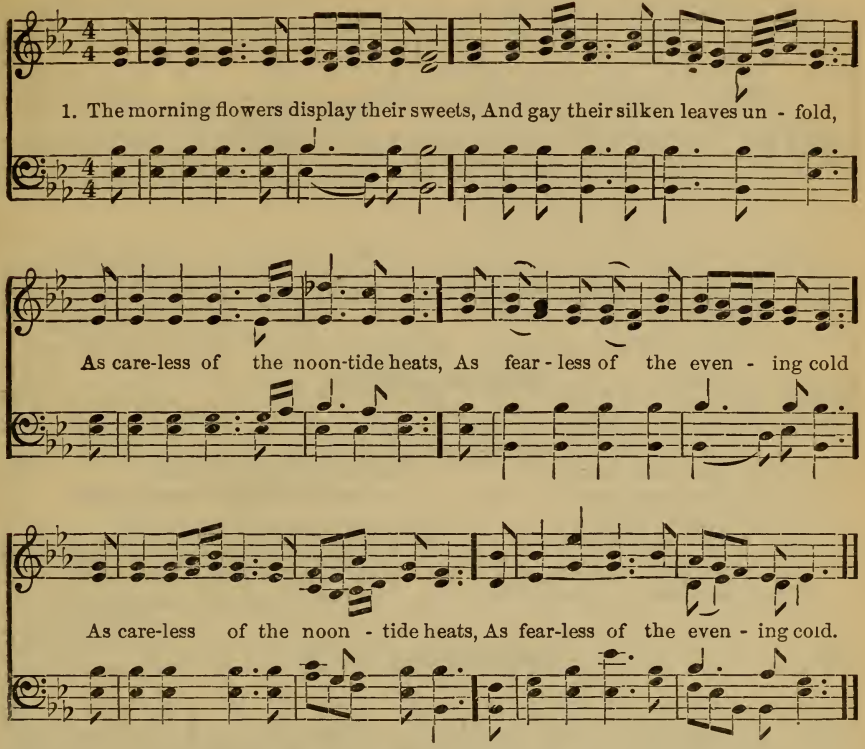
Anne Steele.

Doxology.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

611 SAUL. L. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With luster brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

612 L. M.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

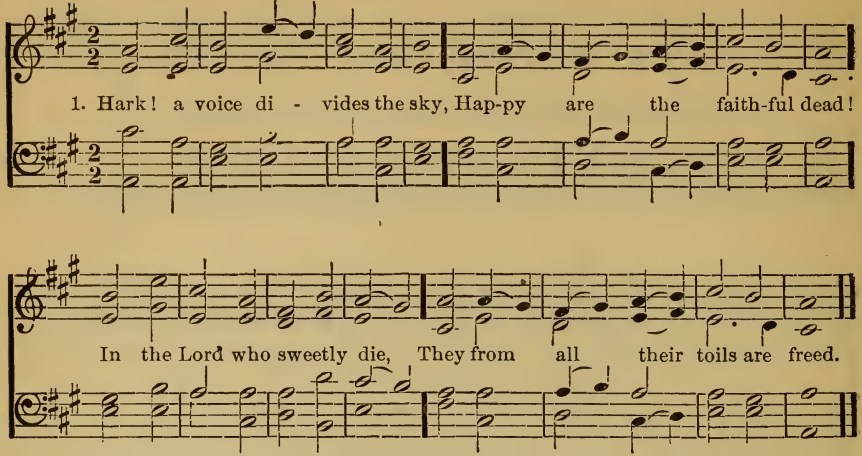
3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son [the bed:
Passed through the grave, and blessed
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts

613 WANSTED. 7s.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

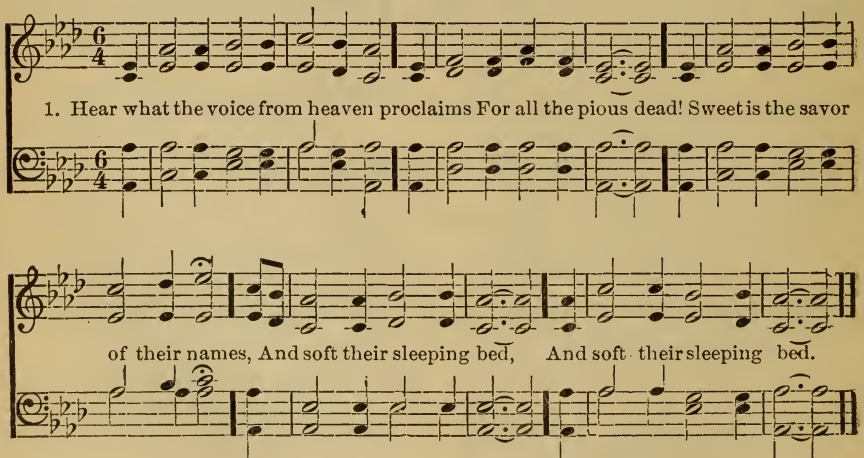
3 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head has gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace had opened Mercy's door.

4 Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

Charles Wesley.

614 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts.

615 TUNE—"ORTONVILLE." C. M.

1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to thy narrow house beneath!
Soul, to thy place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

616 TUNE—"ORTONVILLE." C. M.

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

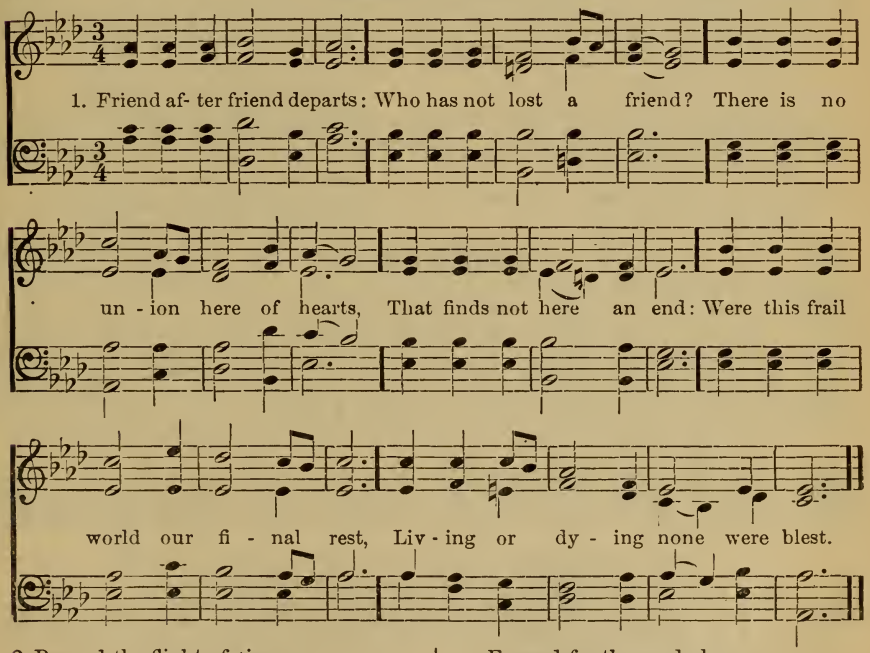
2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They've fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
God has recalled his own;
And let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

William Hiley Bathurst.

617 **LAMENT.** 6s, 8s. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

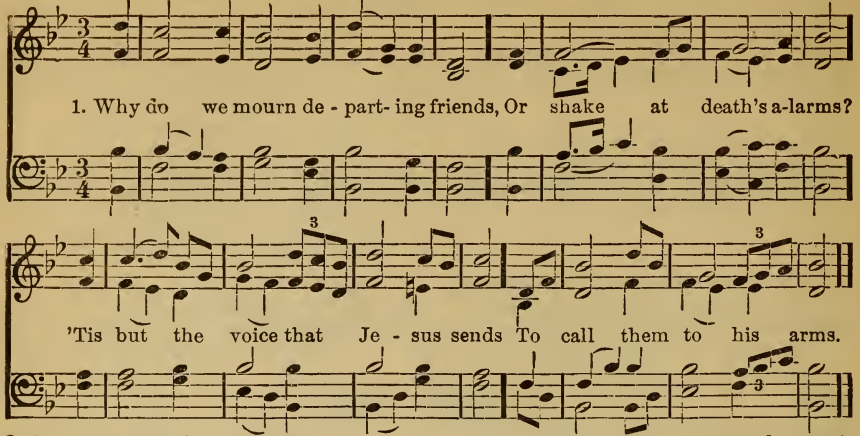
3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery.

618 CHINA. C. M.

TIMOTHY SWAN.



2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

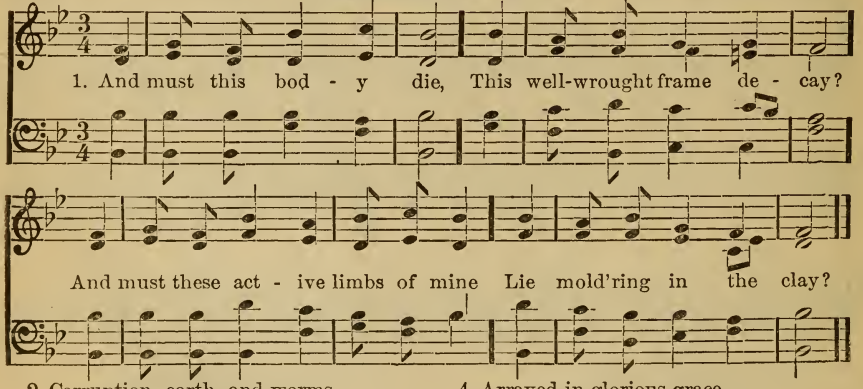
5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

Isaac Watts.

619 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

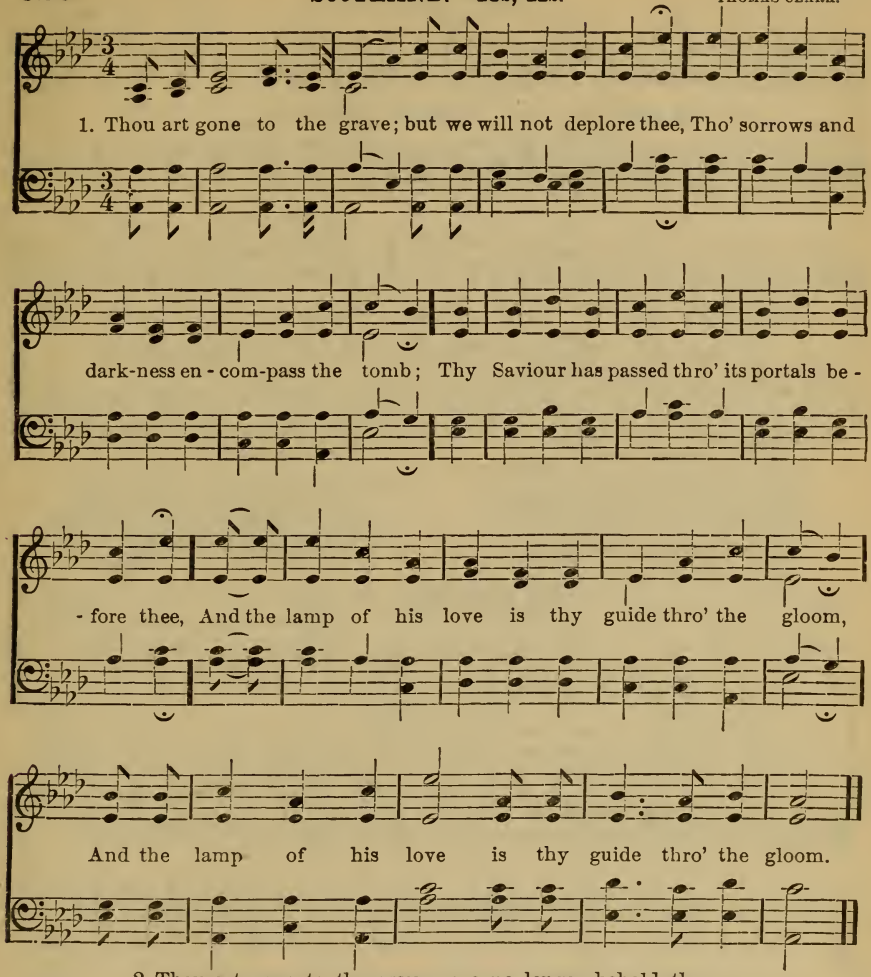
3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

Isaac Watts.

620 **SCOTLAND. 13s, 11s.** THOMAS CLARK.



2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

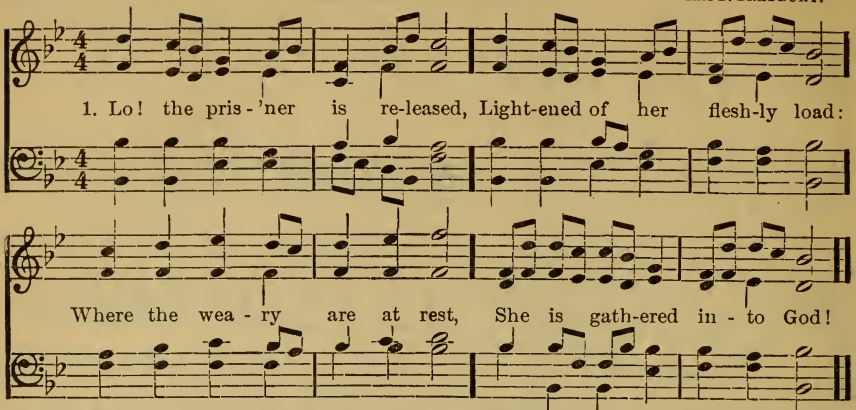
3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansions forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Reginald Heber.

621 FULTON. 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 Lo! the pain of life is past,
All her warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suff'ring are no more.

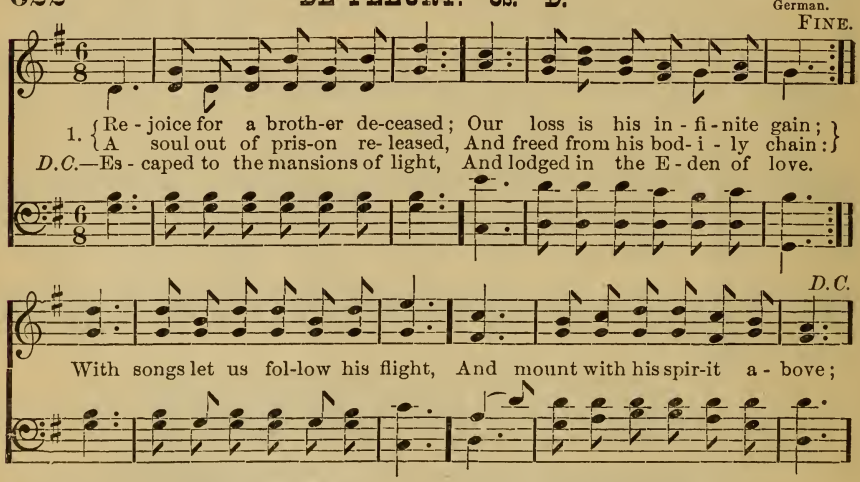
3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!

4 Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds her God, and sits, and sings,
Triumphing in paradise.

Charles Wesley.

622 DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

German.

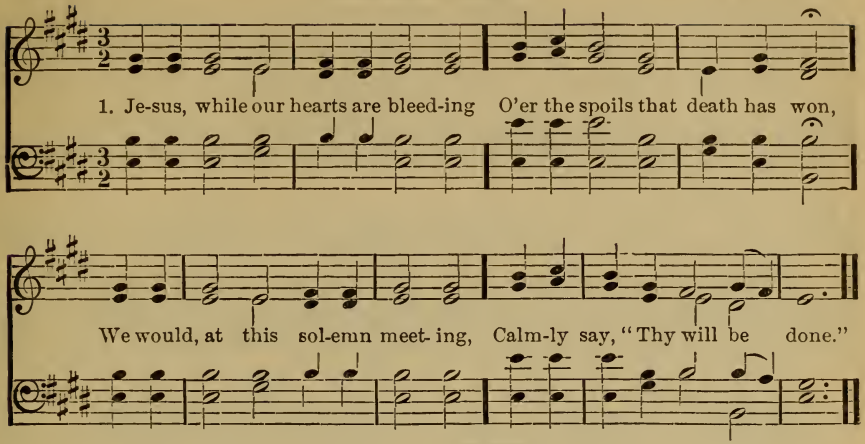


2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend
Forever and ever shall last.

Charles Wesley.

623 **TALMAR. 8s, 7s.** I. B. WOODBURY.



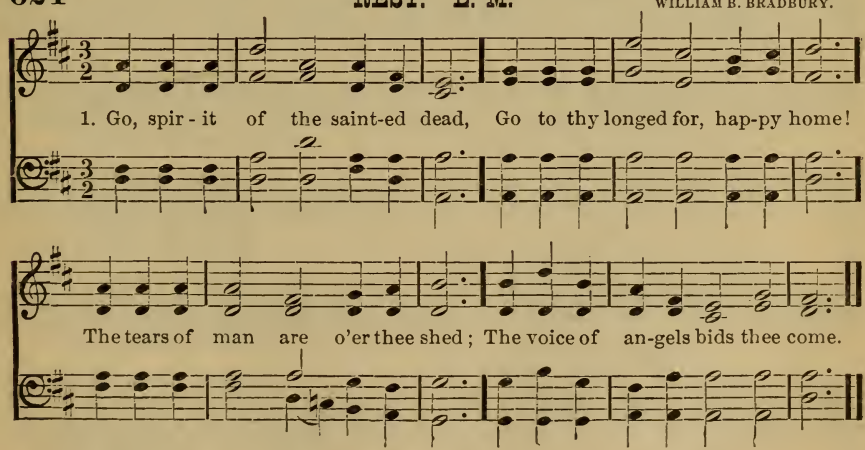
2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessèd Lord, "Thy will be done."

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Thomas Hastings.

624 **REST. L. M.** WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



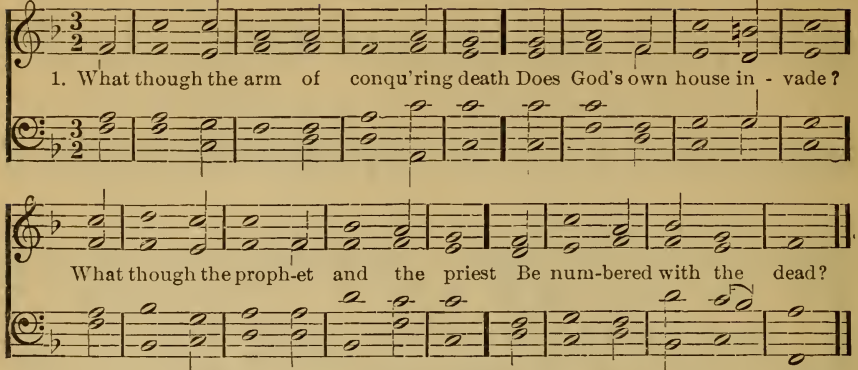
2 If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
But living to the Saviour's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity.

Author Unknown.

625 MEAR. C. M.

Old American Tune.



2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,—
The watchful eye, in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue—

3 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

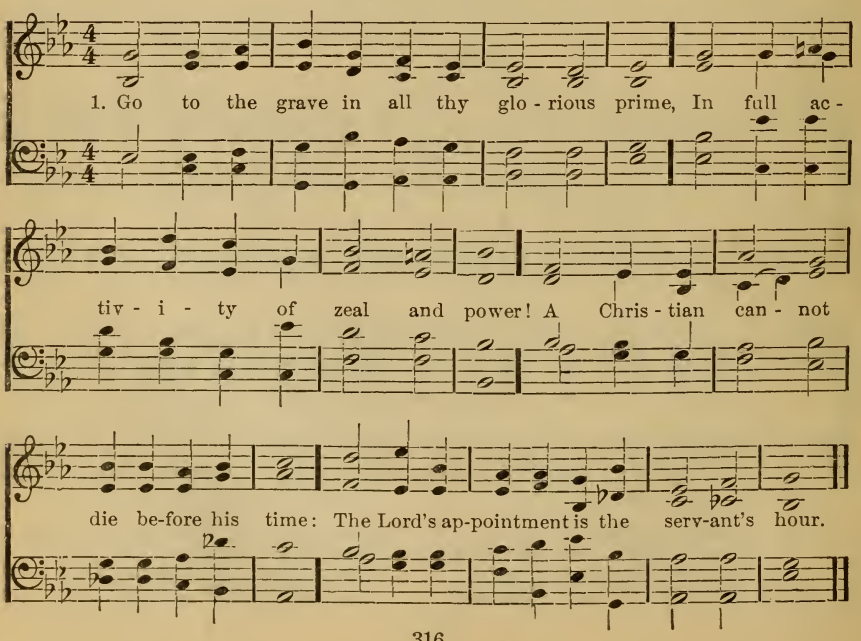
4 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My Church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

Philip Doddridge.

626 VALEDICTORY. 10s.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



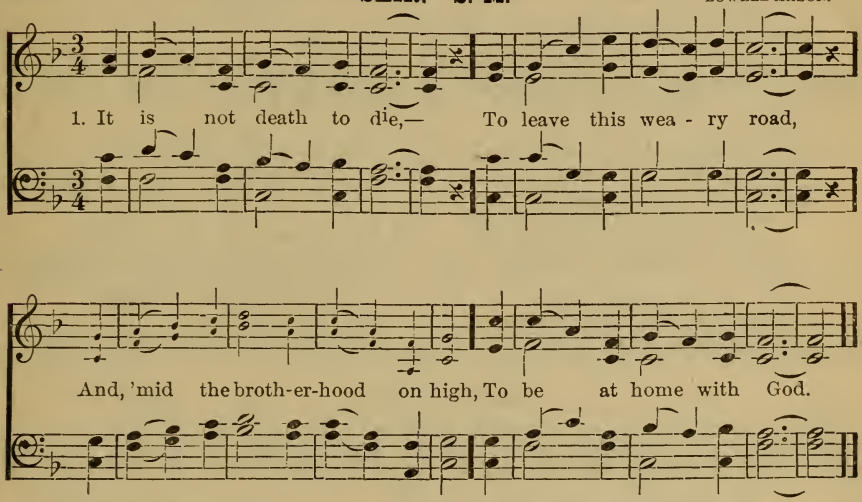
2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest-task is done,
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home: with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave—no! take thy seat above,
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

James Montgomery.

627 **SEIR. S. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

C. H. A. Malan. Tr. by *G. W. Bethune.*

628 S. M.

1 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, waysore feet,
Rest from all labor now.—

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

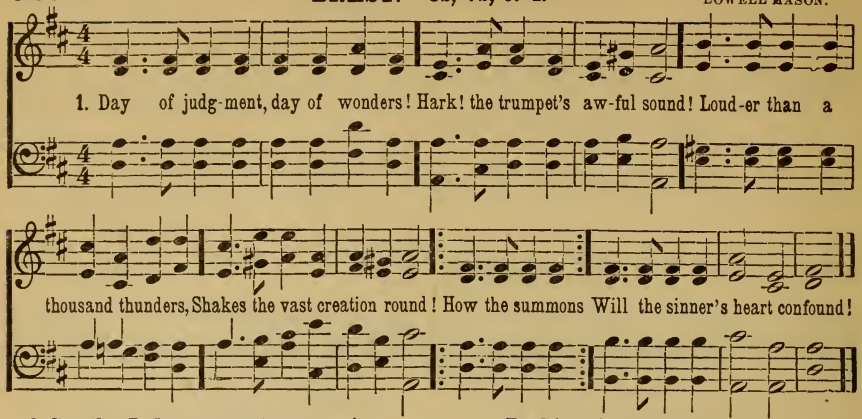
4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here:
'Twill then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower!

Horatius Bonar.

629 BREST. 8s, 7s, & 4.

LOWELL MASON.



2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

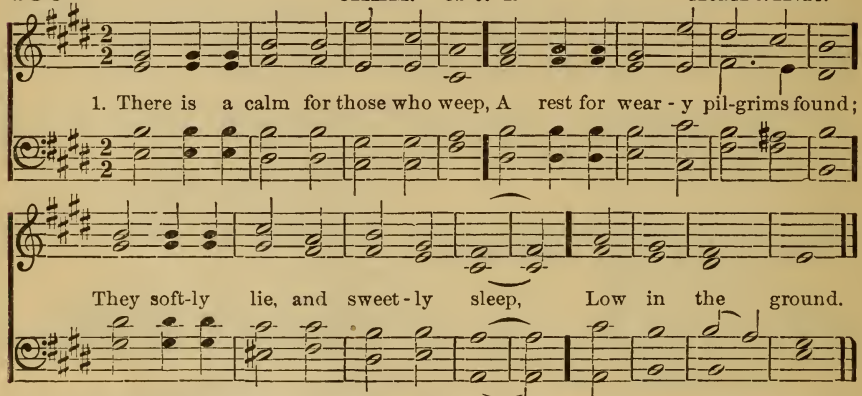
3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his voice, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton.

630 CALM. 8s & 4.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.



2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 I soon shall lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil;
And slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

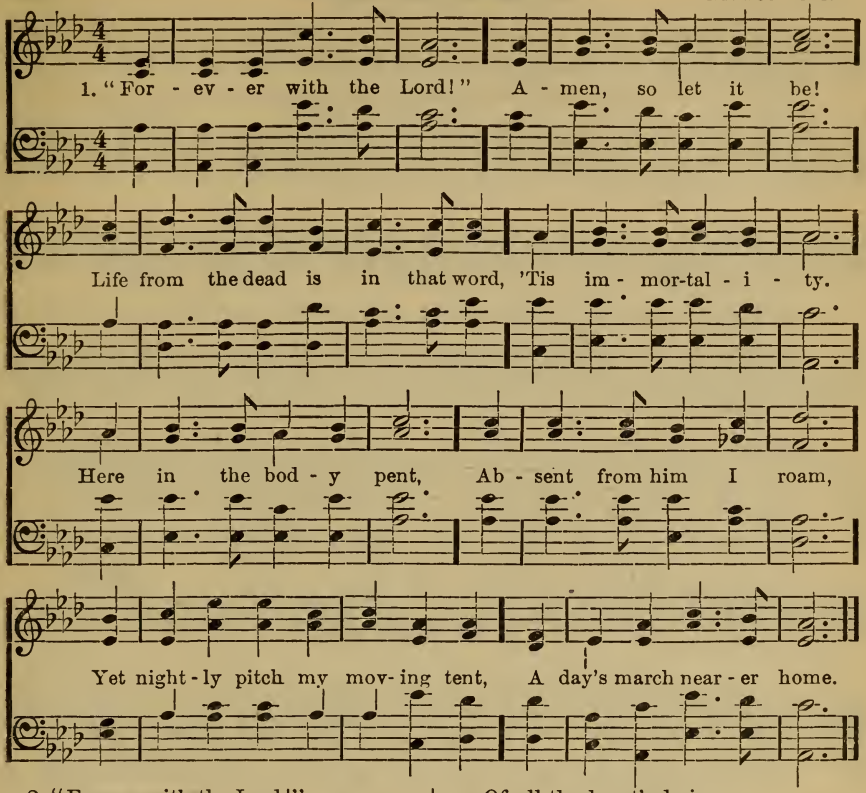
4 There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
And while the mold'ring ashes sleep,
Low in the ground,—

5 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

James Montgomery.

631 WOODBURY. S. M. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.
So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

3 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"
"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

James Montgomery.

632 S. M. D.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won
And thou art crowned at last;
Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

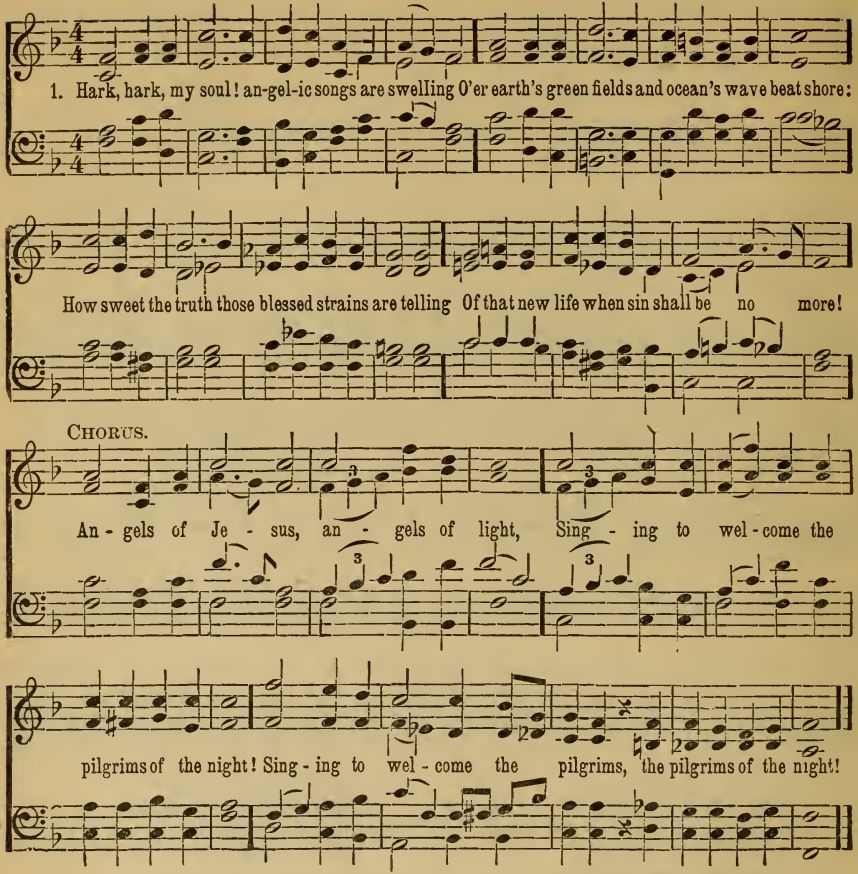
2 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.
With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

3 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.
Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

Charles Wesley.

633 ANGEL'S SONG. 11s, 10s.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

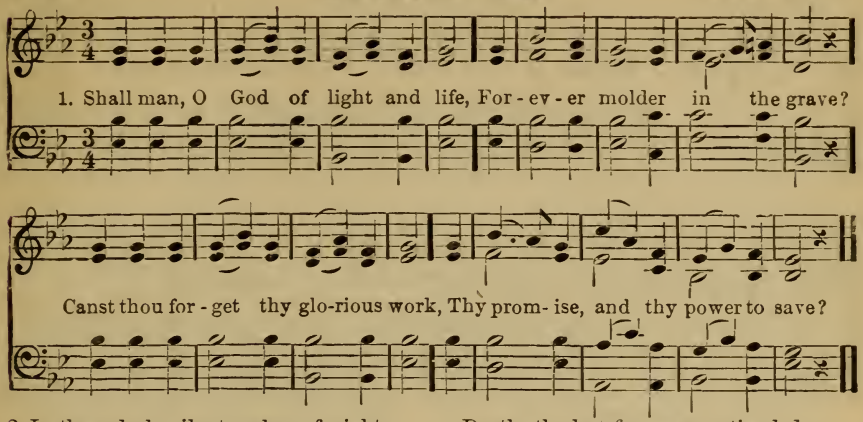
4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Frederick William Faber.

634 ROSEDALE. L. M.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



2 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
No day-star gild the darksome skies?

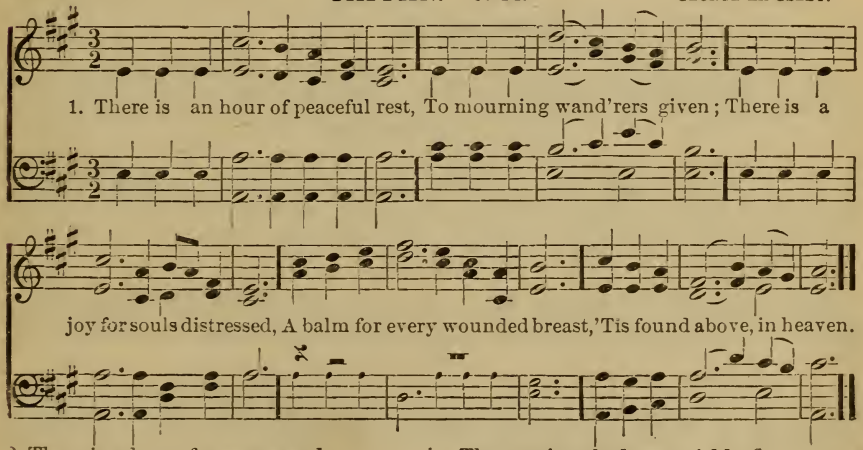
3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

Timothy Dwight.

635 TAPPAN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

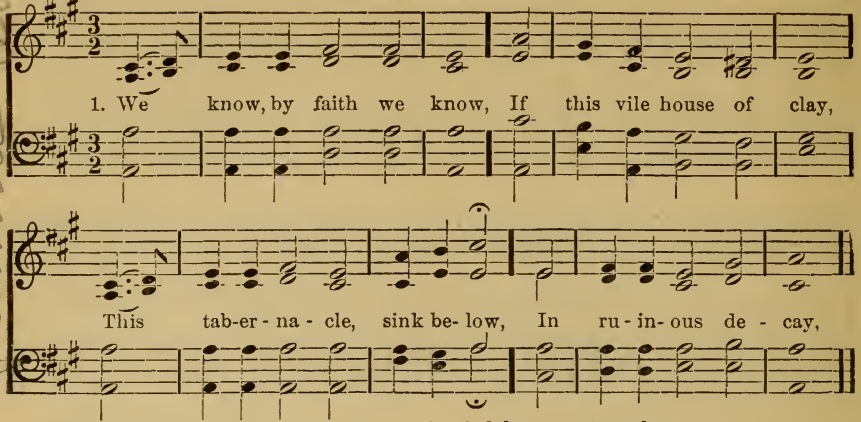
3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William Bingham Tappan.

636 HAVERHILL. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

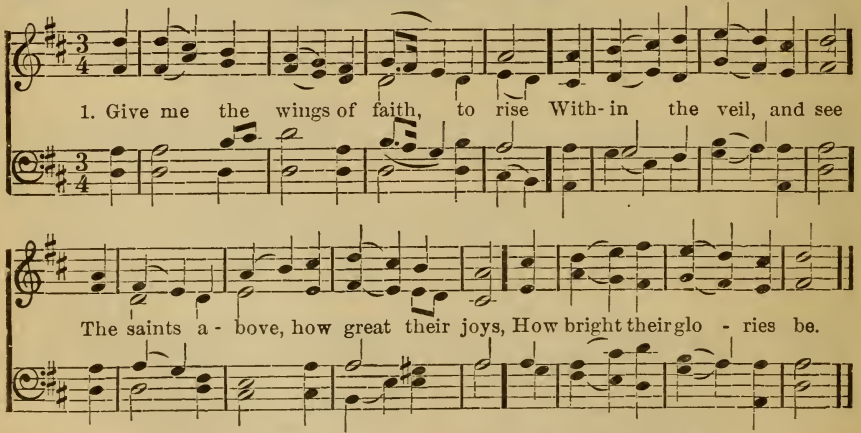
4 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness!
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

5 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven!

Charles Wesley.

637 COLCHESTER. C. M.

HENRY PURCELL.



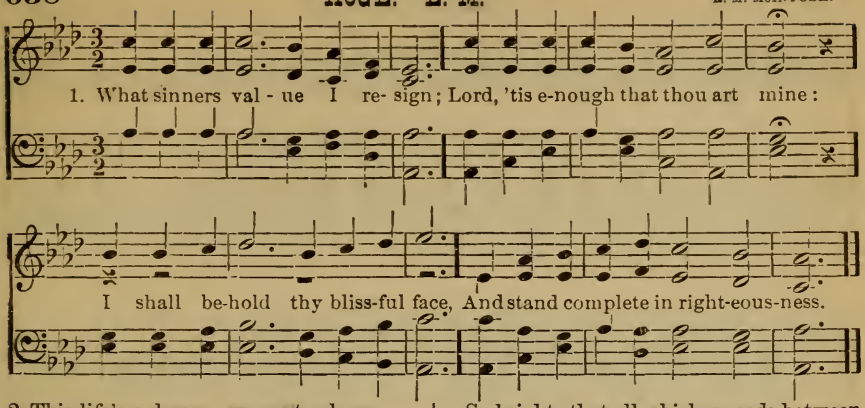
2 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

3 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

638 **HOGE. L. M.** R. M. McINTOSH.



2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like, my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Isaac Watts.

639 L. M.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

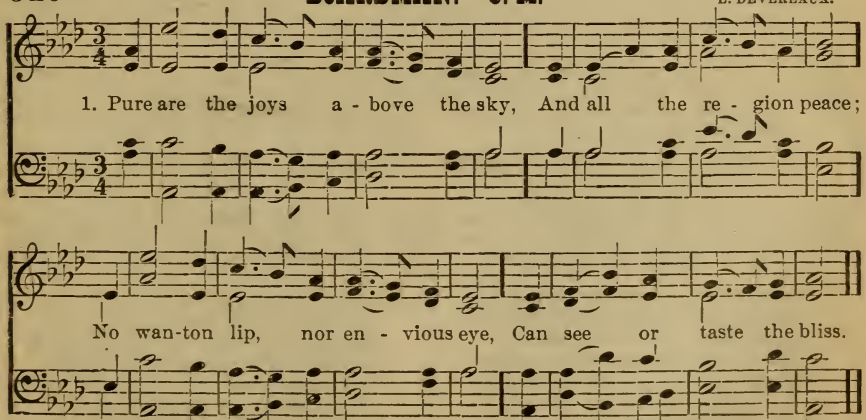
2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With var'ing hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wand'rer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

Gurdon Robins.

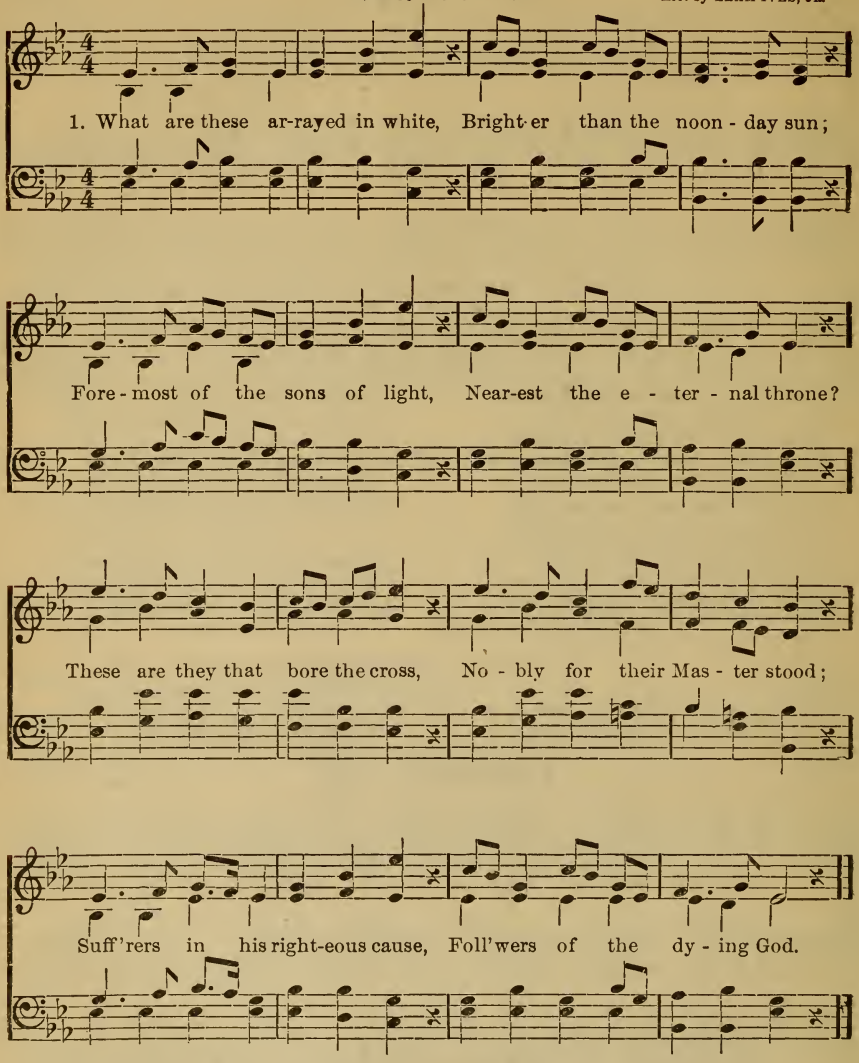
640 **BOARDMAN. C. M.** L. DEVEREAUX.



2 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

641. **IVES. 7s. D.** Arr. by ELAM IVES, Jr.



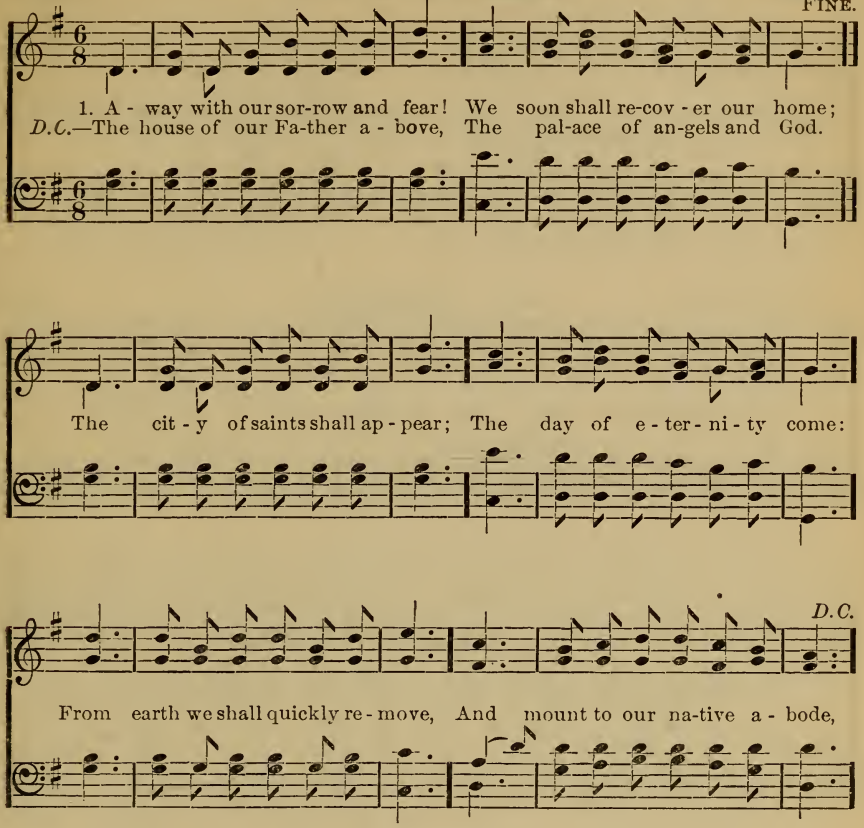
2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er,
They have all their suff'rings passed,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

642 DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

German.



2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil, is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

Charles Wesley.

643

8s. D.

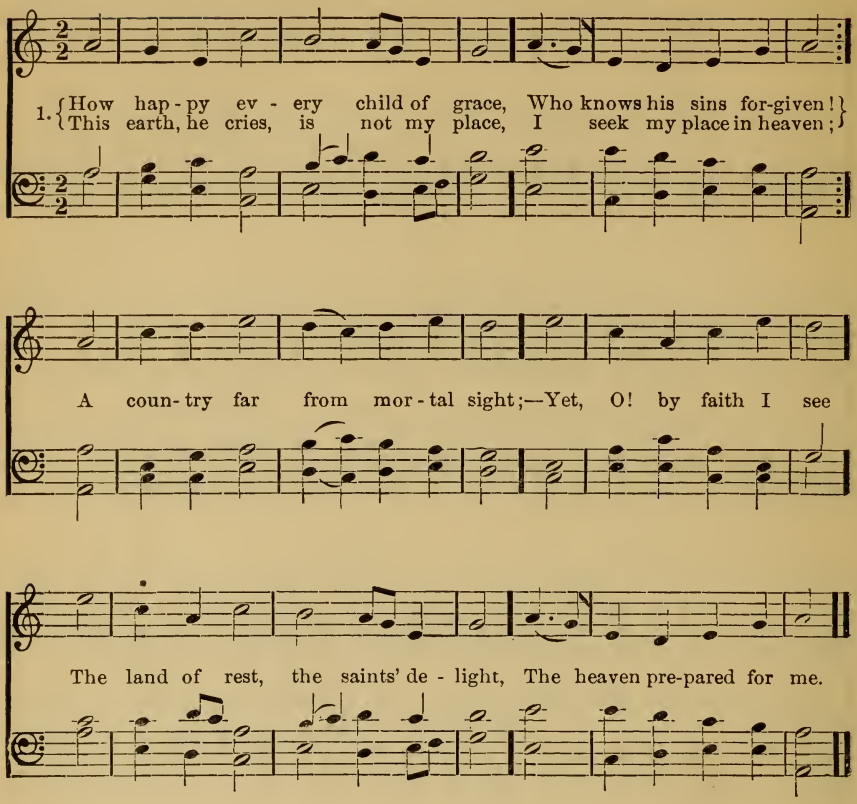
1 I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fullness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

Charles Wesley.

644 SOLEMNITY. C. M. D.

E. J. KING.



2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

Charles Wesley.

645 C. M. D.

1 O WHAT a blessèd hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled;—

2 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout, and wonder at his grace,
To all eternity!

Charles Wesley.

646 TUNE—"SOLEMNITY." C. M. D.

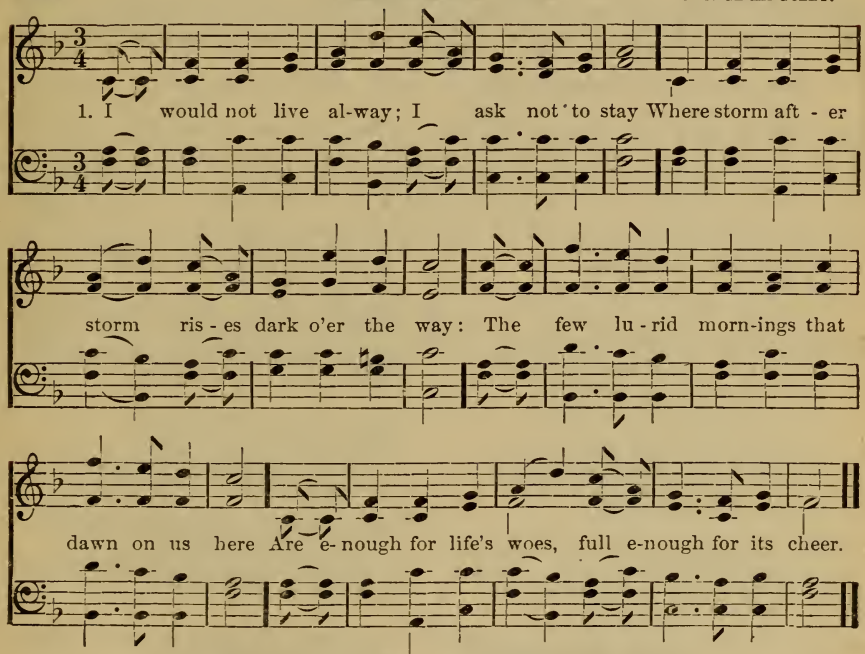
1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop or die:
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer out my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t'appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

647 **FREDERICK.** 11s. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 I would not live alway: no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

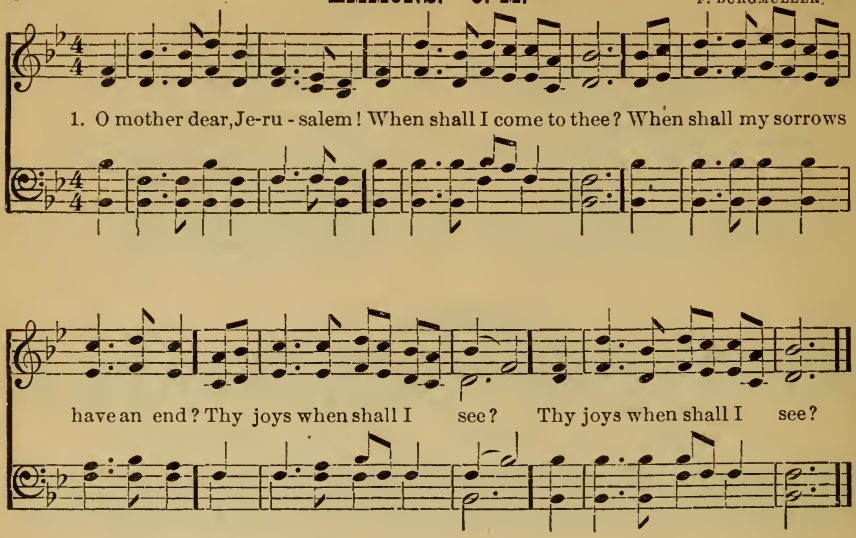
3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;—

4 Where th' saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

William Augustus Muhlenberg.

648 EMMONS. C. M.

F. BURGMULLER.



2 O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
Thy gates are all of orient pearl:
O God, if I were there!

5 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

6 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

7 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Francis Baker. Alt. by *David Dickson.*

649 C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

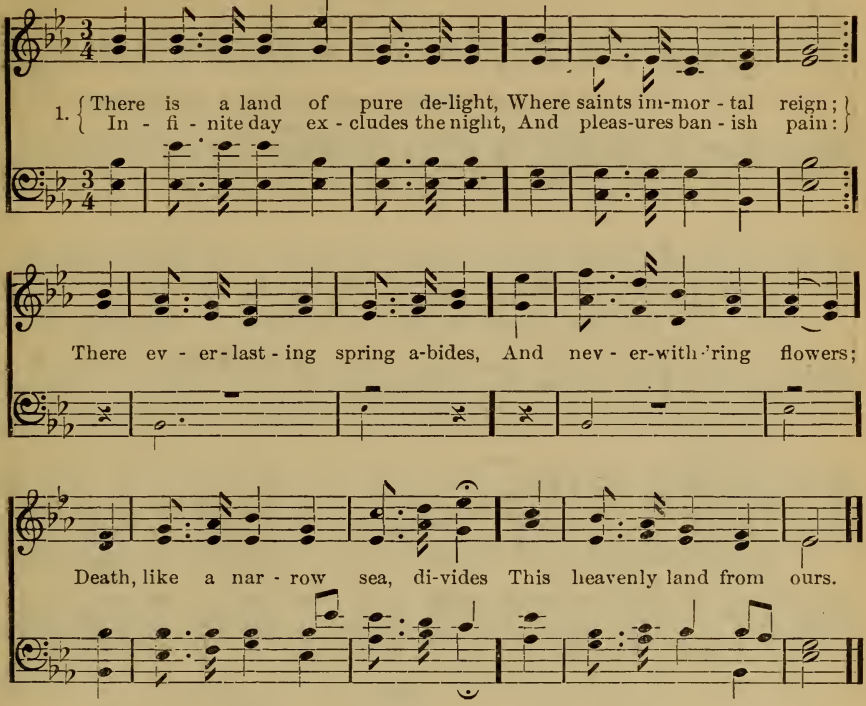
6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Francis Baker. Alt. by *James Boden.*

650 VARINA. C. M. D.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

651

C. M.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow: [vales,
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

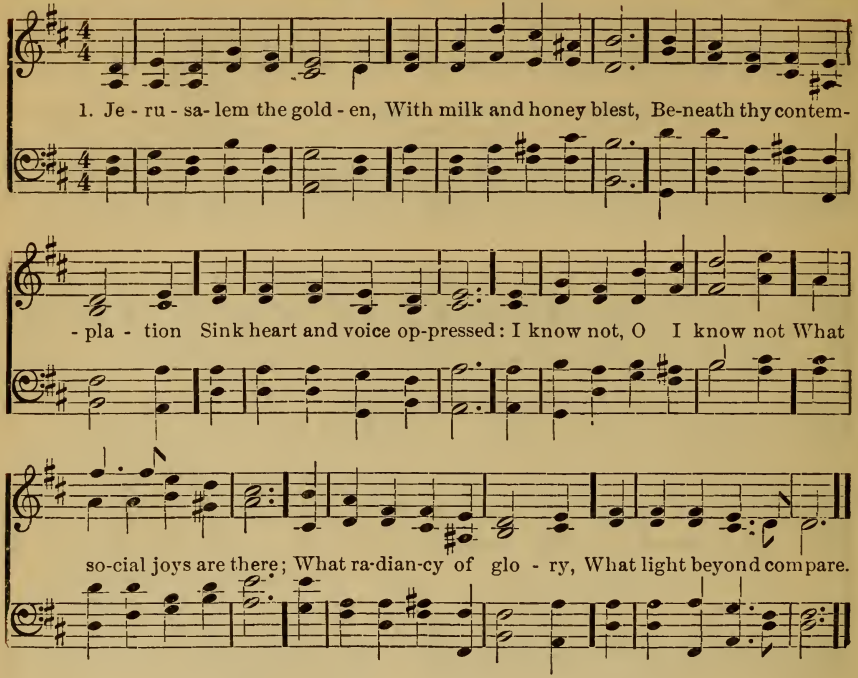
Samuel Stennett.

Doxology.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored;
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

652 EWING. 7s, 6s. D.

ALEXANDER EWING.



2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by *J. M. Neale.*

653

7s, 6s. D.

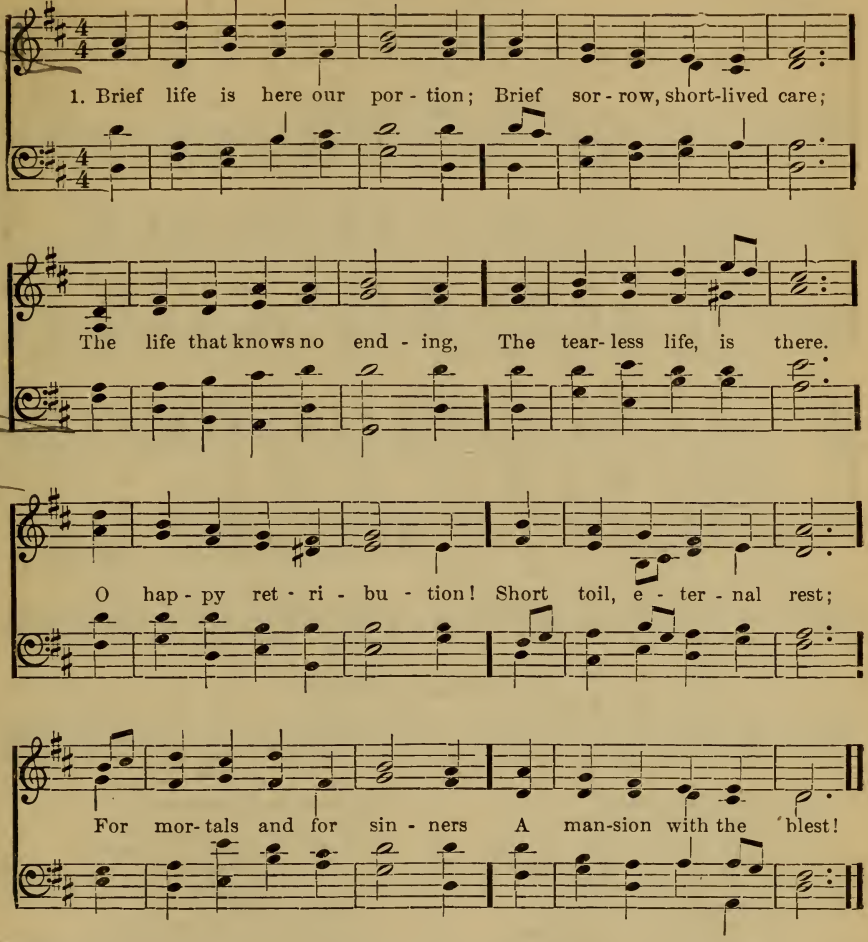
1 THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal never more.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message,
To souls that watch and wait:
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessèd in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

Thomas MacKellar.

654 **PEARSALL.** 7s, 6s. D. From the German.



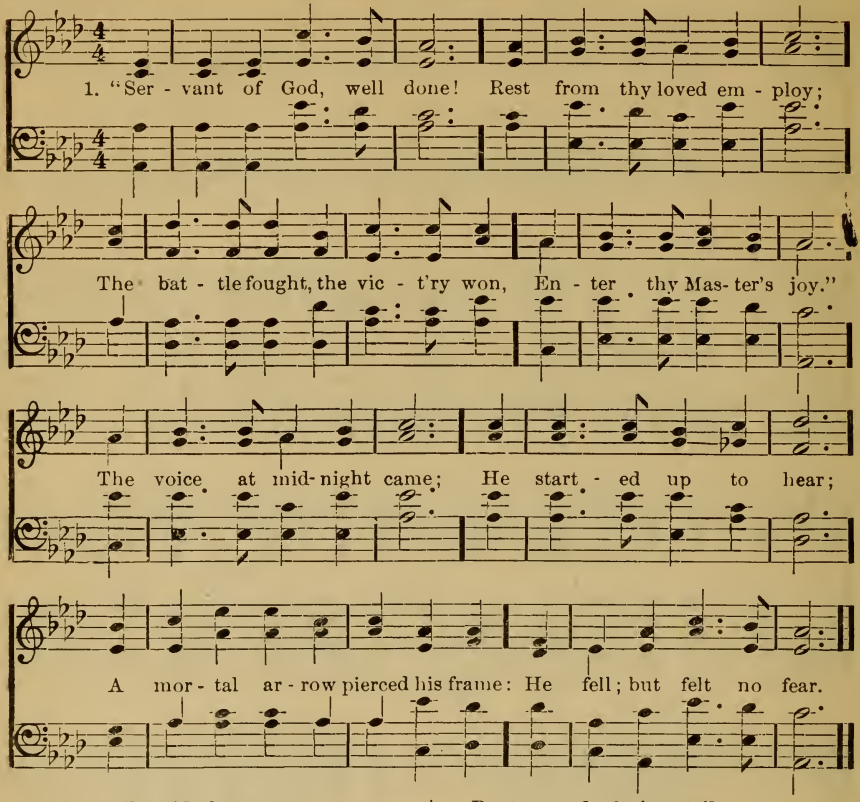
2 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by *J. M. Neale*

655 **WOODBURY. S. M. D.** I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran, slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock an steel to smite.

3 It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
'Twas death to sin—'twas life
To all who mourned for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

4 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

5 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumb'ring clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

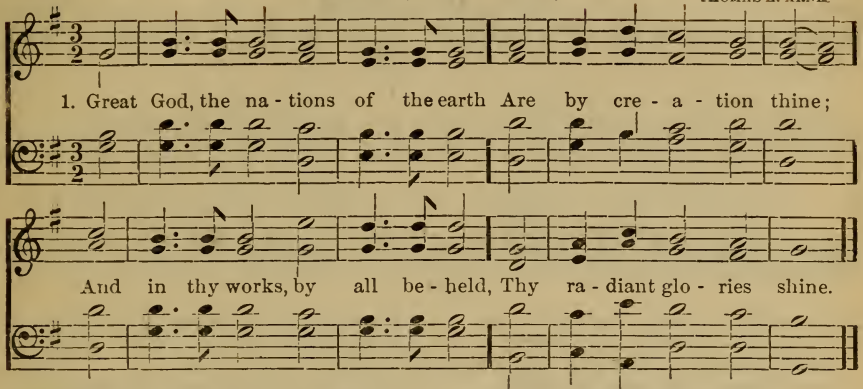
James Montgomery.

SECTION IX.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

1. MISSIONS.

656 **ARLINGTON. C. M.** THOMAS A. ARNE.



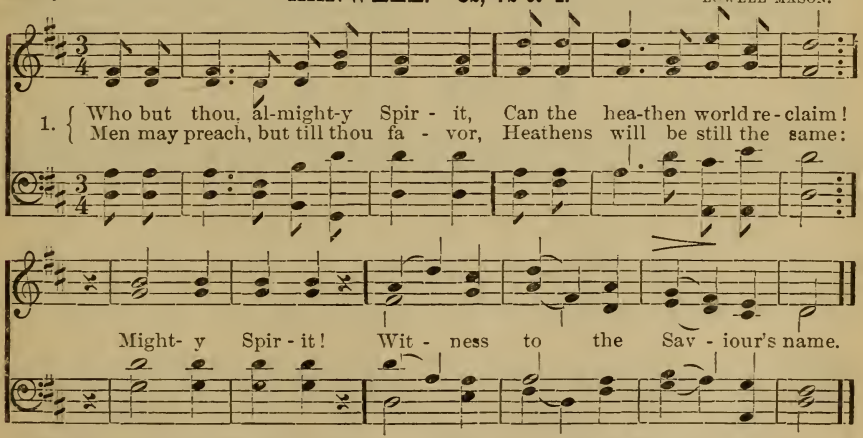
2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

Thomas Gibbons.

657 **HANWELL. 8s, 7s & 4.** LOWELL MASON.



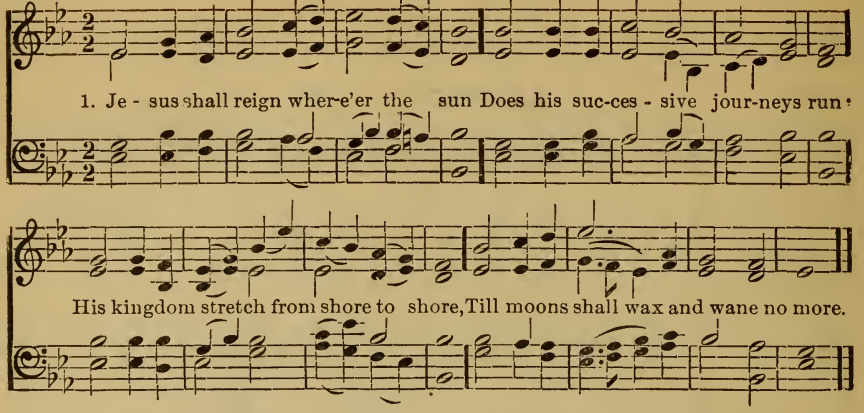
2 Thou hast promised by thy prophets
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise;
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors
Must be vain without thine aid:
But thou wilt not disappoint us,
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thine influence shed.

Author Unknown.

658 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON



2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

Isaac Watts.

659 L. M.

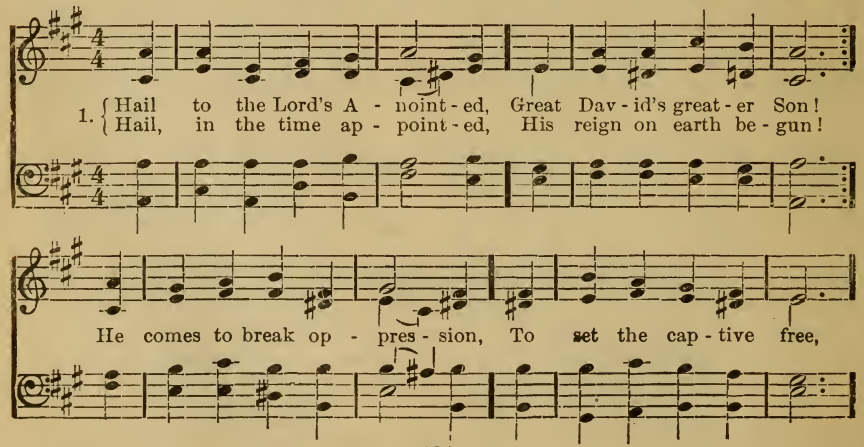
1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

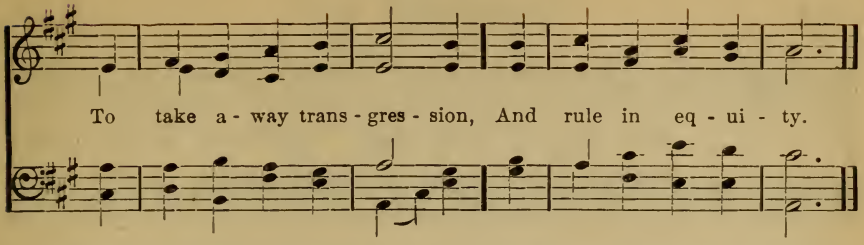
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

660 ST. JAMES. 7s, 6s. D.

Lindeman's Koral Bok.



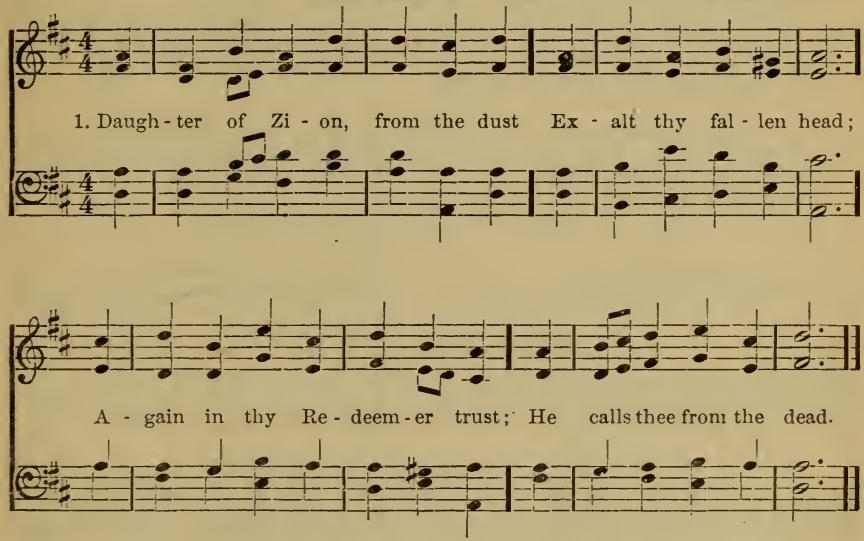


2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

James Montgomery.

661 **ST. ANN'S. C. M.** WILLIAM CROFT.



2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And, "Keep not back, O north."

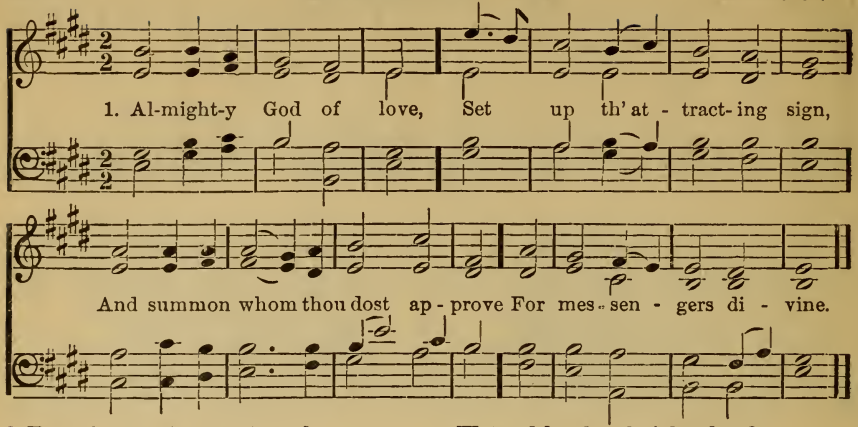
4 They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery.

662 MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



2 From favored Abrah'm's seed
The new apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.

3 O send thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home!
From East, and West, and South, and North,
Let all the wand'rers come:

4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfilled,
The family complete!

Charles Wesley.

663

S. M.

1 LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow.

2 The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race,
Who to thy glory live.

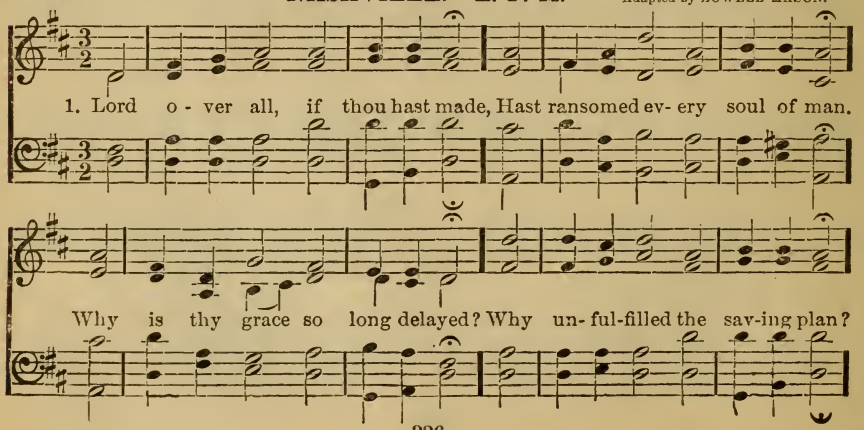
3 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.

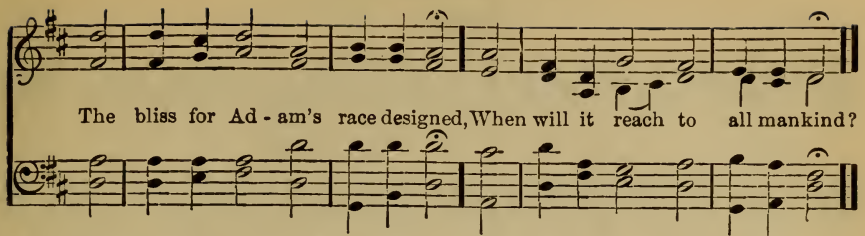
4 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

Charles Wesley.

664 NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

Adapted by LOWELL MASON.

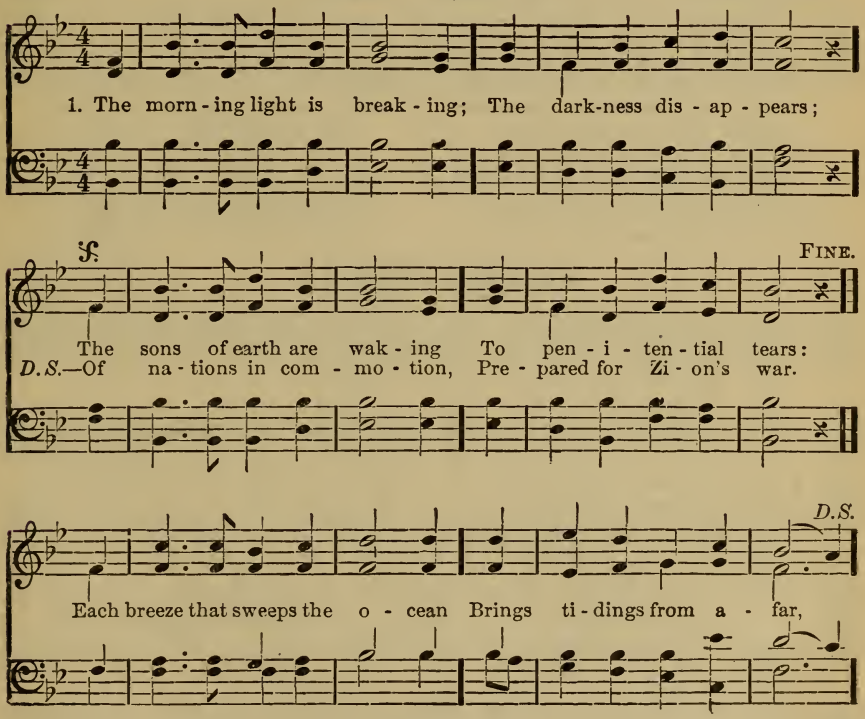




2 As lightning launched from east to west,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel-hosts confessed,
Bow every soul and every knee:
Thy glory let all flesh behold!
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

Charles Wesley.

665 **WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.** GEORGE J. WEBB.



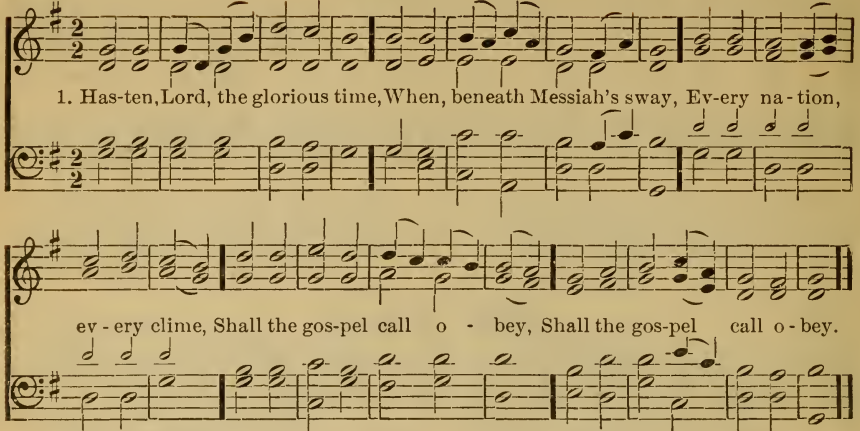
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel Francis Smith.

666 HENDON. 7s.

H. A. C. MALAN.



2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

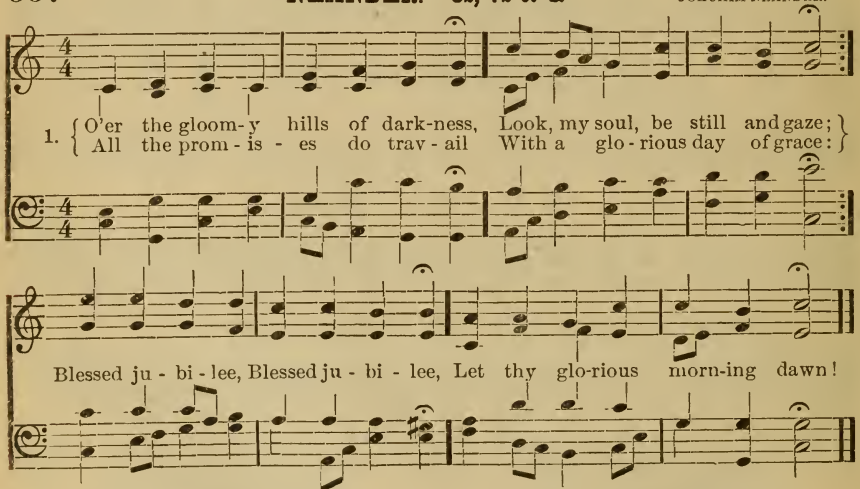
3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

667 NEANDER. 8s, 7s & 4.

JOACHIM NEANDER.



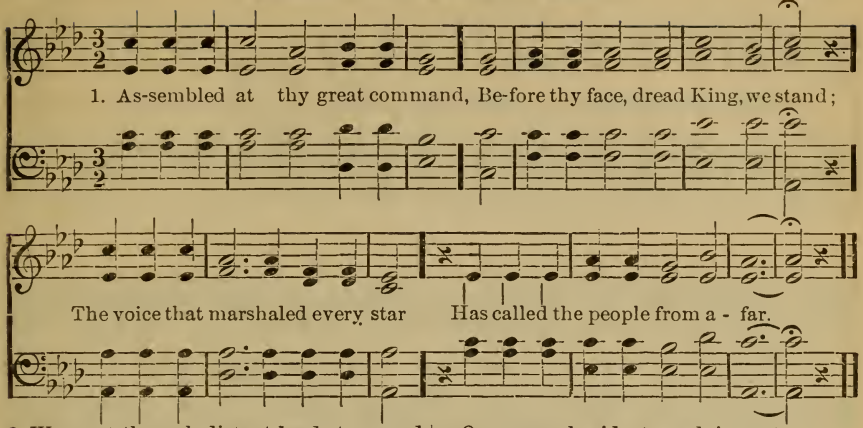
2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

William Williams.

668 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.



2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

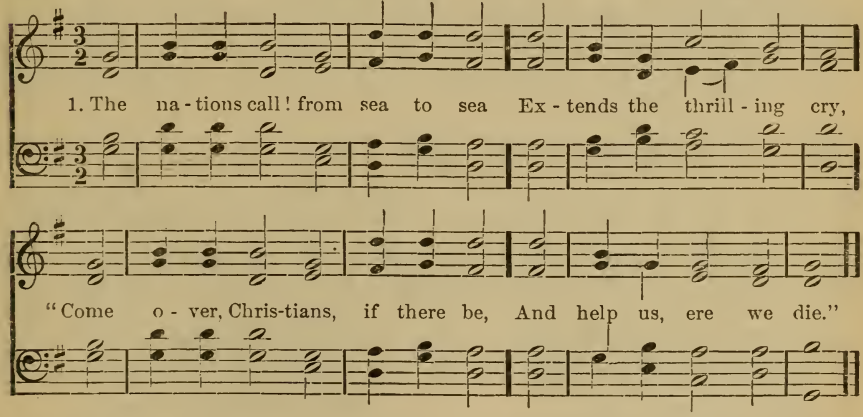
3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wand'ring spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

William Bengo Collyer.

669 MARLOW. C. M.

From JOHN CHETHAM.



2 Our hearts, O Lord, the summons feel;
Let hand with heart combine,
And answer to the world's appeal
By giving "that is thine."

3 Say to thy gifted servants, "Speed!
Behold the world your field:"
Say to the gold, "The Lord hath need,"
Till hoarded treasures yield.

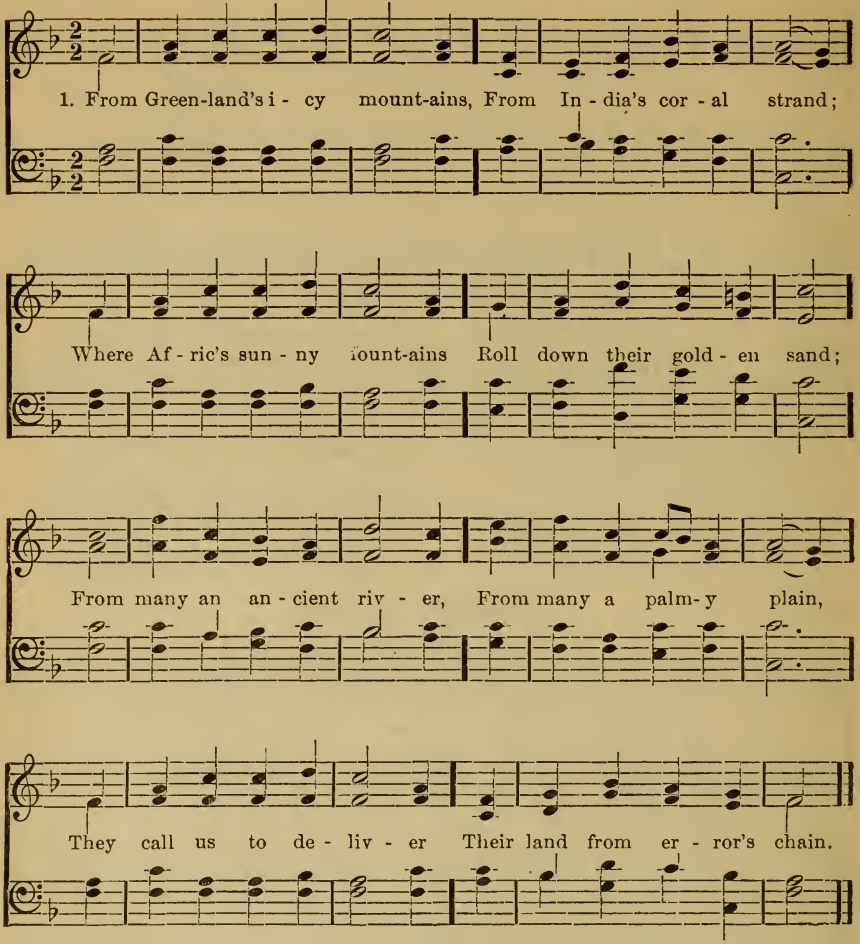
4 Say to the slumb'ring soul, "Awake!
Ere wanes thy noon away;
Lo! soon I come th' account to take,
Ye stewards of a day."

5 Saviour, forgive; ashamed we lie;
Thy gracious will we know:
Behold, while we delay, they die!
Bid, bid us send, or go.

Anne Gilbert.

670 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



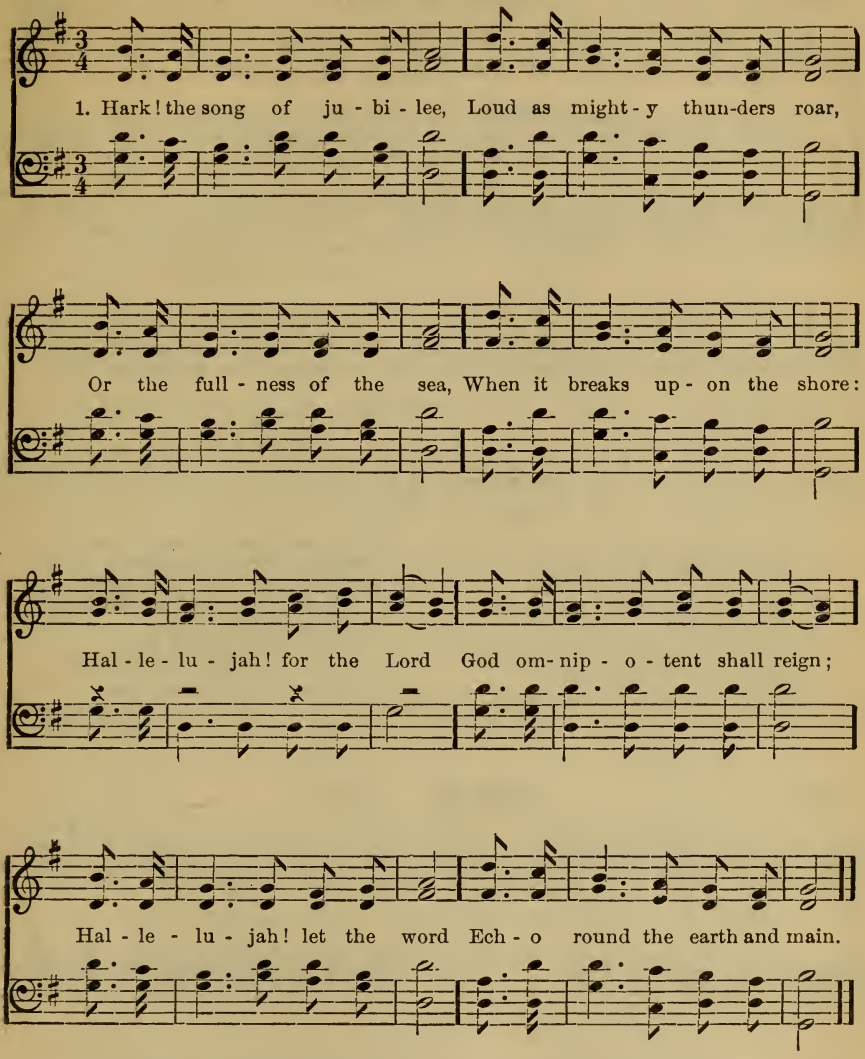
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber.

671 **ENNIUS. 7s. D.** L. C. EVERETT.



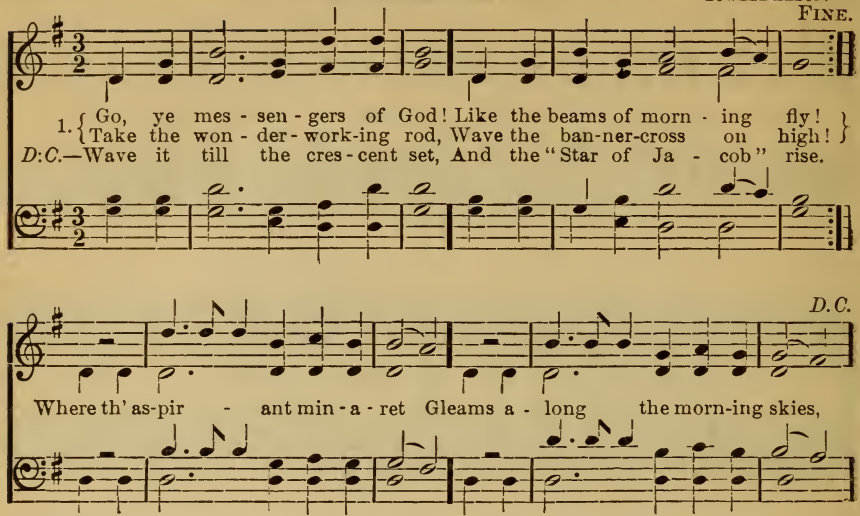
2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound
From the depths unto the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks: 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!
Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is ALL IN ALL.

James Montgomery.

672 ELTHAM. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



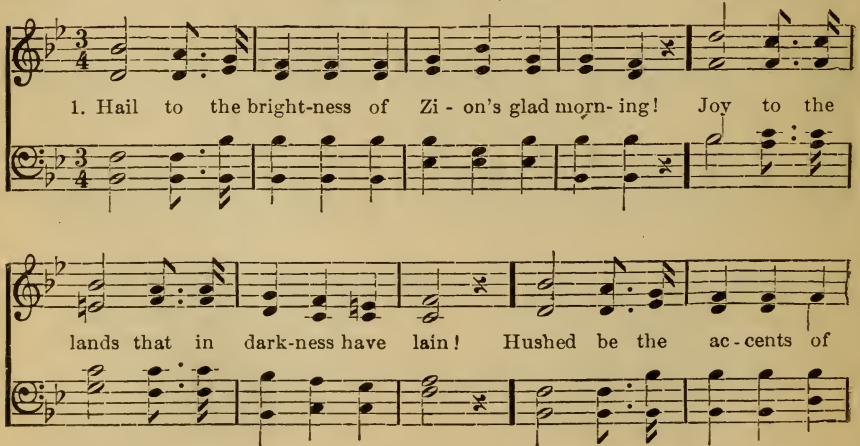
2 Go! to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile
And th' oppressed forever weep!
O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven!

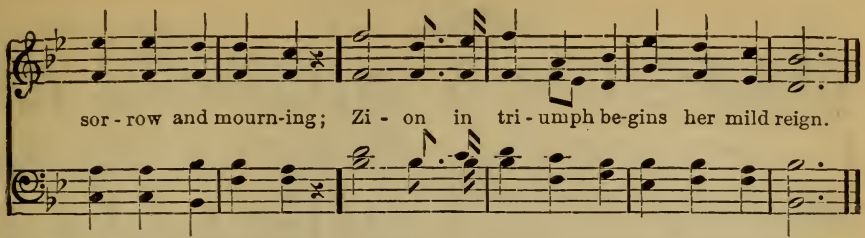
3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast:
Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all—
Jesus' love is full and free.

Joshua Marsden.

673 WESLEY. 11s, 10s.

LOWELL MASON.





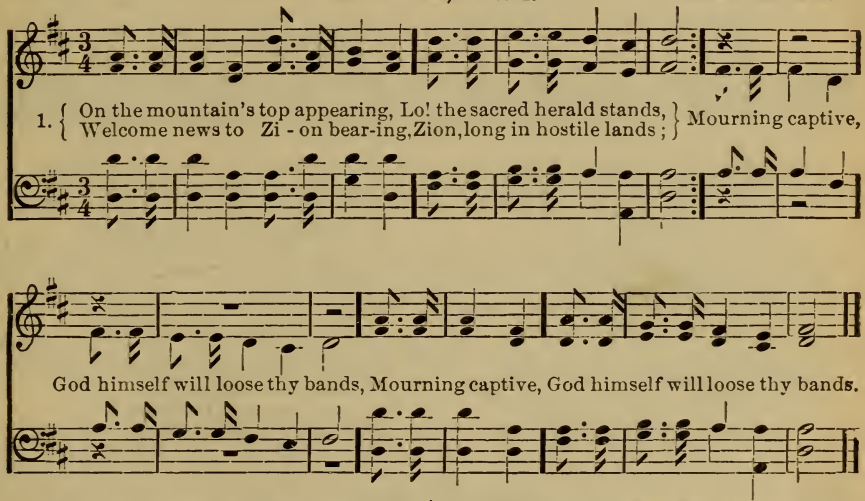
2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings.

674 **ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.** THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

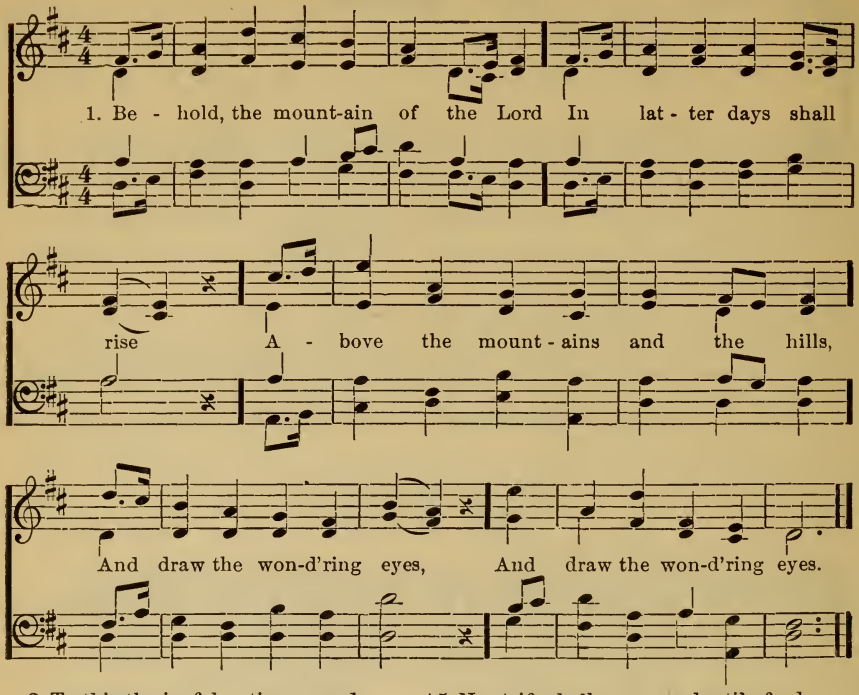
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly.

675 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house, we'll go."

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His scepter shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

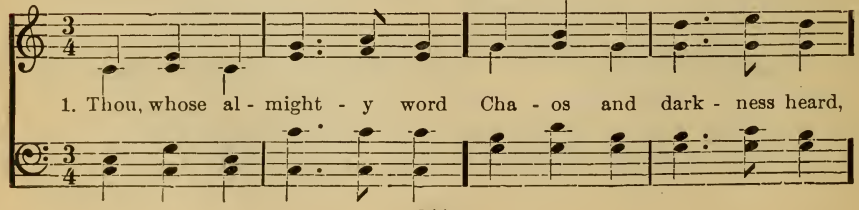
6 No longer hosts, encount'ring hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

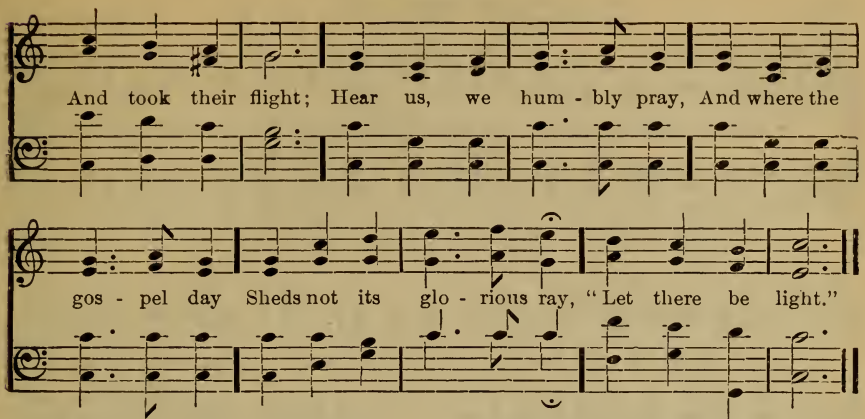
7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Michael Bruce.

676 DORT. 6s, 4.

LOWELL MASON.





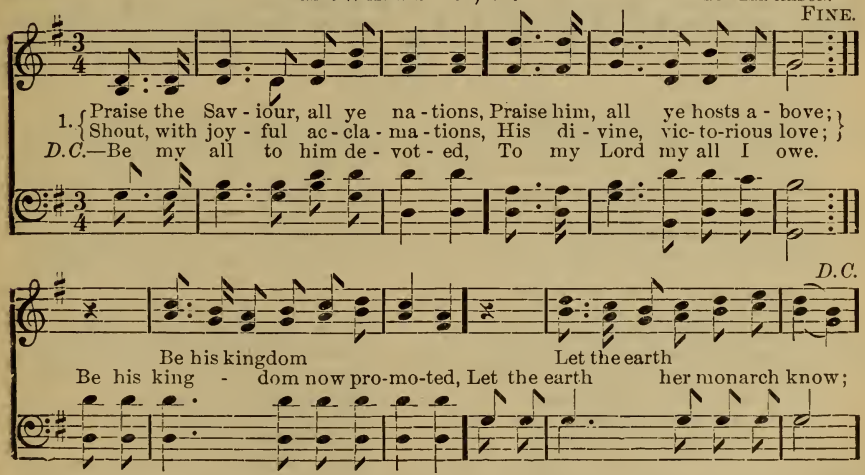
2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
O now, to all mankind,
"Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
By thine almighty grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light."

John Marriott.

677 **HARWELL.** 8s, 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



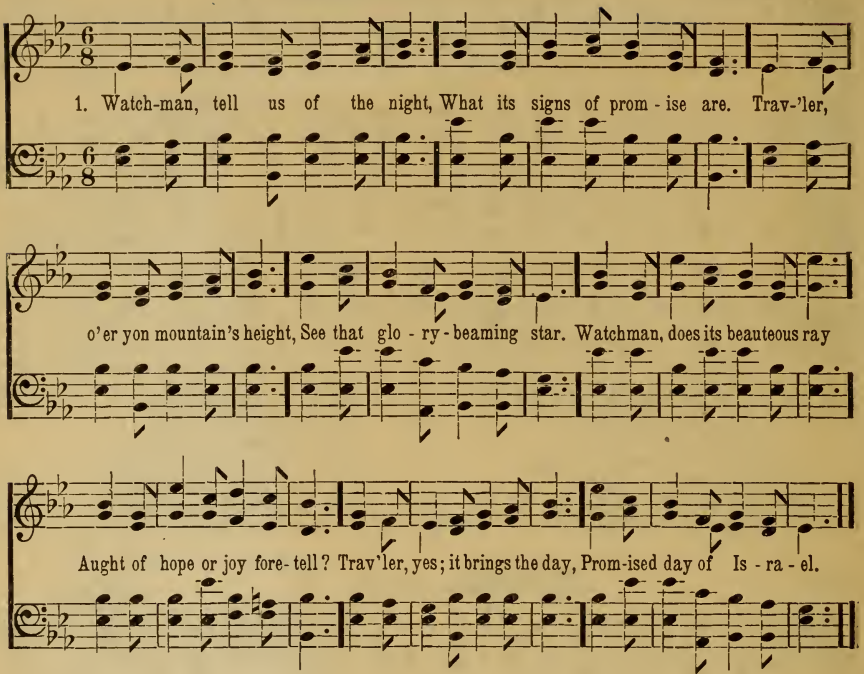
2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around—
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word;
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

Benjamin Francis.

678 WATCHMAN TELL US. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

John Bowring.

679

7s. D.

1 See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from naught.

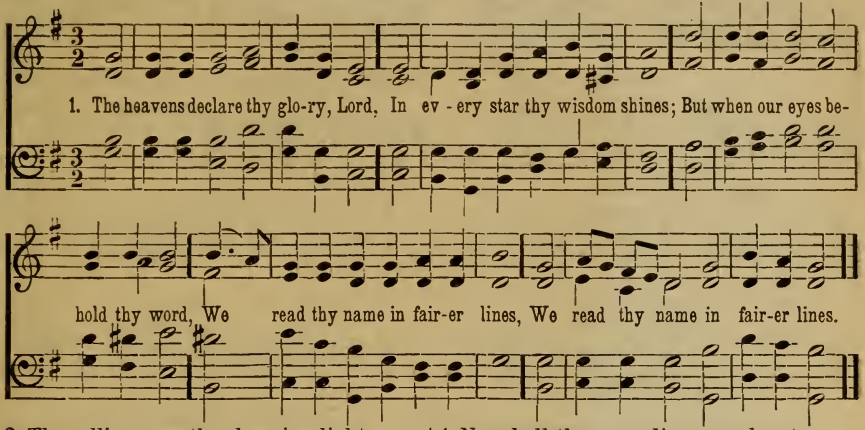
4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley.

2. THE BIBLE.

680 ROLLAND. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

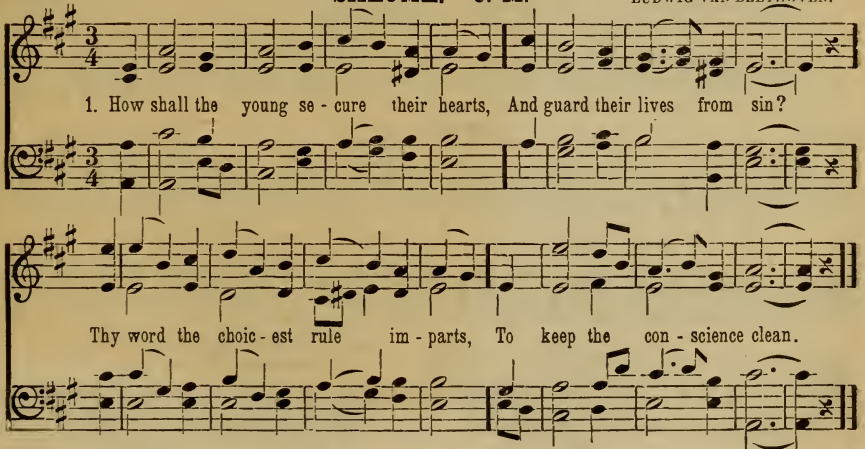
4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Isaac Watts.

681 SALOME. C. M.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

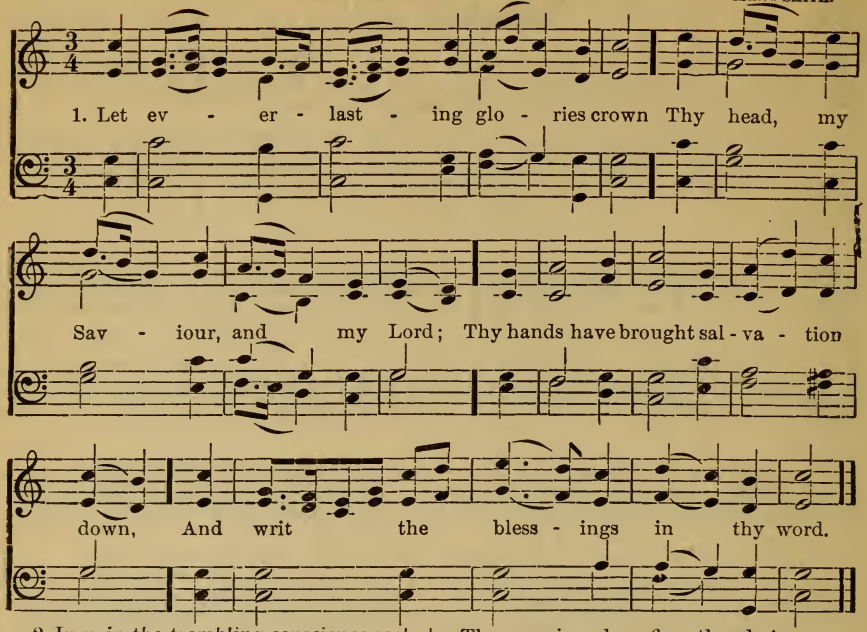
3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts.

682 NEW-SABBATH. L. M.

ISAAC SMITH.



2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

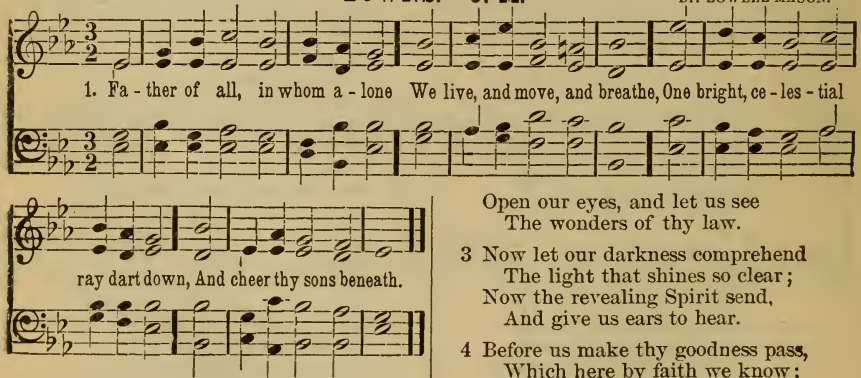
3 How well thy blessèd truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort, stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts.

683 DOWNS. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

Charles Wesley.

684 TUNE—"DOWNS." C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears:
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

685 TUNE—"DOWNS." C. M.

1 THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our num'rous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find!

Samuel Stennett.

686 TUNE—"DOWNS." C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

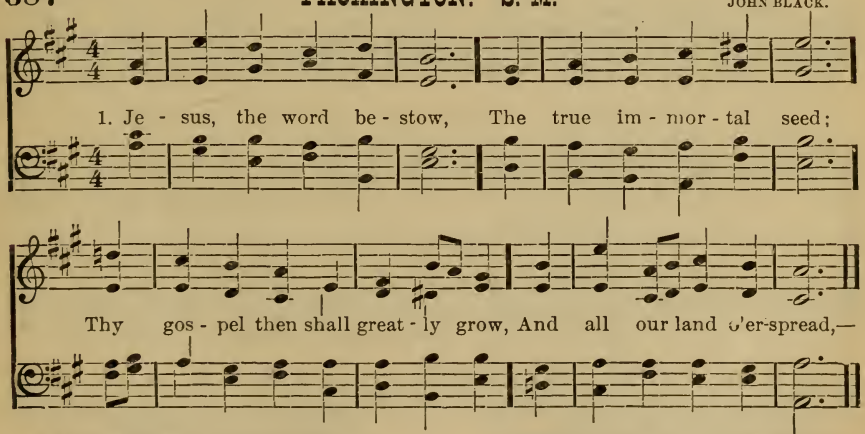
4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

687 **PACKINGTON. S. M.** JOHN BLACK.



2 Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

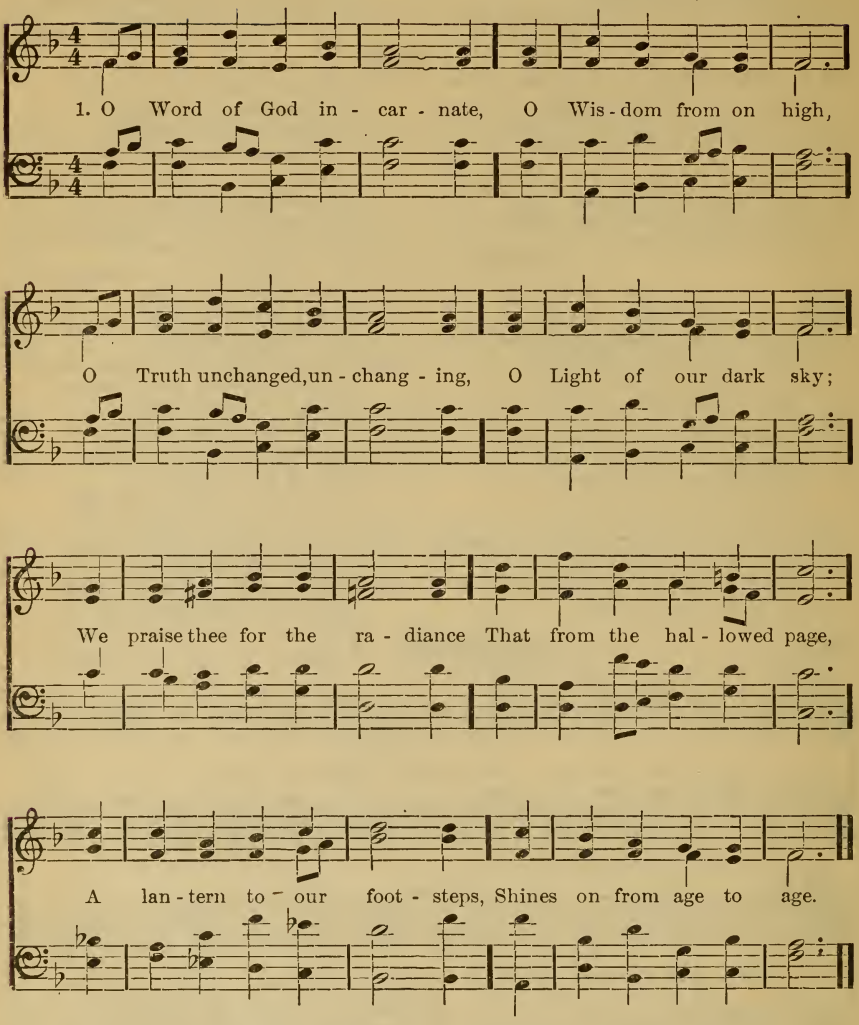
3 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

4 Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

Charles Wesley.

688 **KÖNIGSBERG. 7s, 6s. D.**

Old German Choral, ad. by
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY



2 The church from thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of thee, the living Word.

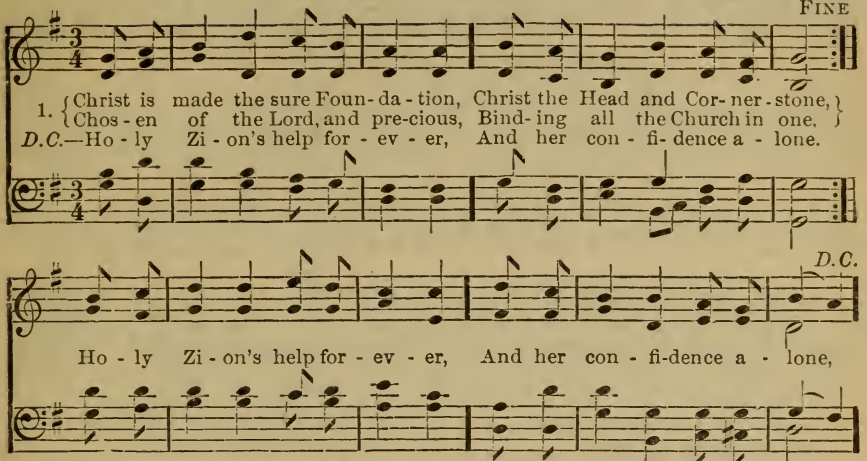
3 O make thy church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old:
O teach thy wand'ring pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

William Walsham How.

3. ERECTION OF CHURCHES.

689 BAVARIA. 8s, 7s. D.

German Melody.



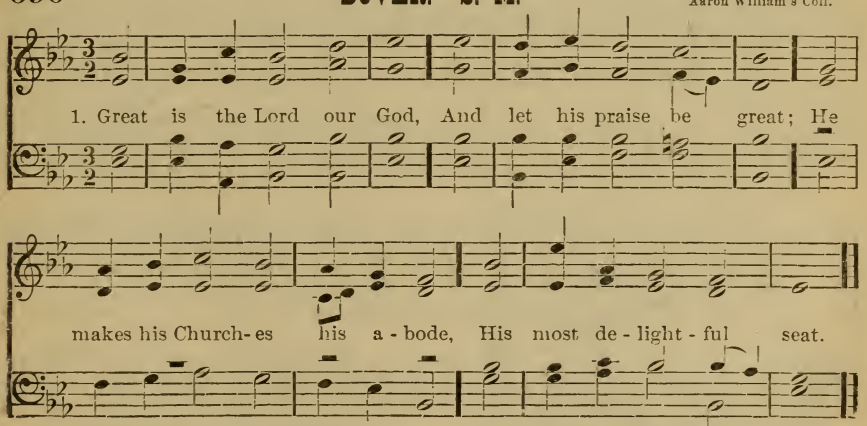
2 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear thy servants as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

3 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

From the Latin. Tr. by *J. M. Neale.*

690 DOVER. S. M.

Aaron William's Coll.



2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

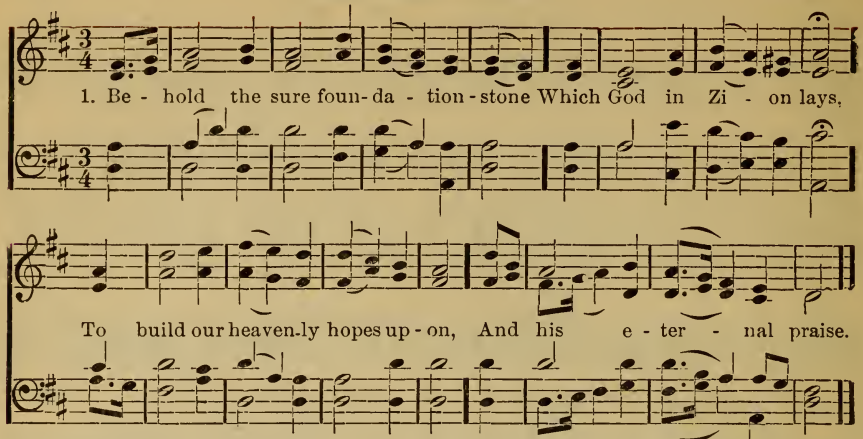
3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

Isaac Watts.

691 HOWARD. C. M.

ELIZABETH CUTHBERT



2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

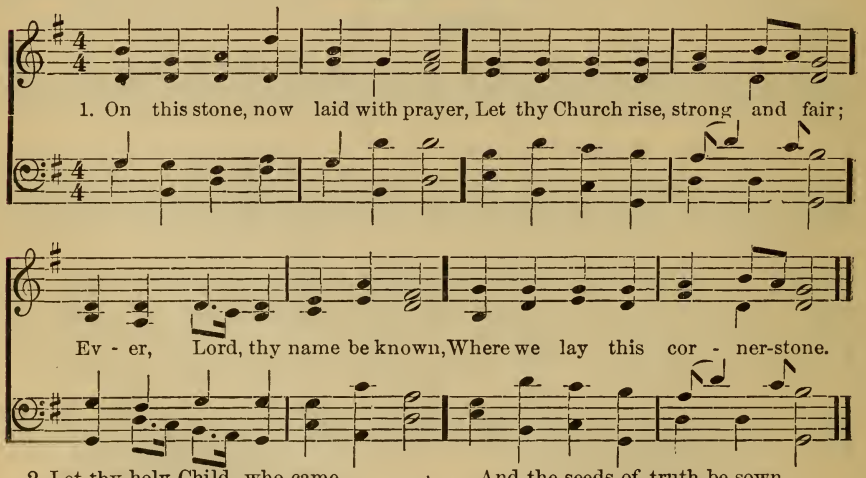
3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts.

692 NUREMBURG. 7s.

J. R. AHLE.



2 Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And for sinners to atone,
Bless, with thee, this corner-stone.

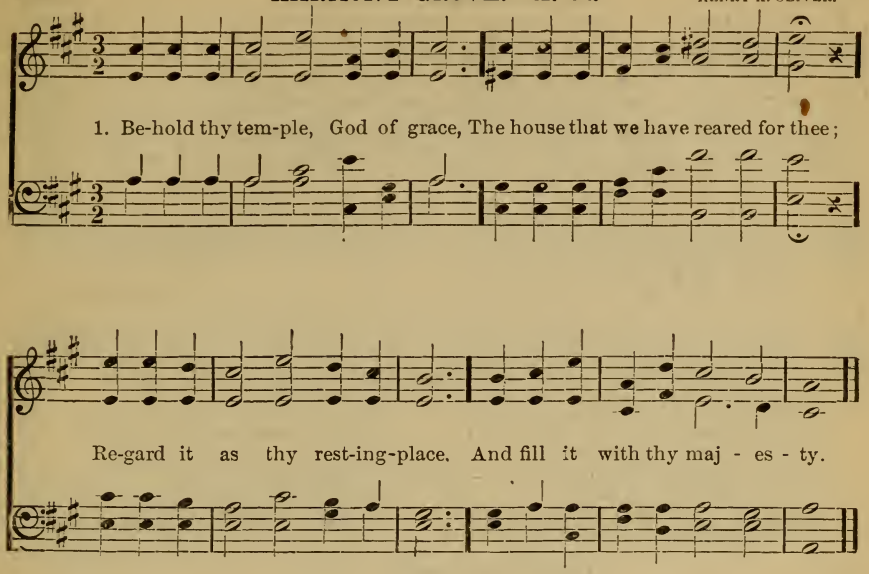
3 May thy Spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppressed,
And the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

4 Open wide, O God, thy door,
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

John Pierpont.

693 HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.



2 When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplication to thy name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice,
Thyself our answ'ring God proclaim.

3 And when from hence the voice of praise
Shall lift its triumphs to thy throne,
Show thy acceptance of our lays,
By making all thy glory known.

4 When here thy ministers shall stand,
To speak what thou shalt bid them say,
Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,
And give thy truth a winning way.

5 Now, therefore, O our God, arise!
In this thy resting-place appear;
And let thy people's longing eyes
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

Phœbe Palmer.

694 L. M.

1 And will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temple for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

4 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here!

Philip Doddridge.

695 L. M.

1 The perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

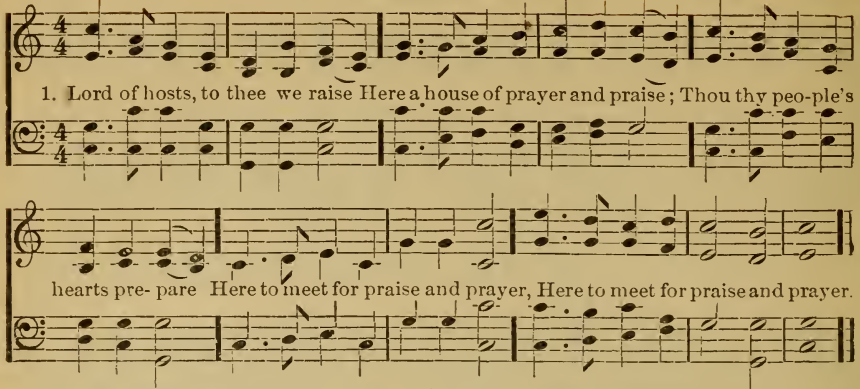
3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
"The morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our off'ring stands,
A humbler temple, "made with hands."

Nathaniel P. Willis.

696 ESSEX. 7s.

THOMAS CLARK.



2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest;

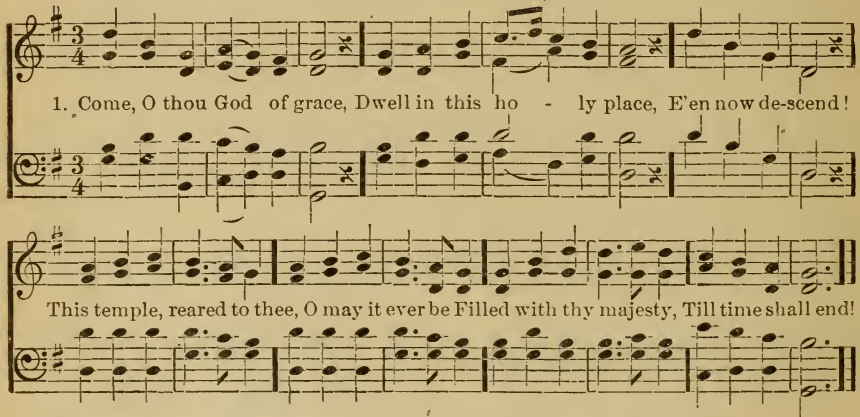
3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery.

697 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI.



2 Be in each song of praise,
Which here thy people raise
With hearts aflame!
Let every anthem rise
Like incense to the skies,
A joyful sacrifice,
To thy blest name!

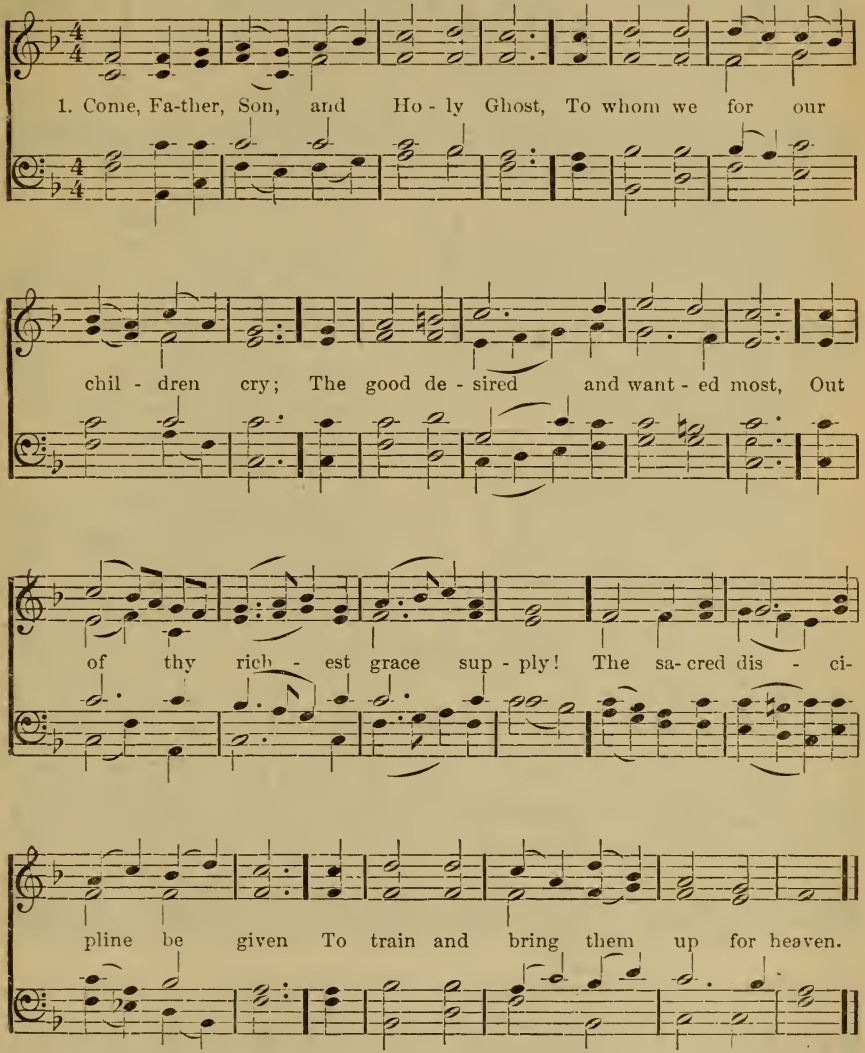
3 Speak, O eternal Lord,
Out of thy living word,
O give success!
Do thou the truth impart
Unto each waiting heart;
Source of all strength thou art,
Thy gospel bless!

4 To the great One and Three
Glory and praises be
In love now given!
Glad songs to thee we sing,
Glad hearts to thee we bring,
Till we our God and King
Shall praise in heaven!

William Edwin Evans.

4. EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

698 **NEWCOURT. L. M. 6 l.** THOS. BOWMAN.



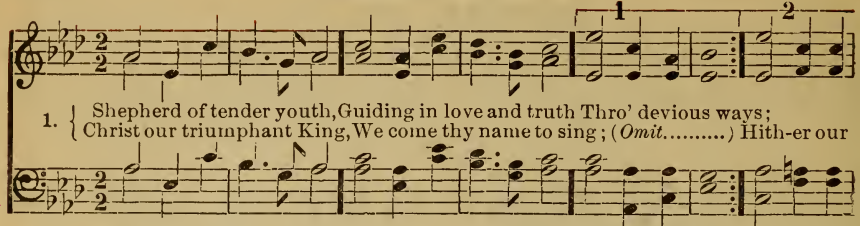
2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind:
In knowledge pure their minds renew;
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Unite the pair so long disjoined,
Knowledge and vital piety:
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love, let all men see,
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live!

Charles Wesley.

699 RIGHINI. 6s, 4s.

VINCENZO RIGHINI.



2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou dost thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on thee in vain;
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

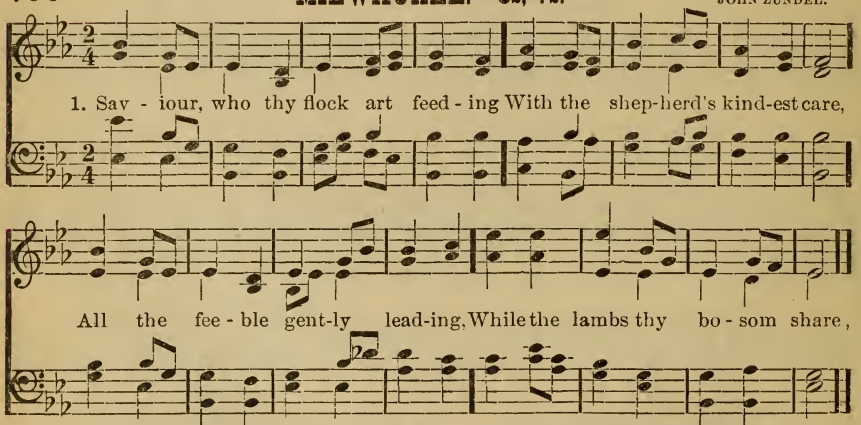
4 Ever be thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria. Tr. by *H. M. Dexter.*

700 MILWAUKEE. 8s, 7s.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



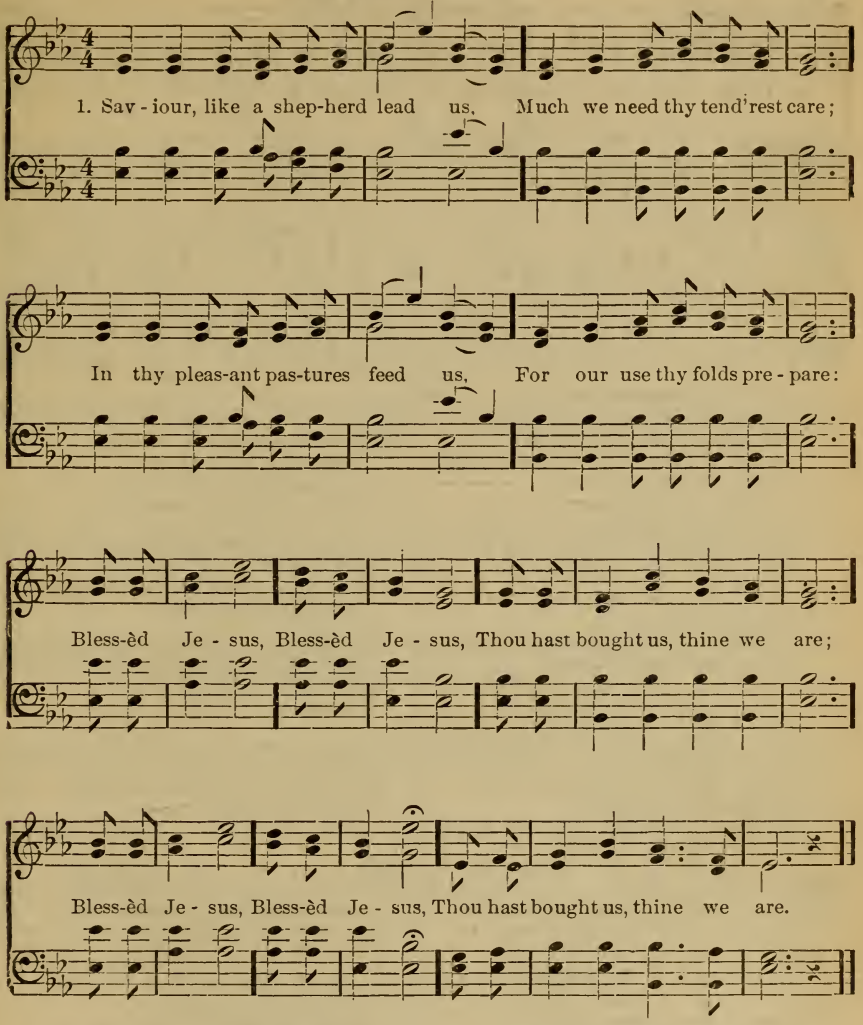
2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dang'rous way:

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg.

701 **SHEPHERD.** 8s, 7s & 4. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

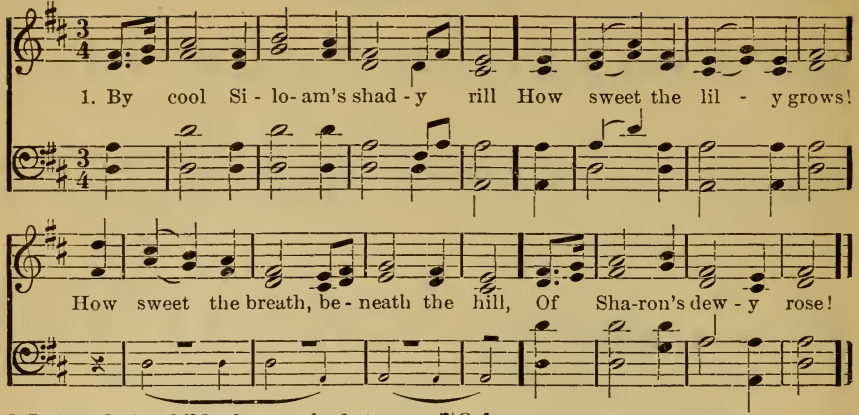
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessèd Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Anne Thrupp.

702 SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

703 C. M.

1 WHILE we with fear and hope survey
This youthful, blooming throng,
And little know th' eventful way
Their steps may pass along,—

2 One day is as a thousand years,
Eternal God, to thee,
And present to thine eye appears
Their whole futurity.

3 Thou seest temptation's subtle thread,
Or torture's fiery test:
Mid scenes of pleasure, or of dread,
Screen thou th' unguarded breast.

4 Saviour! through each portentous change,
And dangers yet untrod,
Where'er they rest, where'er they range,
Be thou their present God!

Gilbert.

704 C. M.

1 MERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads:
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God! thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design;
The honor of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

Joseph Straphan.

705 C. M.

1 O HOW can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear!

2 The dread omnipotence of Heaven
We every hour provoke!
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds th' avenging stroke;

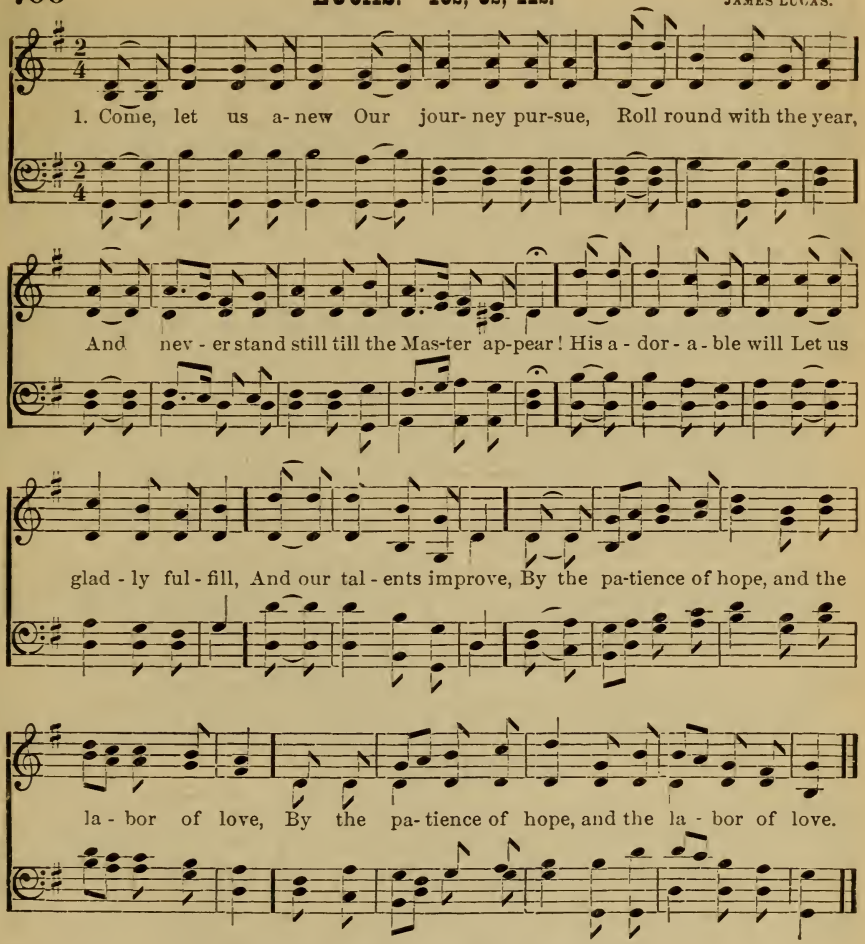
3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and pain;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.

4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above;
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love!

Simon Browne

5. THE SEASONS.

706 **LUCAS. 10s, 5s, 11s.** JAMES LUCAS.

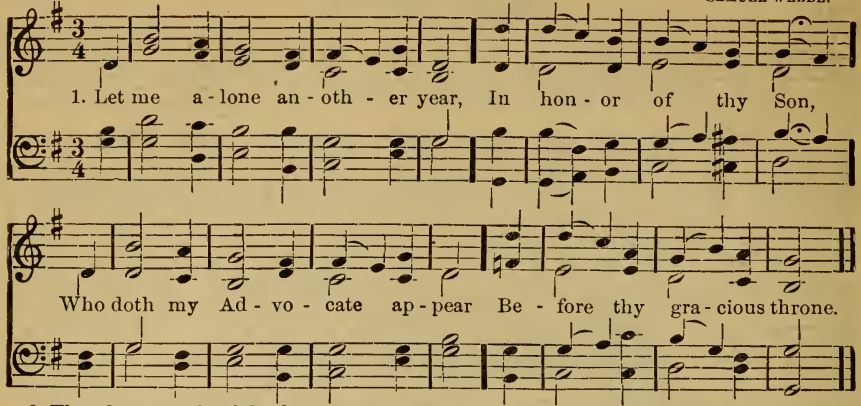


2 Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,
The arrow is flown, The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Charles Wesley.

707 **BELMONT. C. M.** SAMUEL WEBBE.



2 Thou hast vouchsafed a longer space,
And spared the barren tree,
Because for me my Saviour prays,
And pleads his death for me.

3 Time to repent thou dost bestow;
But O the power impart!
And let my eyes with tears o'erflow,
And break my stubborn heart.

4 Forgiveness on my conscience seal;
Bestow thy promised rest;
With purest love thy servant fill,
And number with the blest.

Charles Wesley.

708 C. M.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

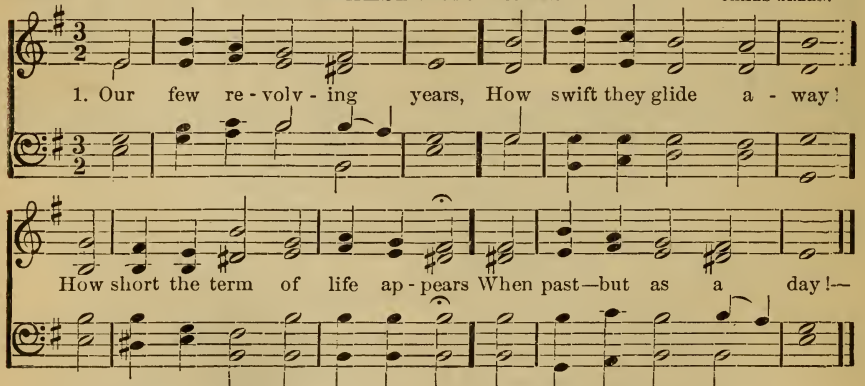
2 So fast eternity comes on—
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways t'increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
To give the year to thee.

Philip Doddridge.

709 **AYLESBURY. S. M.** JAMES GREEN.



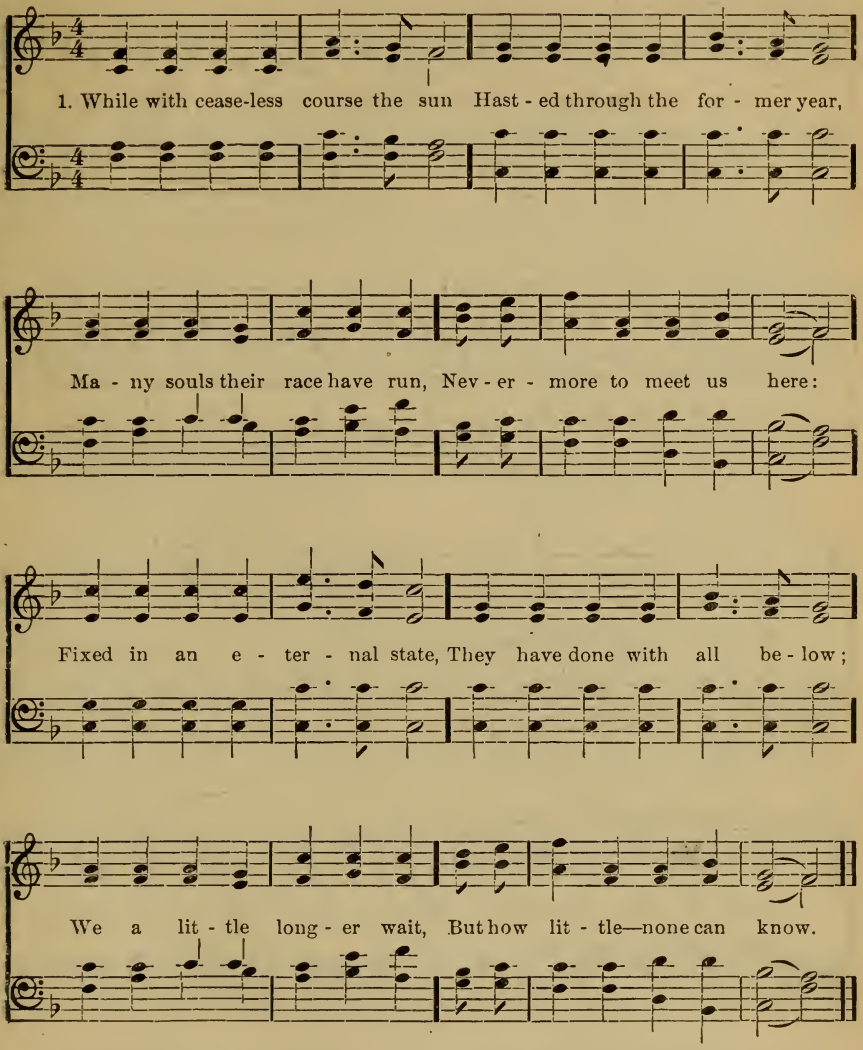
2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way.

Benjamin Beddome.

710 BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



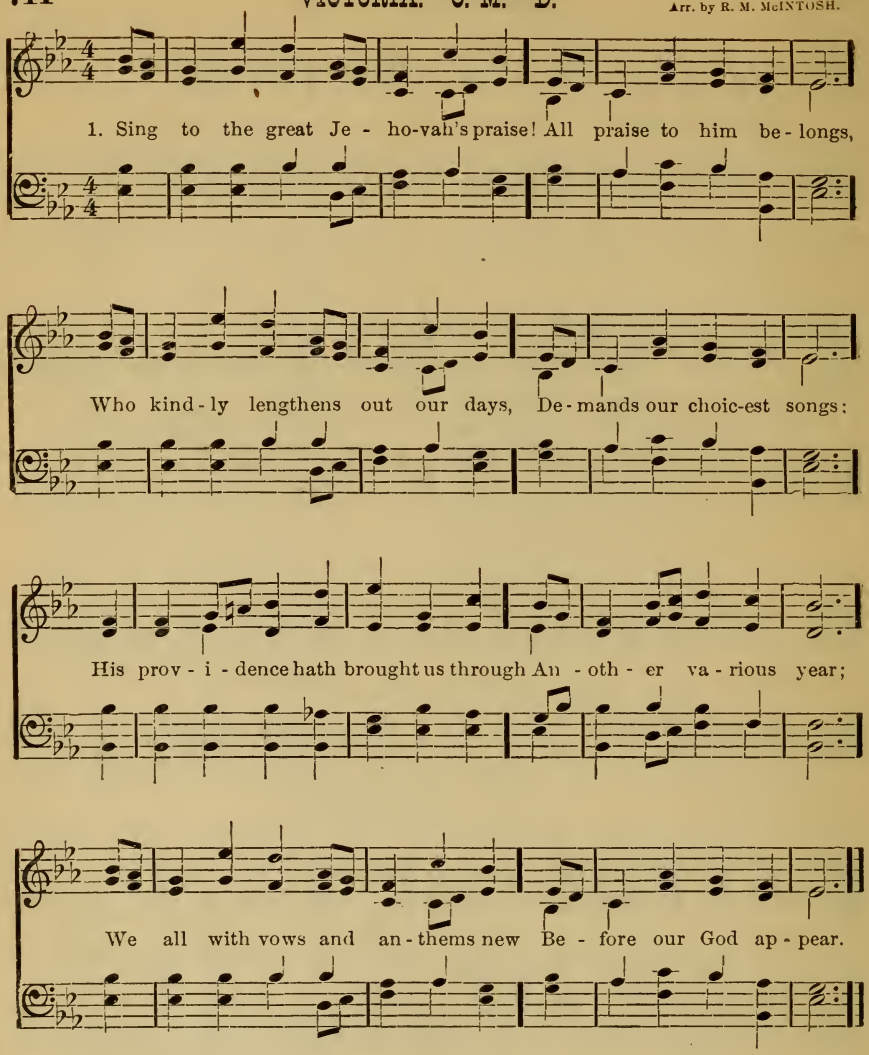
2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

John Newton.

711 **VICTORIA. C. M. D.**

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



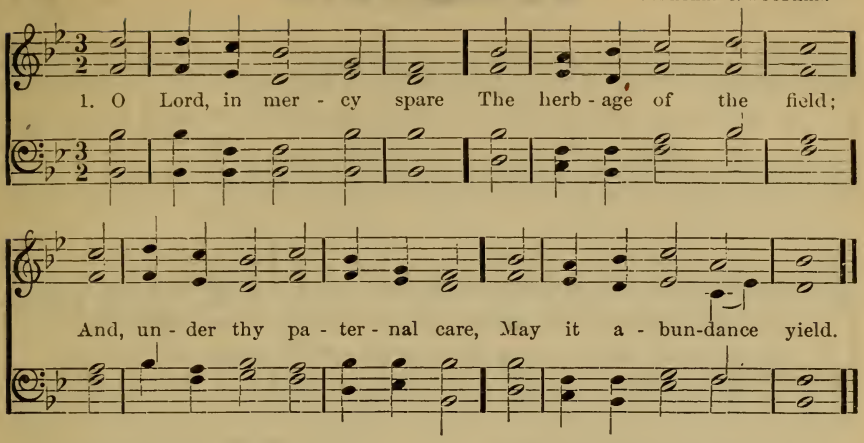
2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care:
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are:
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee;
Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

712 STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.



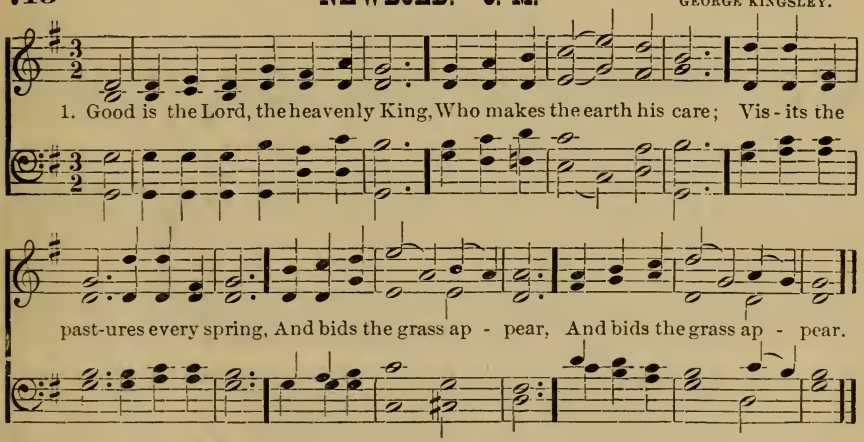
2 Restrain the burning ray,
And grant refreshing rains;
Restore the verdure from decay,
And drench the parchèd plains.

3 Then we our praise will show
To our preserver, God;
Our songs of melody shall flow,
And spread his name abroad.

Benjamin Beddome.

713 NEWBOLD. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out at his command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

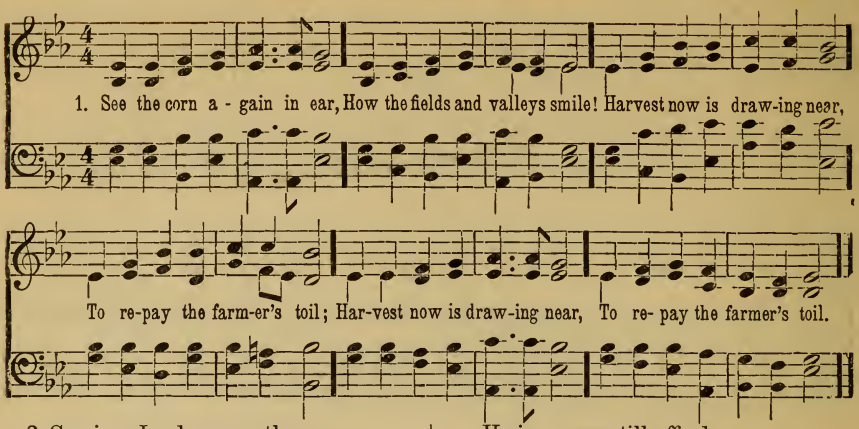
4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The various months thy goodness crowns
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

714 GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 l.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



2 Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food:
In thy mercy is our hope,
We have sinned, but thou art good.

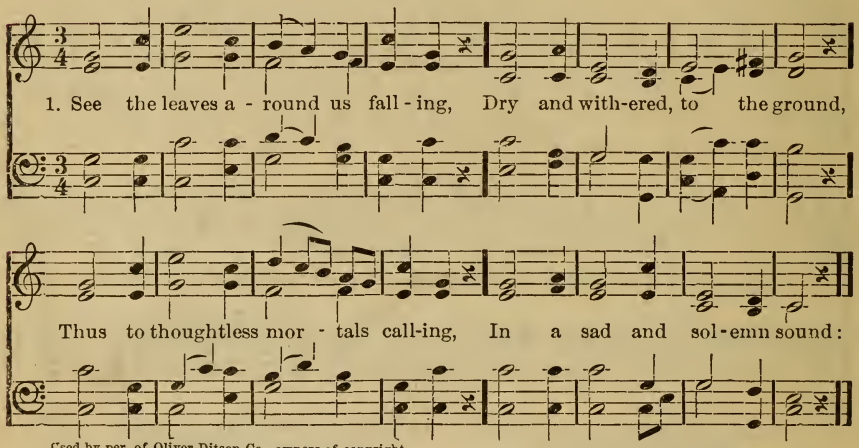
3 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours:
He in season still affords
Kindly heat and gentle showers.

4 By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrowed lands;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

John Newton.

715 RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



Used by per. of Oliver Ditson Co., owners of copyright.

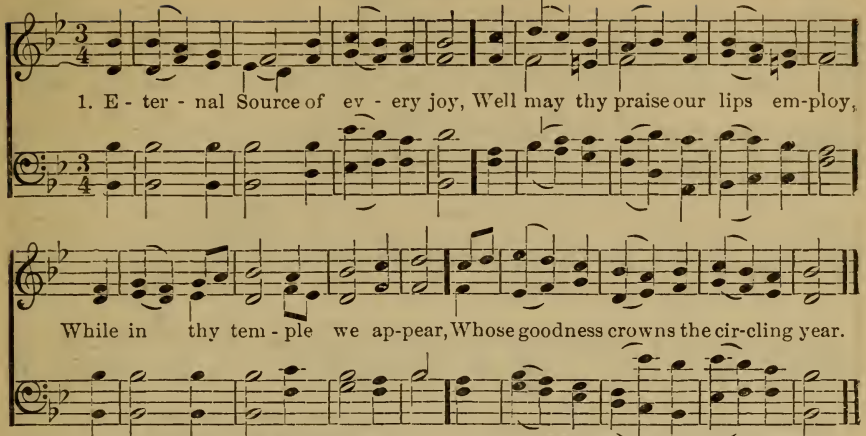
2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you—
Gay with health and many a grace—
Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
Summer gives to autumn place."

4 On the Tree of Life eternal,
Lord, let all our hopes be stayed!
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

George Horne.

716 **ALL SAINTS. L. M.** WILLIAM KNAPP.



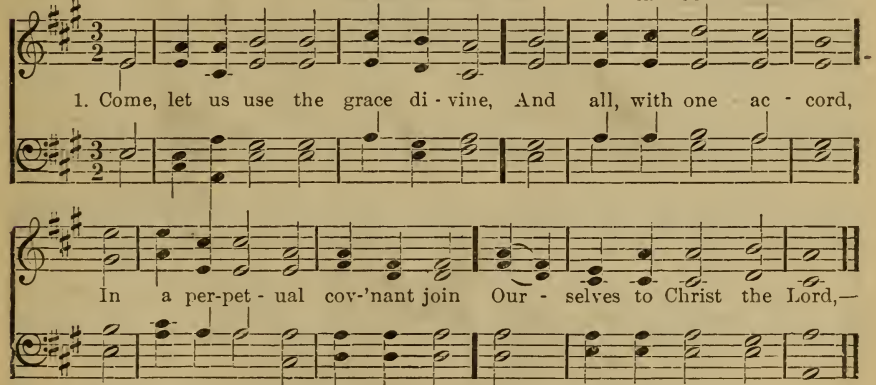
2 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With op'ning light and evening shade.

3 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known
Around thy board, around our own.

4 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

Philip Doddridge.

717 **AZMON. C. M.** CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

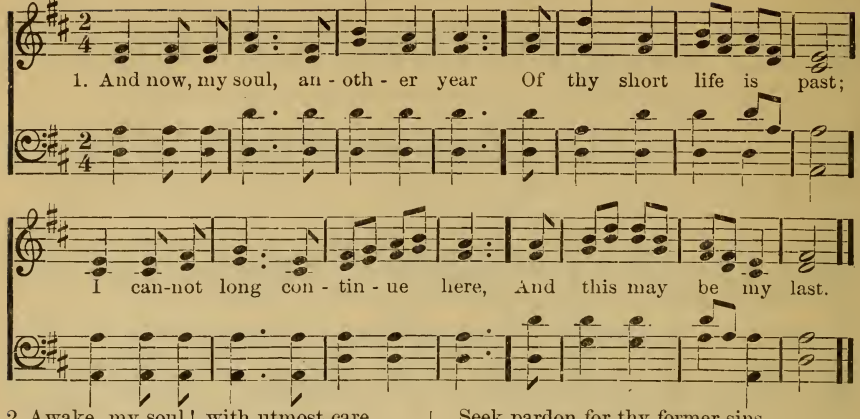
5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Charles Wesley.

718 VAUGHAN. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.



2 Awake, my soul! with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

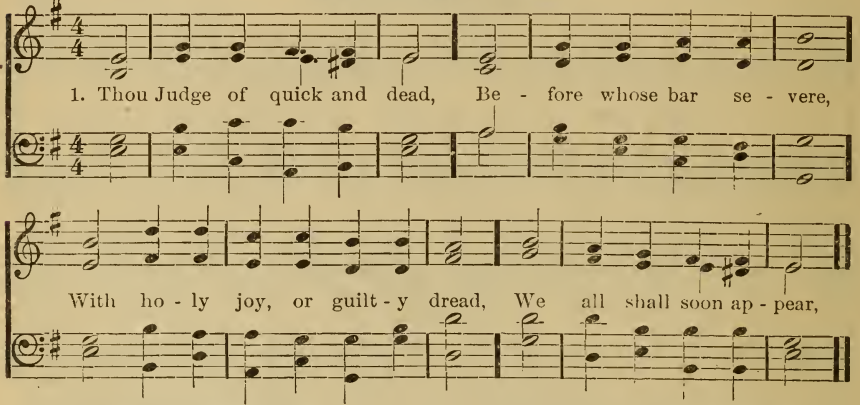
3 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Simon Browne.

719 SOUTHWELL. S. M.

HERBERT S IRONS.



2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,—

4 Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

5 O may we all be found,
Obedient to his word:
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

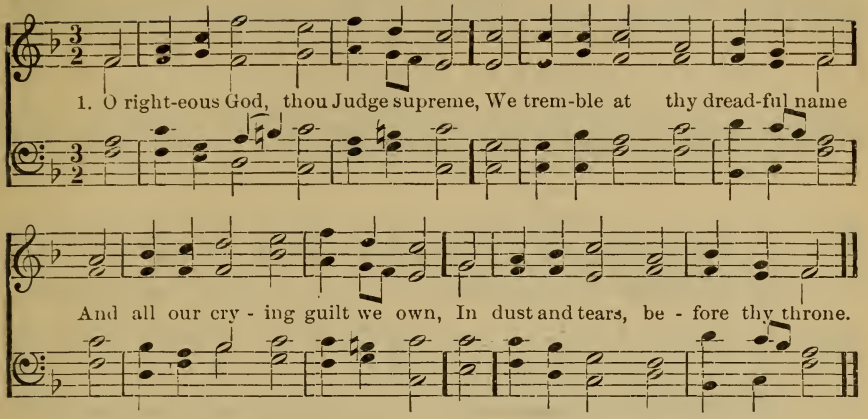
6 O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

Charles Wesley.

6. NATIONAL SOLEMNITIES.

720 WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.



2 Justly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand;
And, bathed in heaven, thy sword might come,
To drink our blood, and seal our doom.

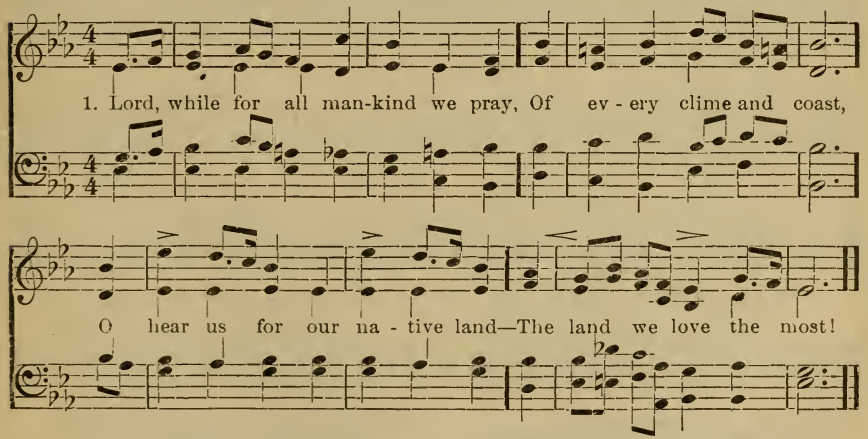
3 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are filled with pious fear?
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie!

4 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their secret groan:
With these we join our humble prayer,
Our nation shield, our country spare.

Philip Doddridge.

721 BURLINGTON. C. M.

JOHN F. BURROWES.



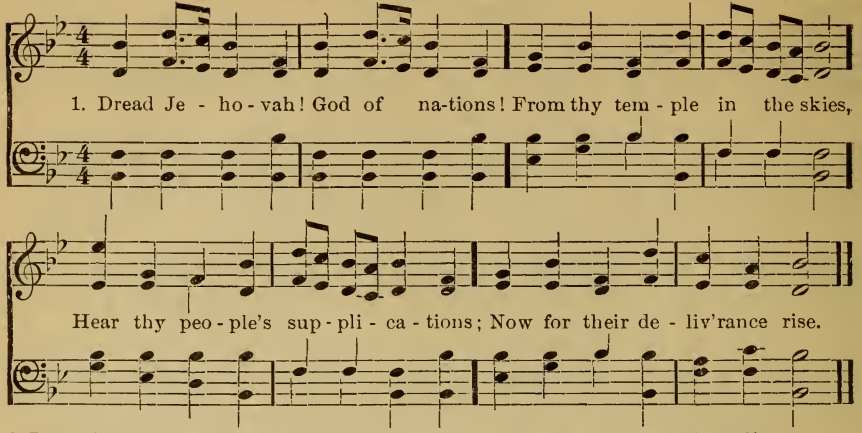
2 O guard our shores from every foe!
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Here may religion shed her light
On days of rest and toil;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native soil.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend!

John R. Wreford.

722 **WILMOT. 8s, 7s.** CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



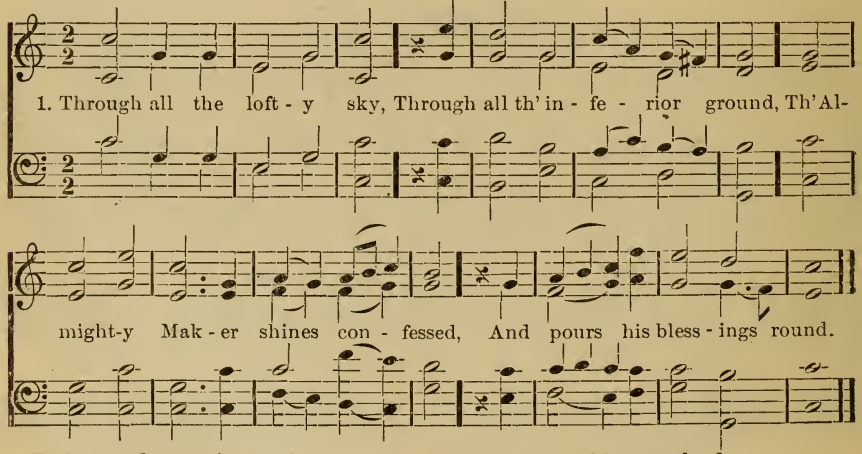
2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengence call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

Thomas Cotterill.

723 **SILVER STREET. S. M.** ISAAC SMITH.



2 Each year the teeming earth
With flowers and fruits is crowned;
And grass, and herbs, and harvests grow,
And send their joys around.

3 The world of waters yields
A rich supply of food,
nd distant lands their treasures send
Upon the rolling flood.

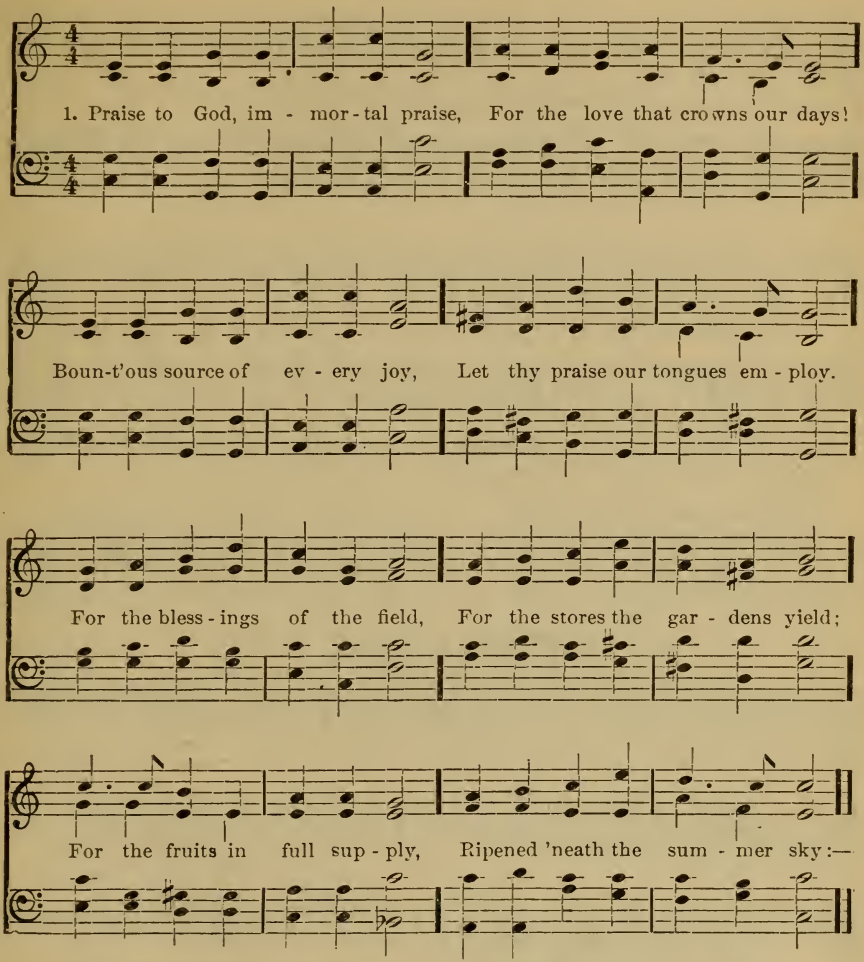
4 To serve and bless our land
The elements conspire;
And mercies mix themselves with earth,
With ocean, air, and fire.

5 O that the sons of men
To God their songs would raise,
And celebrate his power and love
In never-ceasing praise!

Thomas Gibbons.

724 CULFORD. 7s. D.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.



2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;
These to thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow,
And for these our souls now raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Laetitia Barbauld.

725

7s. D.

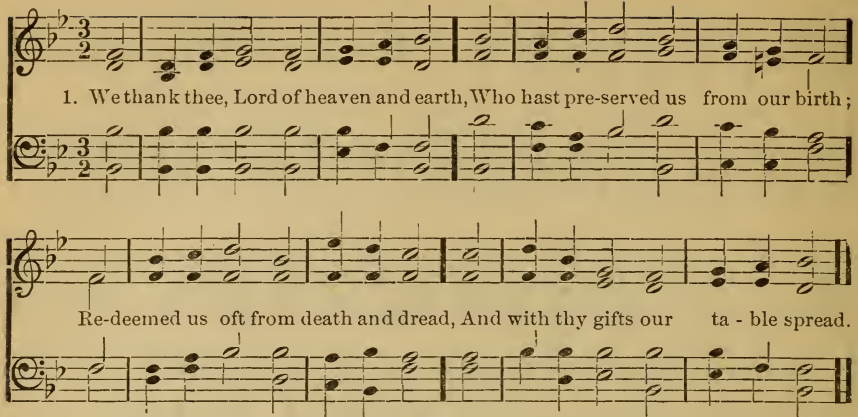
1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to our heavenly King.
Blessings from his lib'ral hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virt'ous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong. Alt.

726 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON



2 We thank thee for thy still small voice,
Which oft has checked our wayward choice;
For life preserved, for senses clear,
And for our friendships, doubly dear.

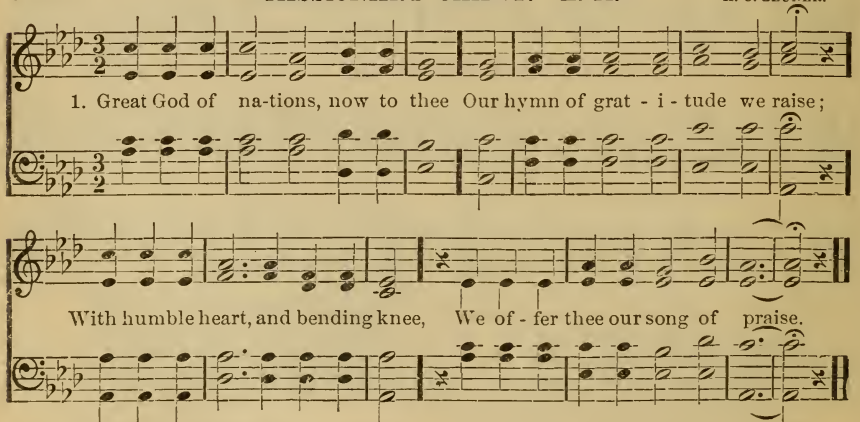
3 Thy providence has been our stay,
When other helps were far away;
Our constant guide through every stage,
From infancy to riper age.

4 How shall we half our task fulfill?
We thank thee for thy mind and will,
For present joys, for blessings past,
And for the hope of heaven at last.

Cottle.

727 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.



2 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.

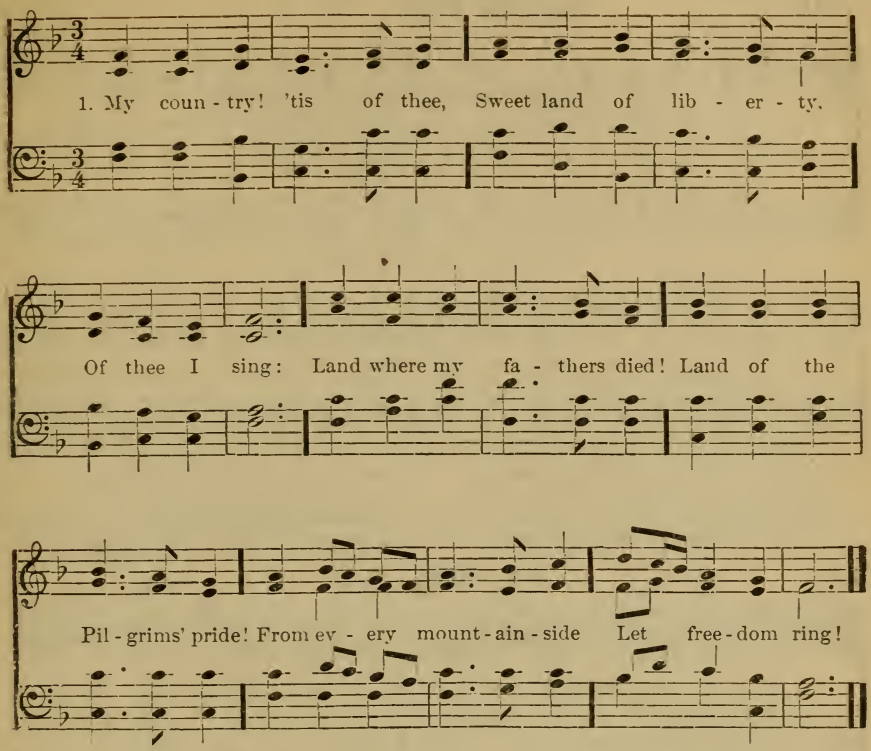
3 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

4 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee!

Alfred A. Woodhull. Alt.

728 AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

Ad. HENRY CAREY.



2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our Fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel Francis Smith.

729

6s, 4s.

1 GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

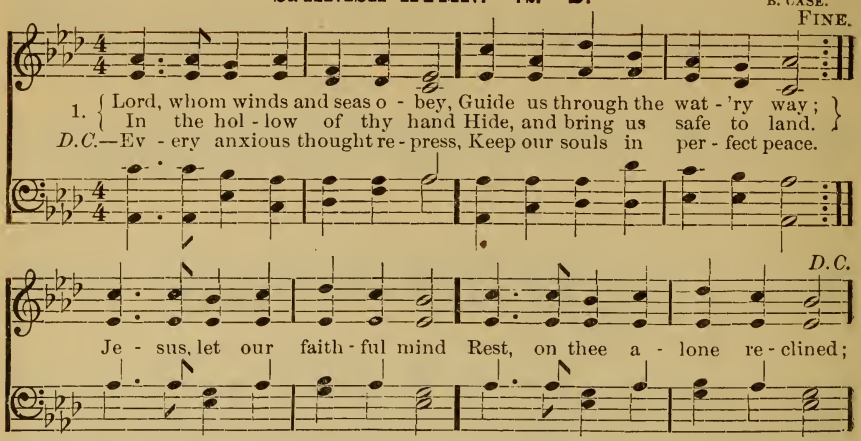
2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

From the German. Tr. by *Charles T. Brooks.* Alt. by *J. S. Dwight.*

7. ON A VOYAGE.

730 SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.

B. CASE.



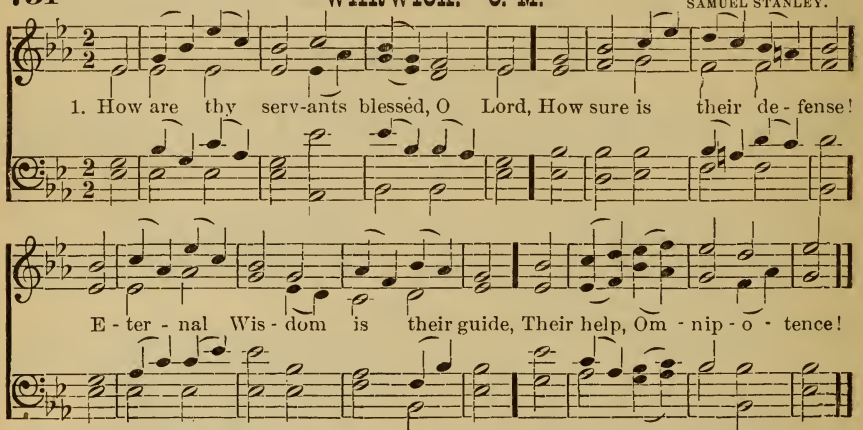
2 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

Charles Wesley.

731 WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,—
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be:
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison.

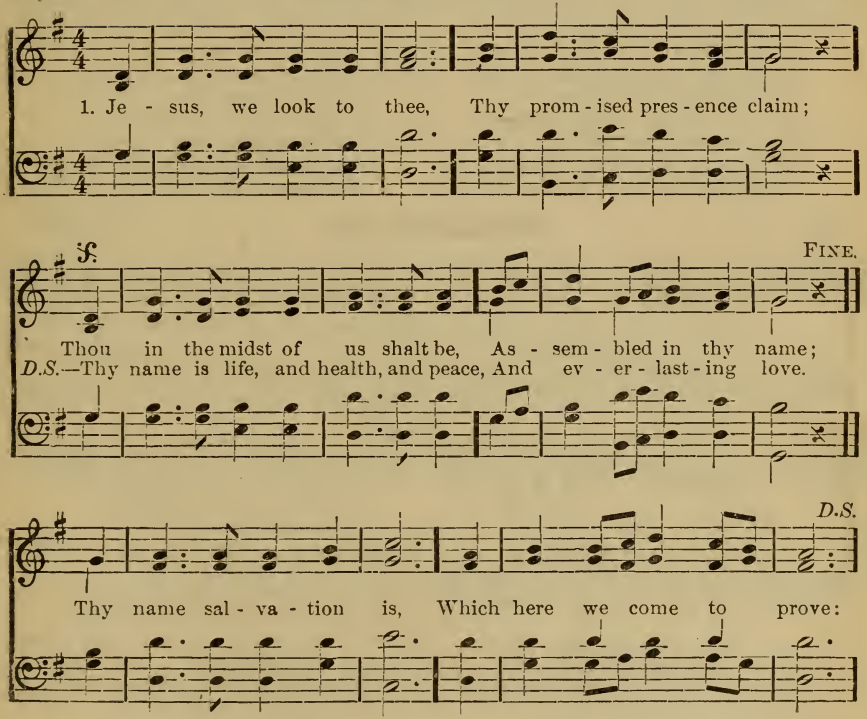
PART II.

FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

SECTION I.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

732 **RICHMOND. S. M. D.** A. B. EVERETT.

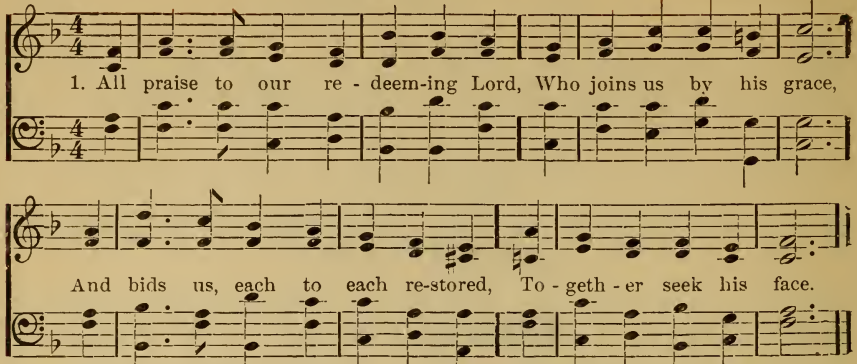


2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget:
We meet the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!
O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

733 WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

MICHAEL ESTE.



2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

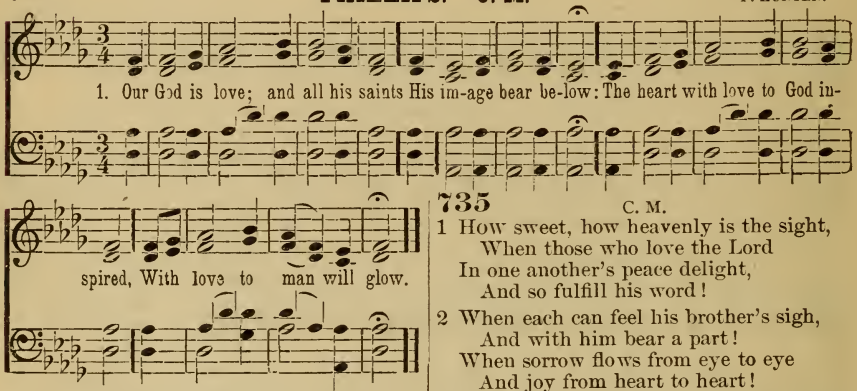
4 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel,
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

5 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

Charles Wesley.

734 PHILLIPS. C. M.

F. HUNTEN.



2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

Thomas Cotterill.

735

C. M.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye
And joy from heart to heart!

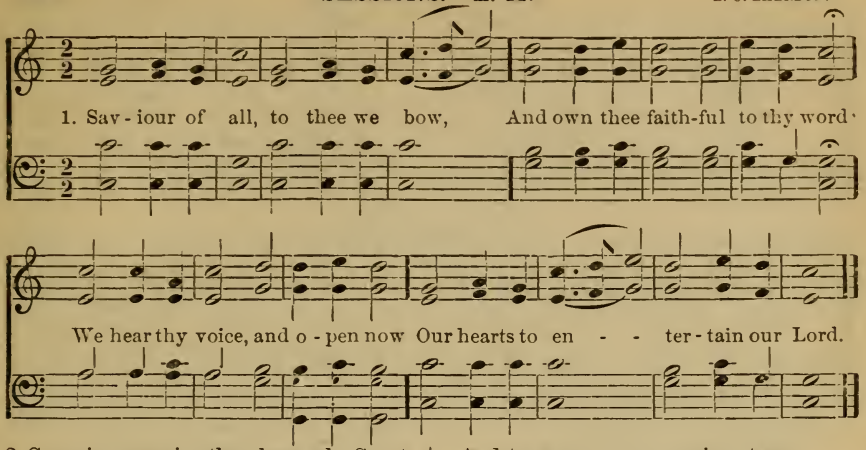
3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain

736 **SESSIONS. L. M.** L. O. EMERSON.



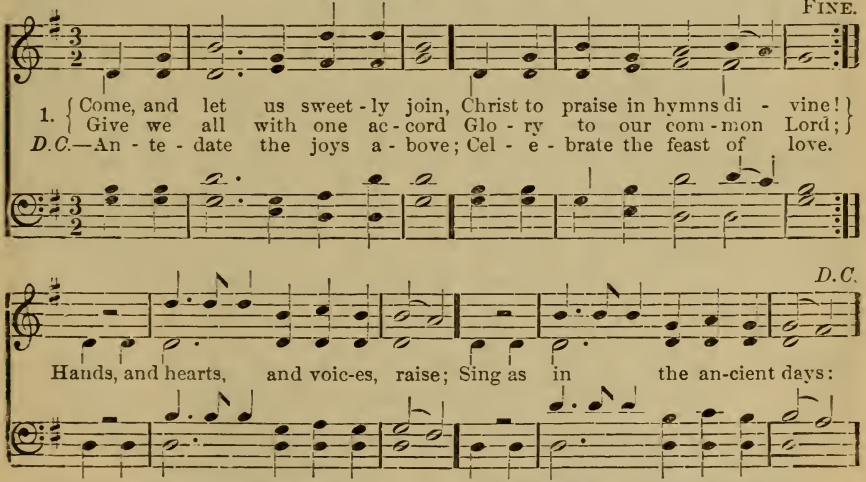
2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest,
Delight in what thyself hast given:
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odor of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
And rest in thy redeeming love.

4 O let us on thy fullness feed!
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood!
Jesus, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jesus, thy flesh is angels' food.

Charles Wesley.

737 **ELTHAM. 7s. D.** LOWELL MASON.



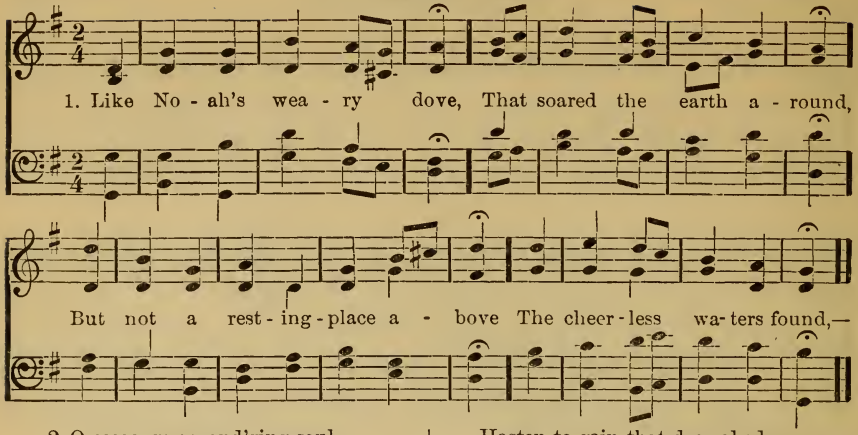
2 Strive we, in affection strive:
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God.
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land;
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesus' witnesses.

3 Witnesses that Christ hath died:
We with him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bands of death,
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe:
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly;—
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love!

Charles Wesley.

738 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

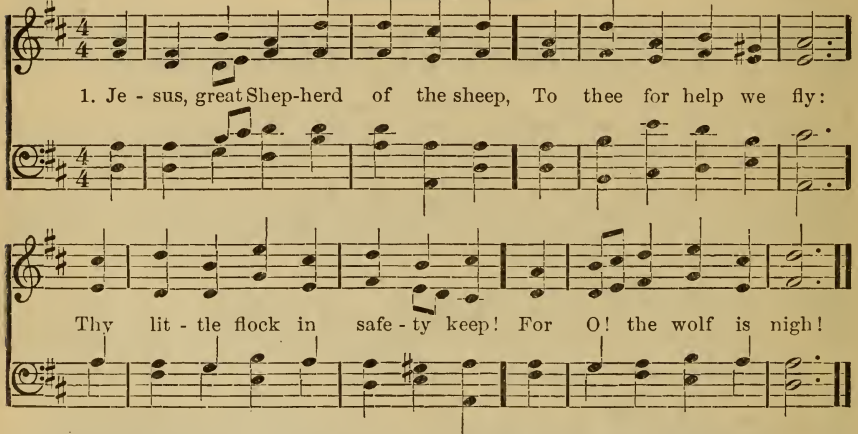
3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe shalt thou abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

William Augustus Muhlenberg.

739 ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT.



2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm:
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

Charles Wesley.

740 TUNE—"ST. ANN'S." C. M.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

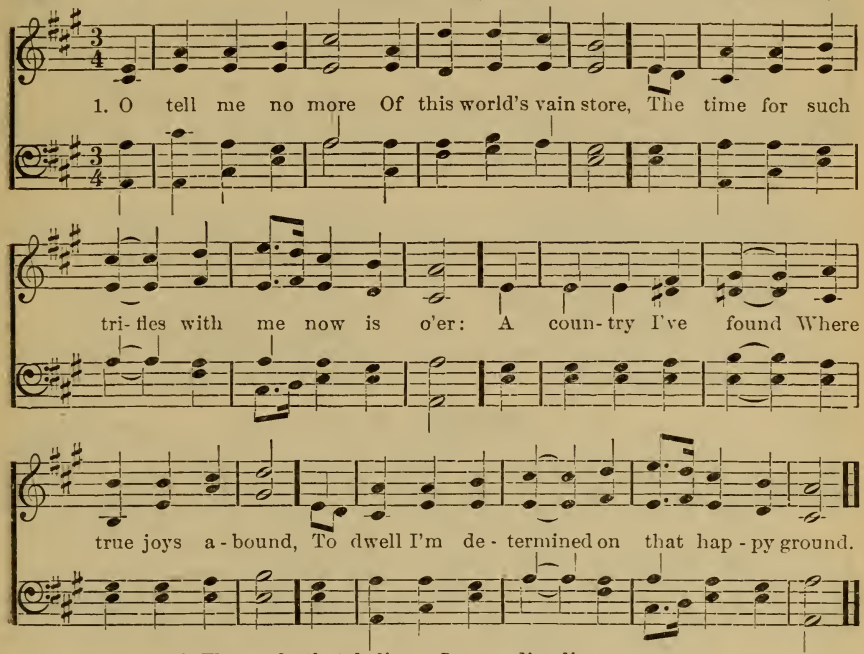
2 The Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

741 **LYONS. 10s, 11s.** F. J. HAYDN.



2 The souls that believe, In paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul don't delay—He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go:
Lo, onward I move To a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

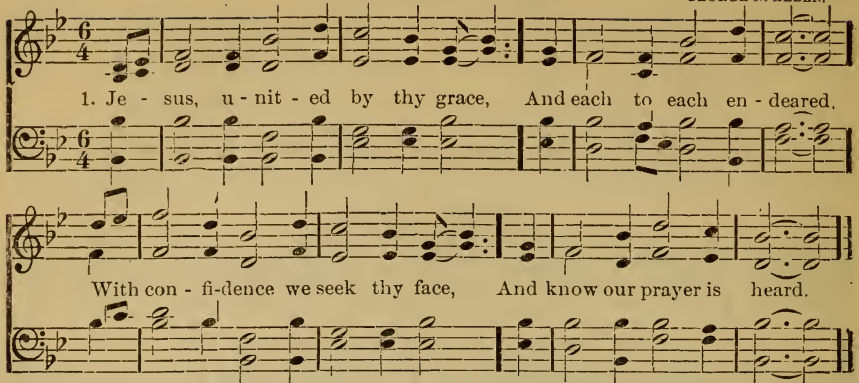
4 Great spoils I shall win From death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

John Gambold

742 MAITLAND. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.



2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

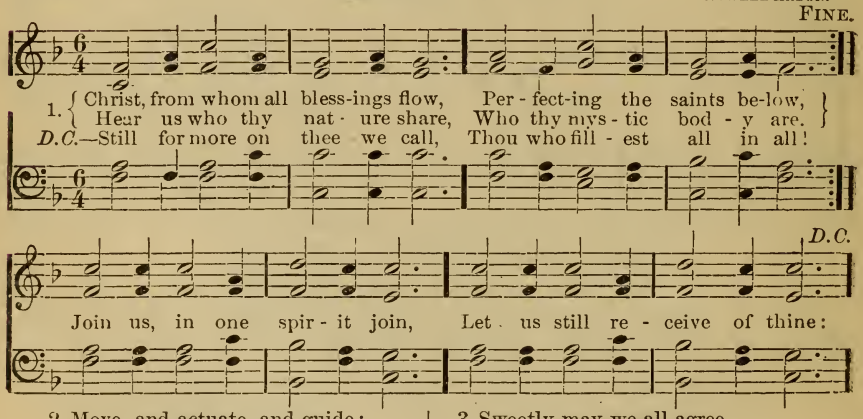
5 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave:
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove:
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

Charles Wesley.

743 VERNON. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfill:
Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove;—
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
Names, and sects, and parties, fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

Charles Wesley.

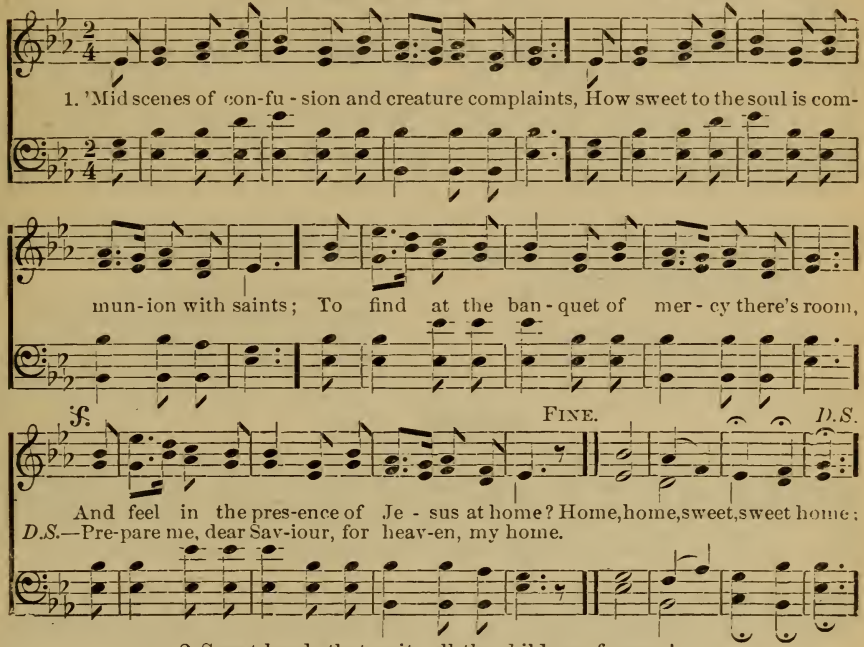
744 TUNE—"VERNON." 7s. D.

1 FATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee;
Draw us by thy grace alone;
Give, O give us to thy Son.
Jesus, Friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be joined;
Each to each unite and bless,
Keep us still in perfect peace.

2 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy overshadowing love;
Love, the sealing grace, impart;
Dwell within our single heart.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost:
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our paradise!

Charles Wesley.

745 **SWEET HOME.** 11s. HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

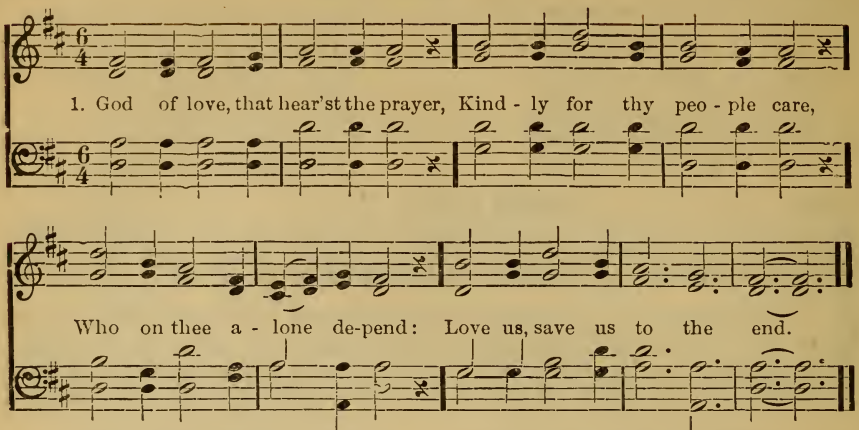
4 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endure me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

David Denham.

746 ST. LOUIS. 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Save us in the prosp'rous hour,
From the flatt'ring tempter's power;
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

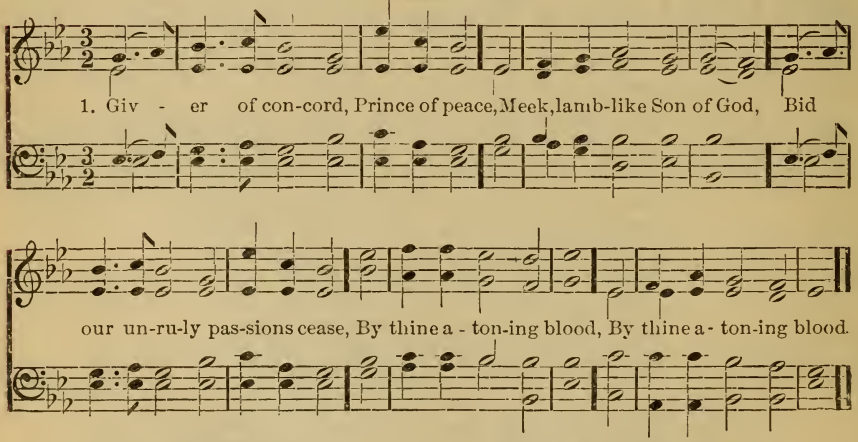
3 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between:
Keep us humble and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

4 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

Charles Wesley.

747 COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.

3 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

4 O let us find the ancient way.
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

Charles Wesley

748 TUNE—"COWPER." C. M.

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren who agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

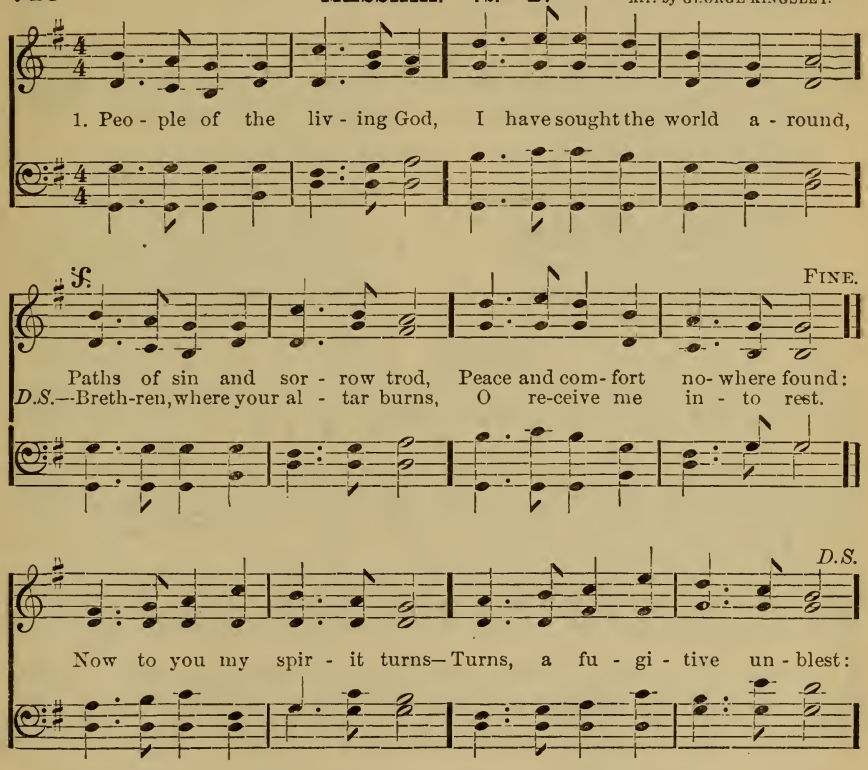
2 When streams of love, from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill;
Where God his mildest glory shows
And makes his grace distill;

Isaac Watts.

749 **MESSIAH. 7s. D.** LOUIS . F. HEROLD. Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY.

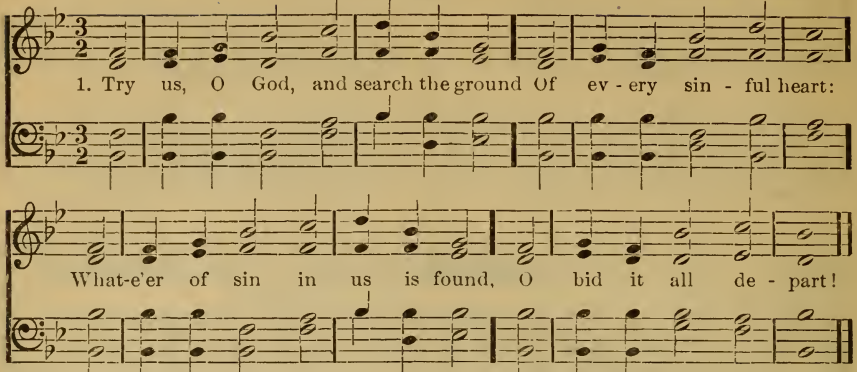


2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery.

750 NOTTING HILL. C. M.

CHARLES H. PURDAY.



2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve:
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

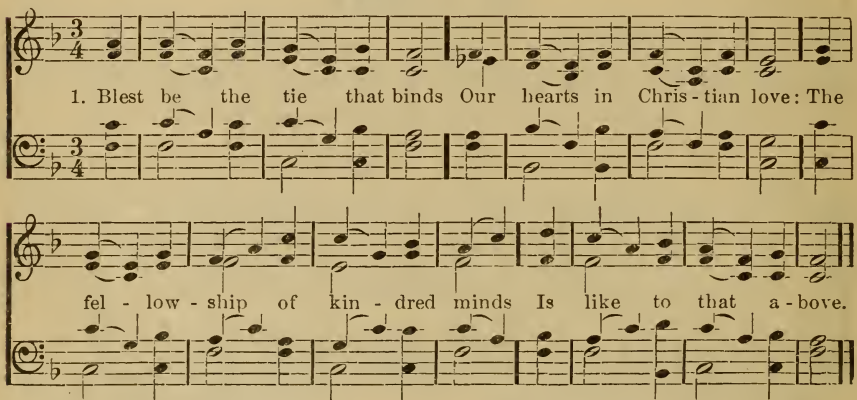
5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Charles Wesley.

751 DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NÄGELI.



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

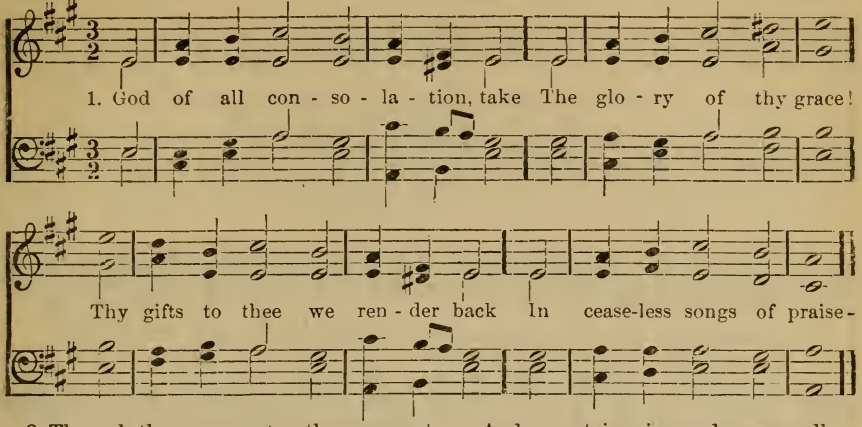
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.

752 **MELODY. C. M.** I. P. COLE.



2 Through thee we now together came
In singleness of heart:
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.

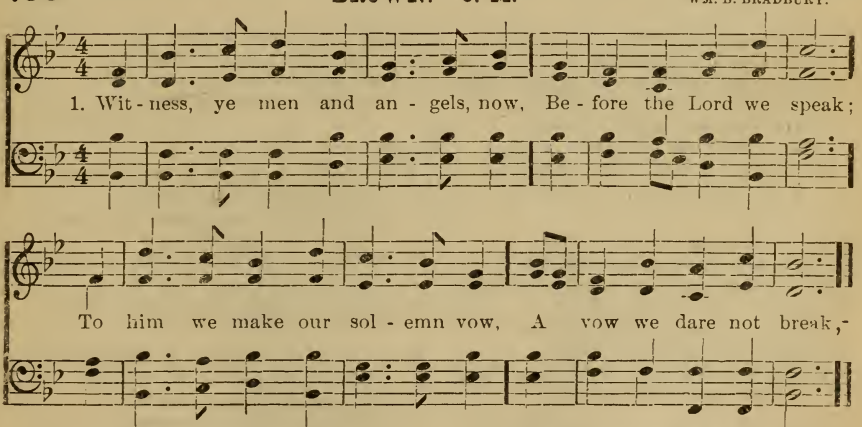
4 Subsists as in us all one soul;
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

5 Our life is hid with Christ in God!
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.

6 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through,—
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

Charles Wesley.

753 **BROWN. C. M.** WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

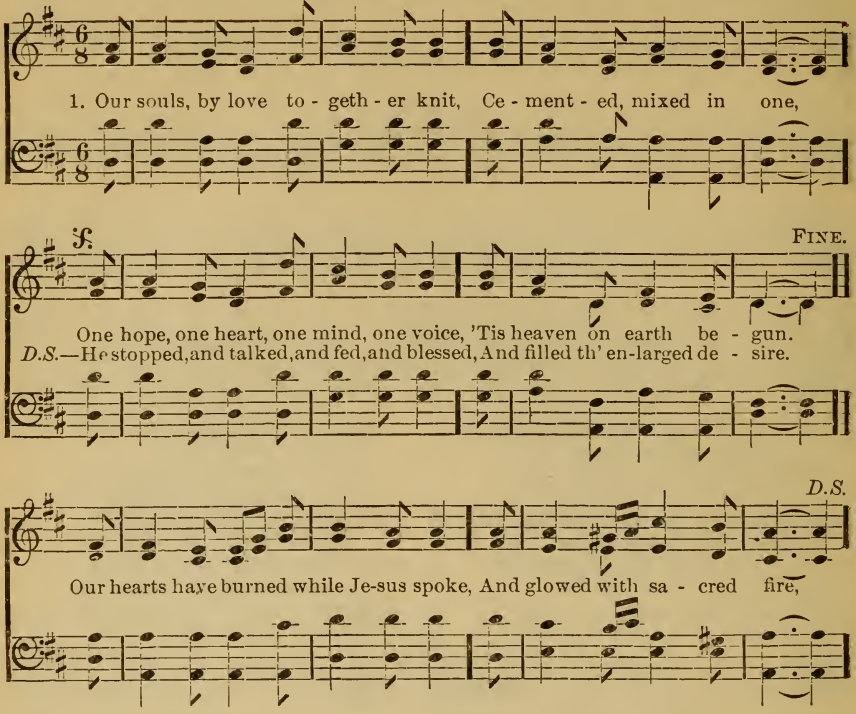
3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

Benjamin Beddome.

754 JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

LUDWIG SPOHR



2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixed,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown in view.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We wait to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain:
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour the mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God!

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown—
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own—
May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

William Edward Miller.

755 C. M. D.

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.
To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
The King is now our friend!

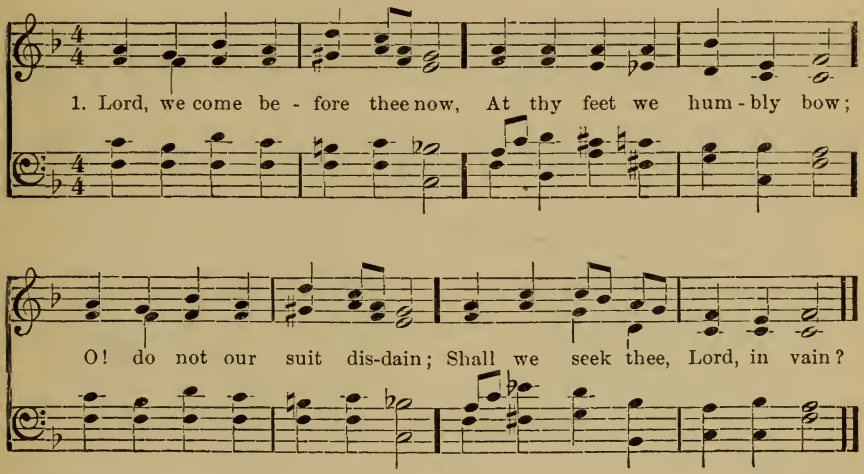
2 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

Charles Wesley.

SECTION II.

PRAYER.

756 **SEYMOUR. 7s.** CARL MARIA von WEBER.



2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

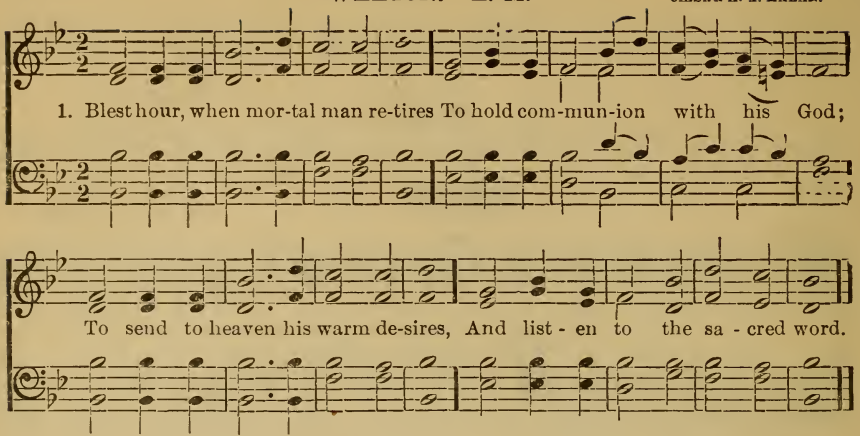
5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond.

757 WELTON. L. M.

CÆSAR H. A. MALAN.



2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour, for where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

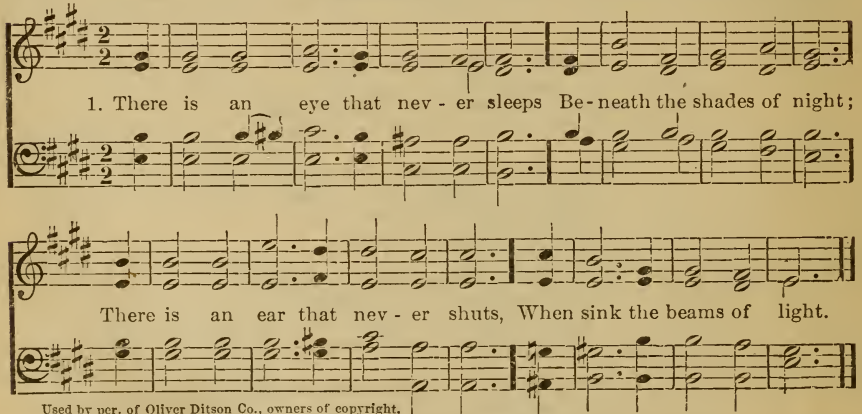
4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

5 And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

Thomas Raffles.

758 SERENITY. C. M.

Arr. from W. VINCENT WALLACE.



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2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs,
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

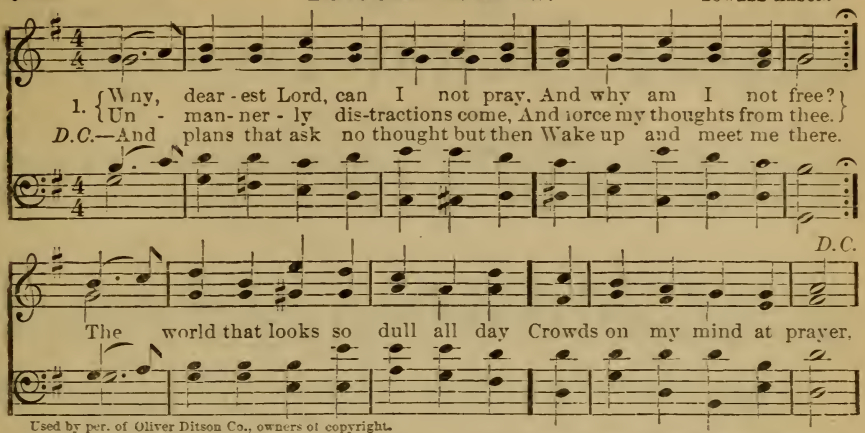
4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high;
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

John Aikman Wallace.

759 BUTLER. C. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.



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2 I cannot pray; yet, Lord, thou knowest
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from thee.
Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
But in the thought of thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

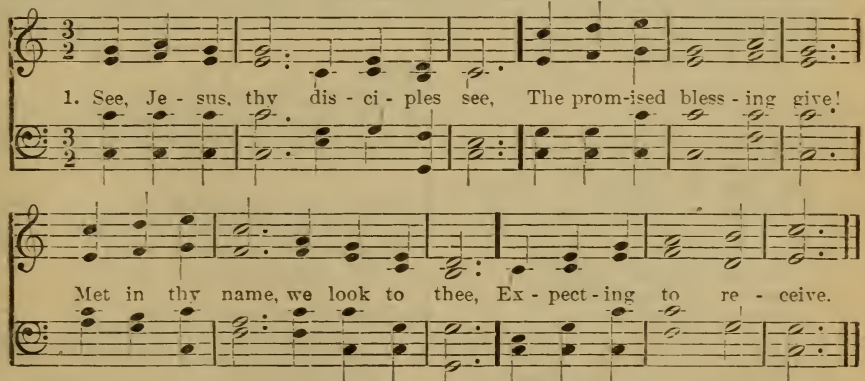
3 Yet thou art often present, Lord,
In weak, distracted prayer:
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds thee there.
For prayer that humbles sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord, it hangs to thee.

4 My Saviour, why should I complain,
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things,
Thy peace dwells far within.
These surface troubles come and go
Like rufflings of the sea:
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but thee.

Frederick William Faber.

760 SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.



2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

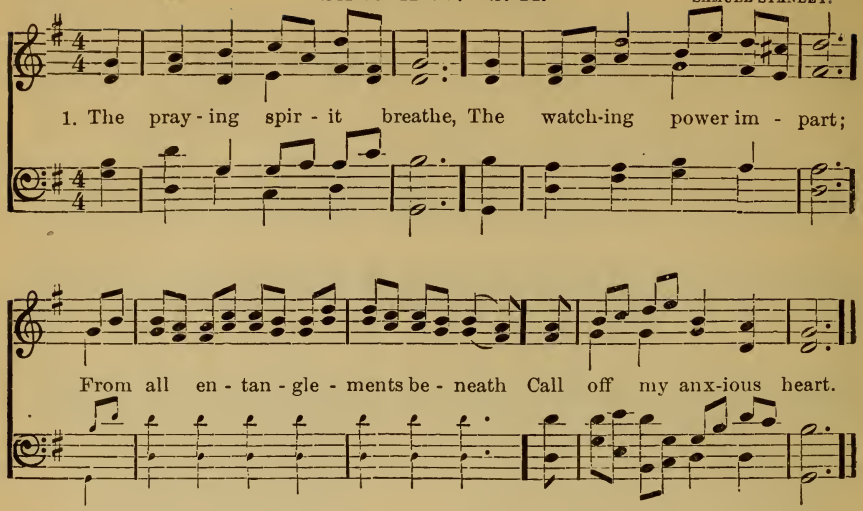
3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive."

Charles Wesley.

761 SHIRLAND. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley.

762 S. M.

1 Our Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near;
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The scepter, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth, are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy belovèd Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
"All for his sake be done."

James Montgomery.

763 S. M.

1 To God your every want
In instant prayer display:
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

2 His mercy now implore;
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

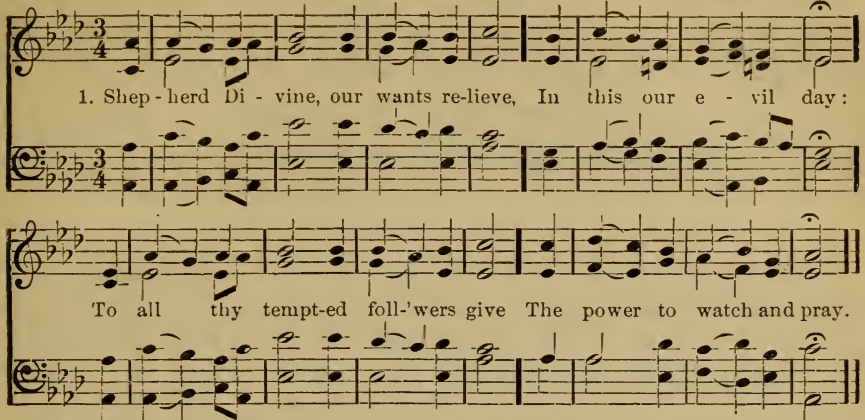
3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Sion's peace.

4 Your guides and brethren bear
Forever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

764 ARMENIA. C. M.

SYLVANUS B. POND.



2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let thee go:—

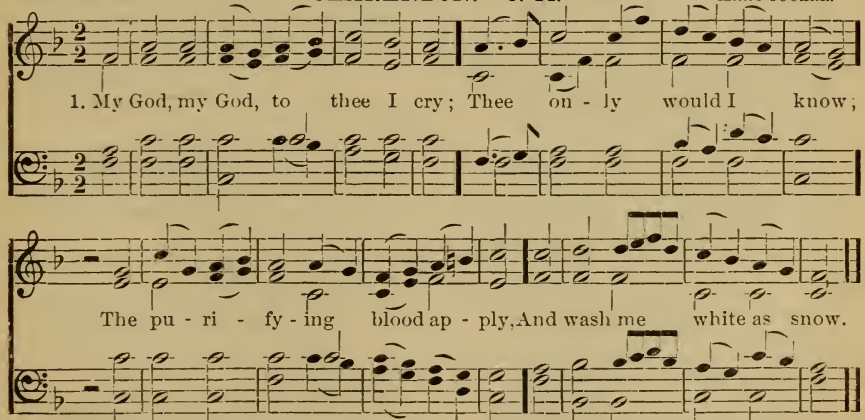
5 I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me, on the mountain-top,
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

Charles Wesley.

765 CLARENDON. C. M.

ISAAC TUCKER.



2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

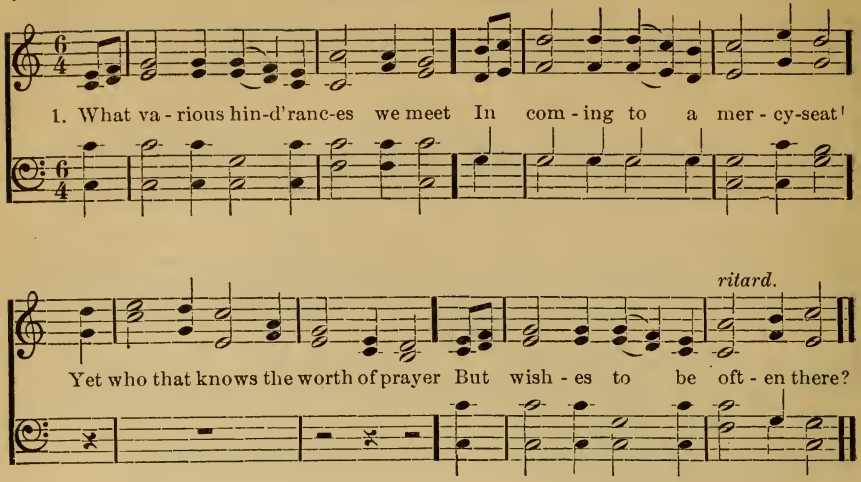
3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold! for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

Charles Wesley.

766 RETREAT. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah! think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper.

767 L. M.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

768 L. M.

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

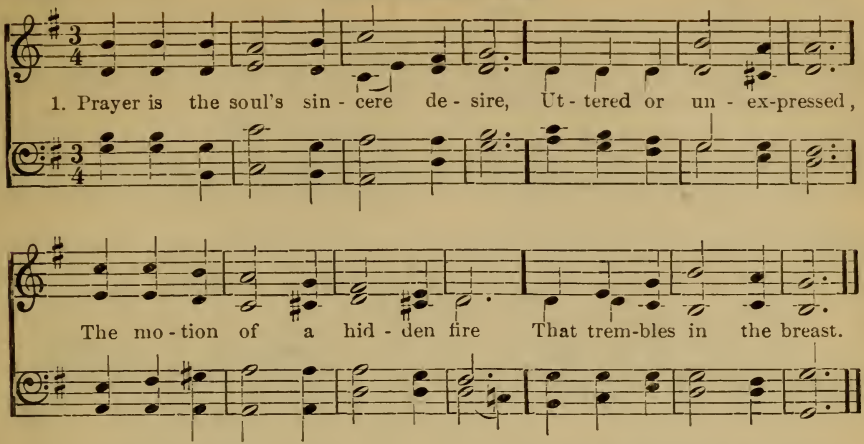
3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

769 ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery.

770 C. M.

1 FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow,
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfill thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fullness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

Charles Wesley.

771 C. M.

1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

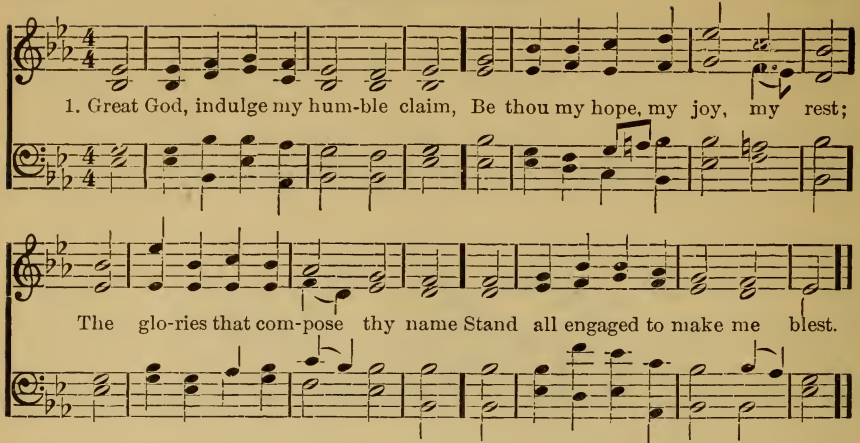
4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again;
With all thy fullness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

Charles Wesley.

772 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

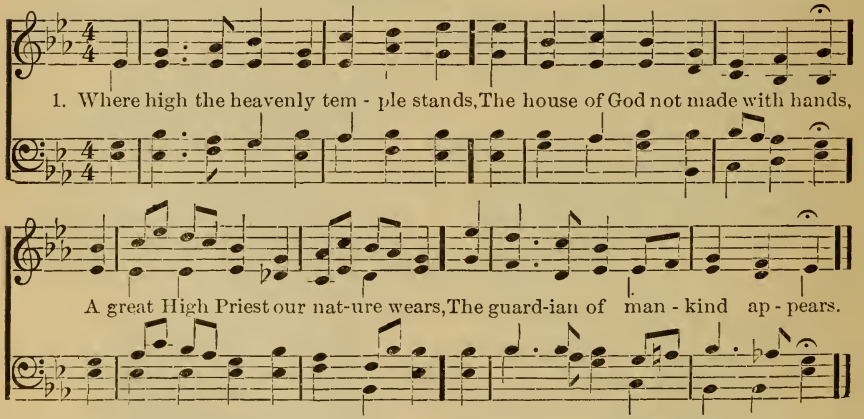
4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from thee, Lord!

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

Isaac Watts.

773 SAMSON. L. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour!

Michael Bruce.

774 Tune—"Uxbridge." L. M.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

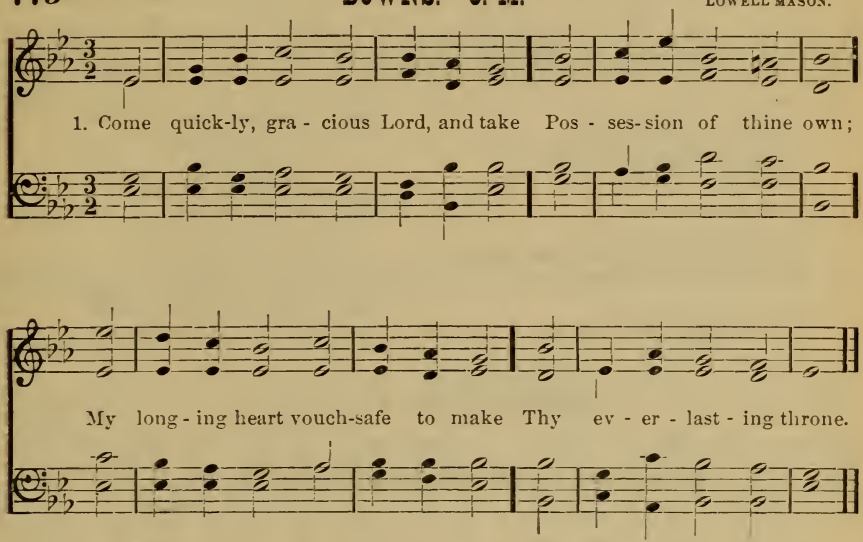
2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart.

775 **DOWNS. C. M.** LOWELL MASON.



2 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

776 C. M.

1 O blessed, blessèd sounds of grace,
Still echoing in my ear!
Glad is the hour, and loved the place—
But whence my sudden fear?

2 What if a sternly righteous doom
Have sealed this call my last?
Before me sickness—death—a tomb;
Behind, th'unpardoned past.

3 My Sabbath suns may all have set,
My Sabbath scenes be o'er;
The place, at least, where we are met,
May know my steps no more.

4 The prophet of the cross may ne'er
Again preach peace to me:
The voice of interceding prayer
A farewell voice may be.

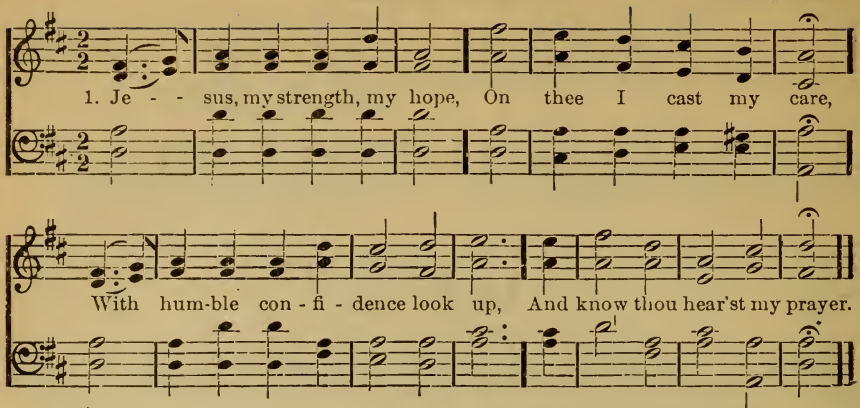
5 But, Saviour, canst thou say, "Farewell?"
Or, Holy Spirit, thou?
Or must I leave thy house for hell?
O save me, save me now!

6 While yet the life-proclaiming word
Doth through my conscience thrill,
Breathe life; and lo! divinely stirred,
I can repent, I will.

William Maclardie Bunting.

777 LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

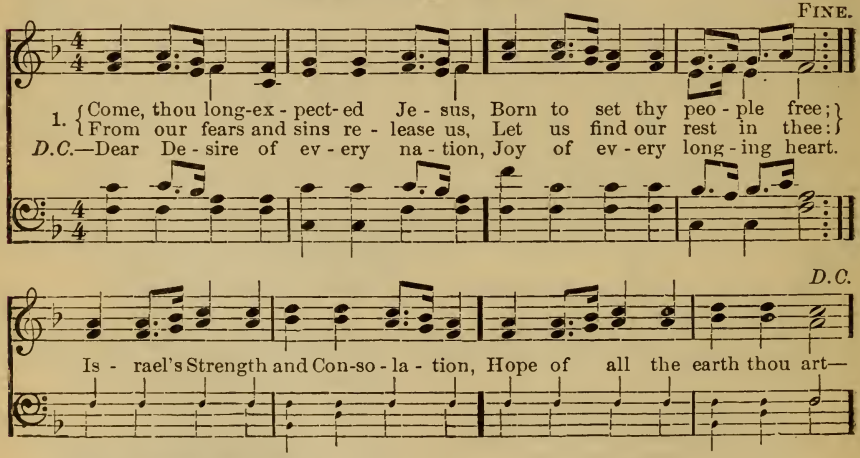
5 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley.

778 GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s. D.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

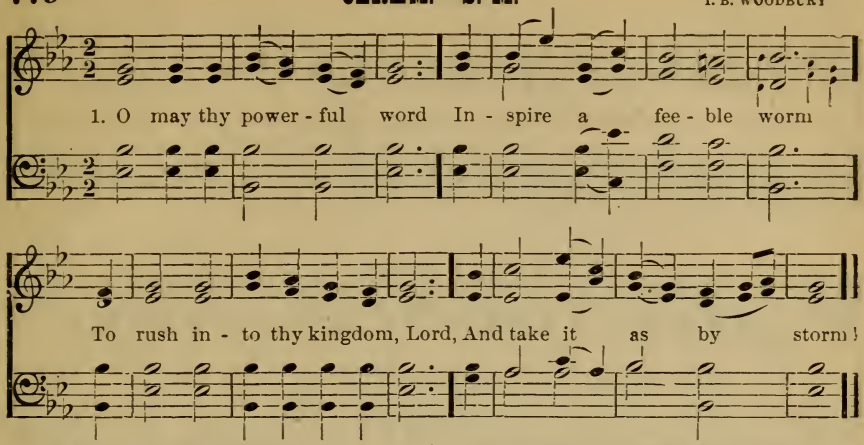


2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

779 OZREM. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY

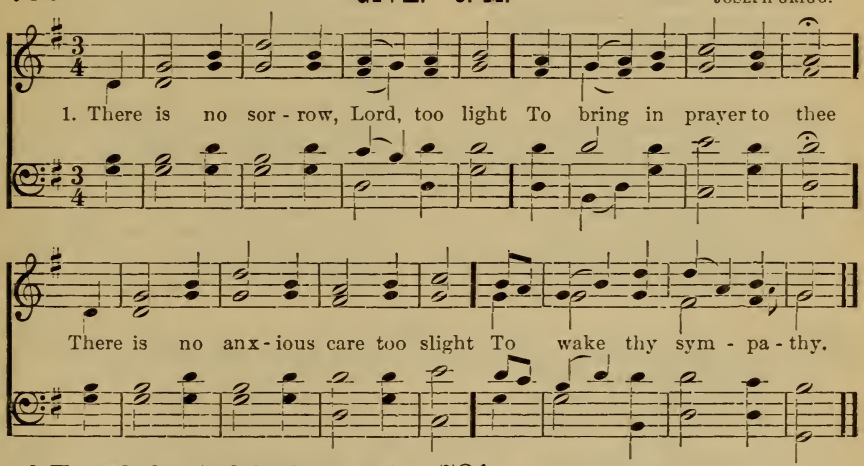


2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

Charles Wesley.

780 GIVE. C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.



2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson.

781

C. M.

1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

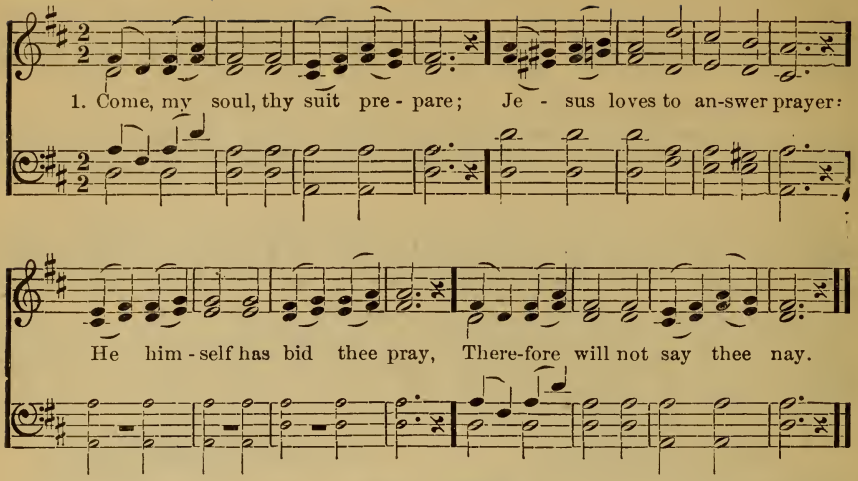
2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be.

Adoniram Judson.

782 EVE. 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast:
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

John Newton.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now!
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No; I must maintain my hold:
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton.

783

7s.

1 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

784

7s.

1 They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

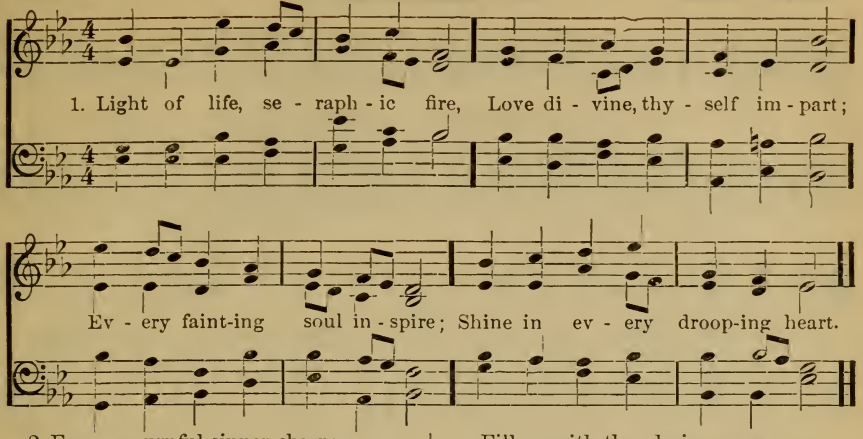
3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden. Alt.

785 THEODORA. 7s.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Son of God, appear! appear!
To thy human temples come.

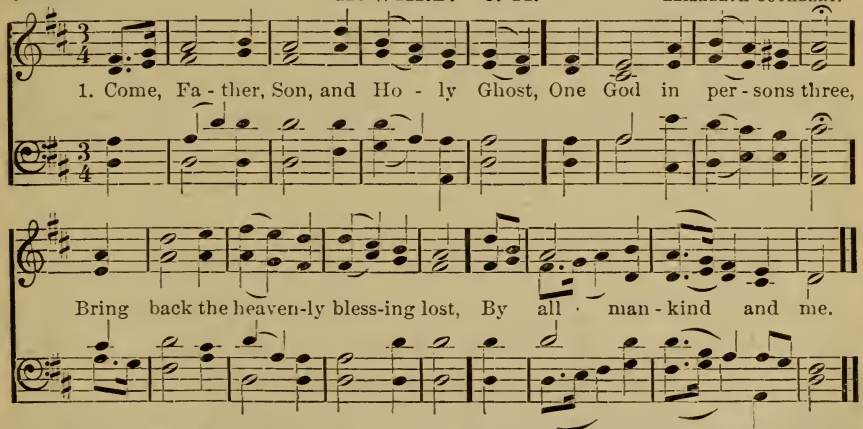
3 Come in this accepted hour:
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in:
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less:
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

Charles Wesley.

786 HOWARD. C. M.

ELIZABETH CUTHBERT.



2 Thy favor and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore:
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

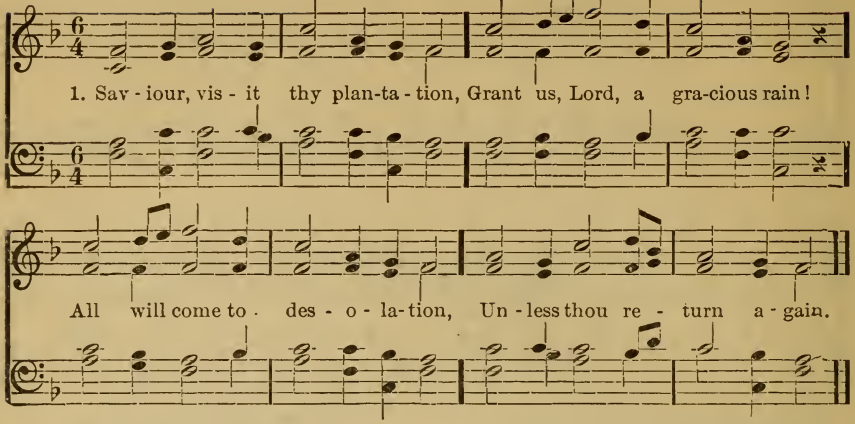
5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven:
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven!

Charles Wesley.

787 BARTIMEUS. 8s, 7s.

STEPHEN JENKS.



2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

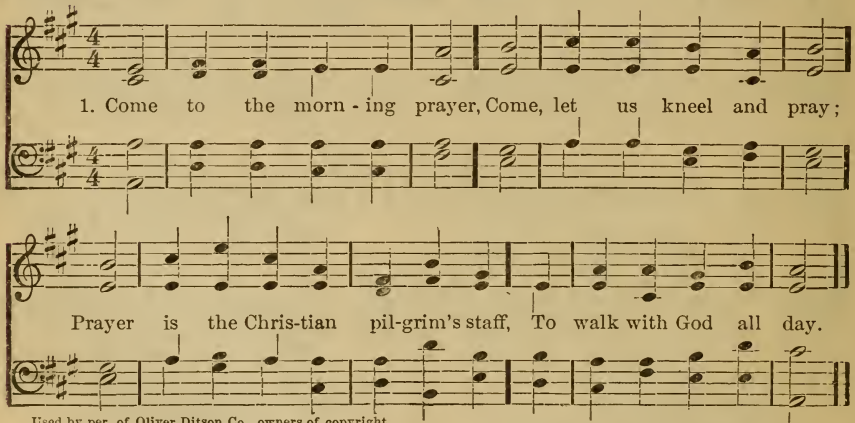
3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every plant looked gay and green:
Then thy word our spirits nourished—
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

John Newton.

788 DURER. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



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2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the heat
When smites the sun by day.

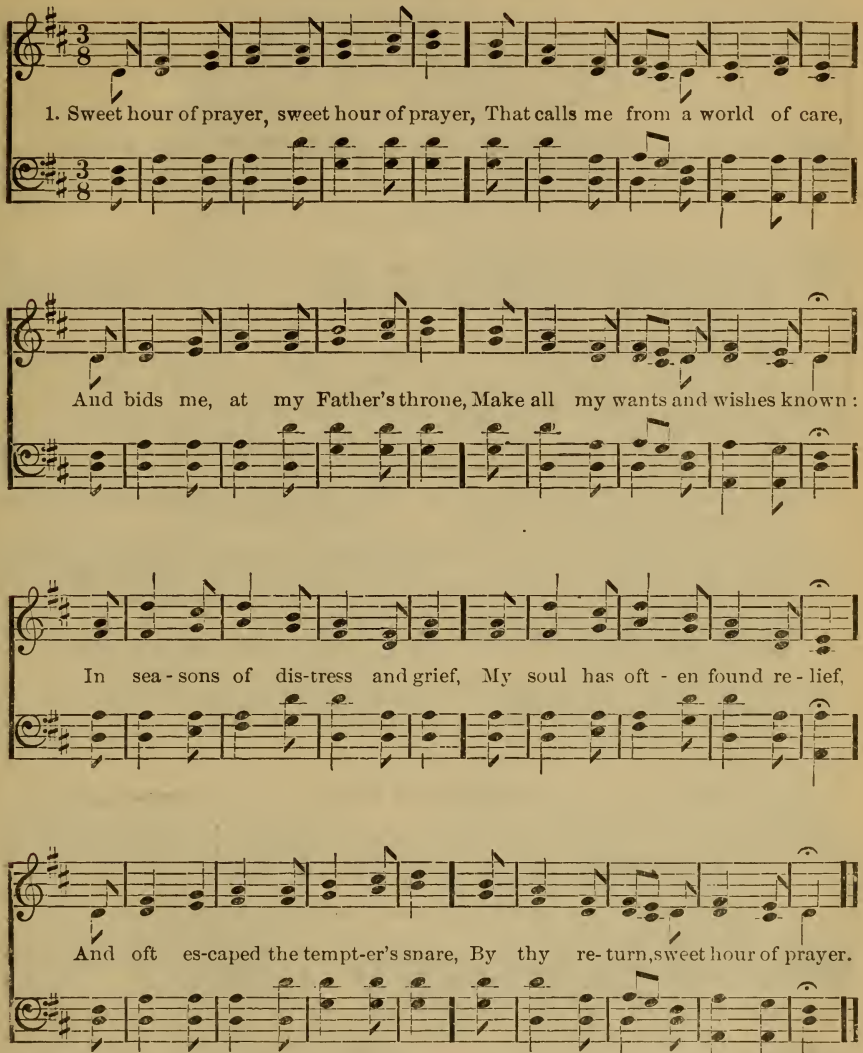
3 At evening shut thy door,
Round the home altar pray;
And finding there the house of God
With prayer thus close the day.

4 And when night veils our eyes,
O it is sweet to say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray."

James Montgomery.

789 SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



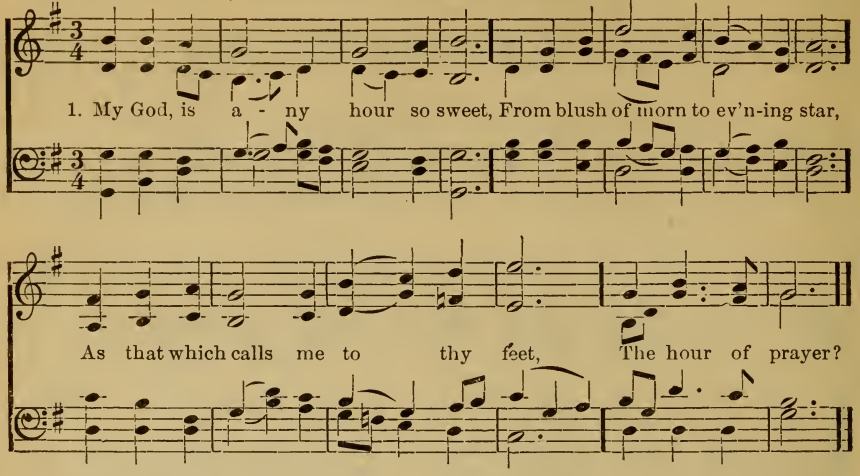
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

William W. Walford.

790 (*First Tune.*) HOUR OF PRAYER. 8s & 4s.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

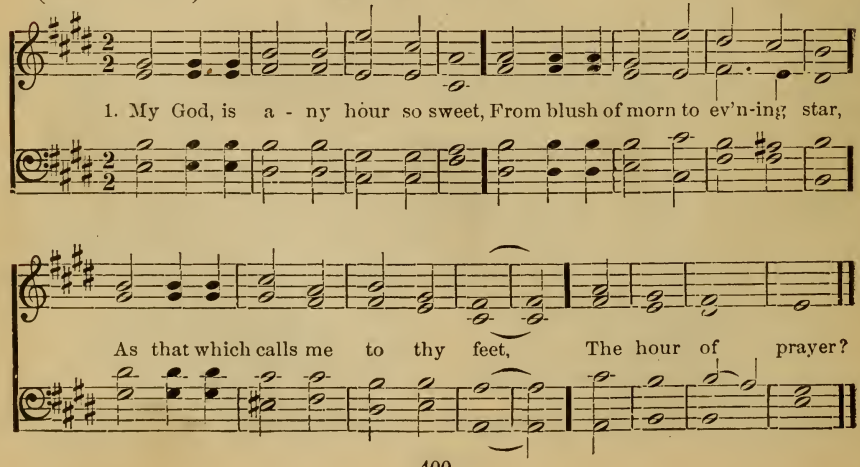
5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

(*Second Tune.*) **CALM. 8s & 4s.**

GEORGE J. ELVEY.



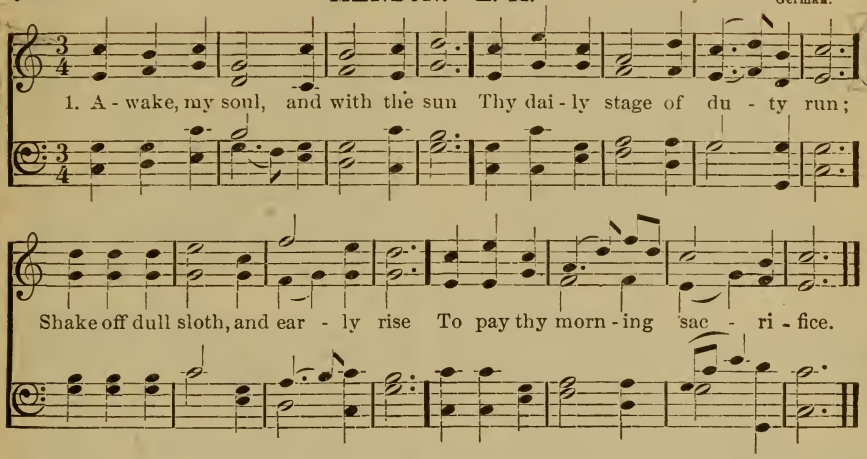
PART III.

FOR DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

SECTION I.

THE FAMILY.

791 **MENDON. L. M.** German.



2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept.
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

792 L. M.

1 New every morning is the love
Our wak'ning and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

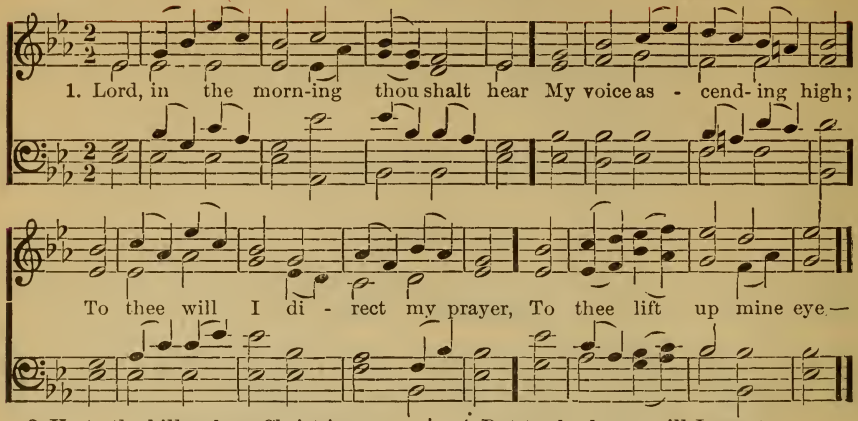
4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

793 WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

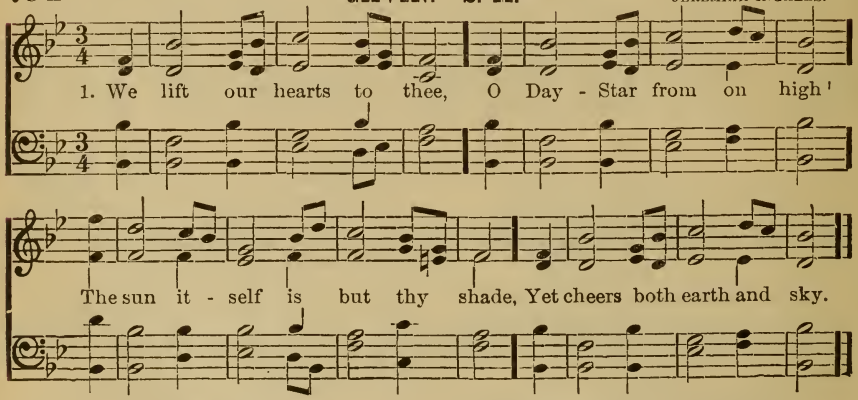
4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.

794 GAVIN. S. M.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.



2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like ev'ning dew,
Wash all its stains away!

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit—One in Three—
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

795 TUNE—"GAVIN." S. M.

1 SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

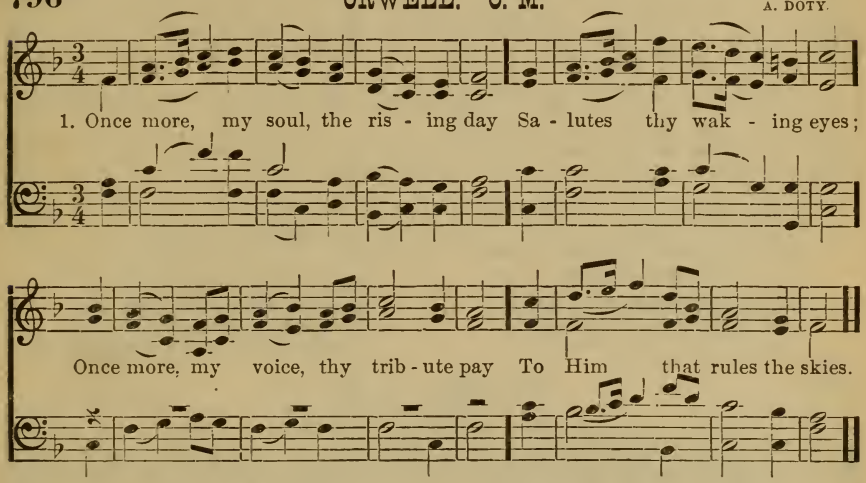
2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

Elizabeth Scott.

796 **ORWELL. C. M.** A. DOTY.



2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound—
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light!
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

Isaac Watts.

797 C. M.

1 GIVER and guardian of my sleep,
To praise thy name I wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

2 The blessing of another day
I thankfully receive:
O may I only thee obey,
And to thy glory live!

3 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
My words and thoughts restrain;
Bow my whole soul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.

4 Pris'ner of hope, I wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;
When all I am shall own thy power,
And call my Jesus King.

Charles Wesley.

798 C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread
In my defenseless sleep:
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.

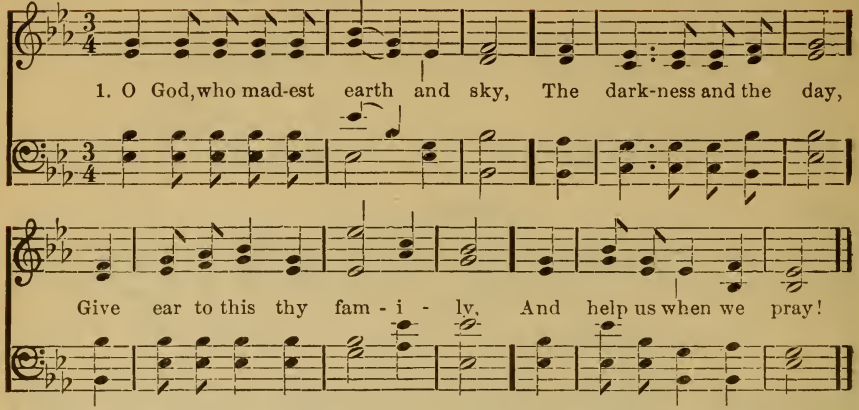
3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark, bewildered soul
To everlasting day.

Philip Doddridge.

799 ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



2 For wild the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore!

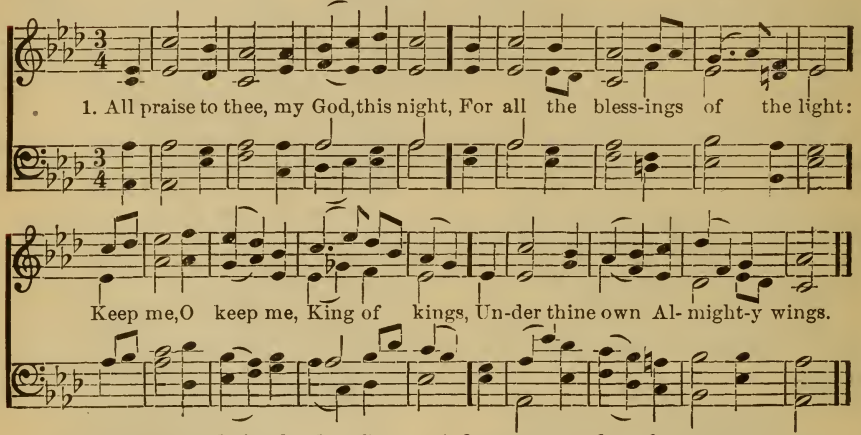
3 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

4 Then, mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too!

Reginald Heber.

800 SEASONS. L. M.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



2 Forgive, me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

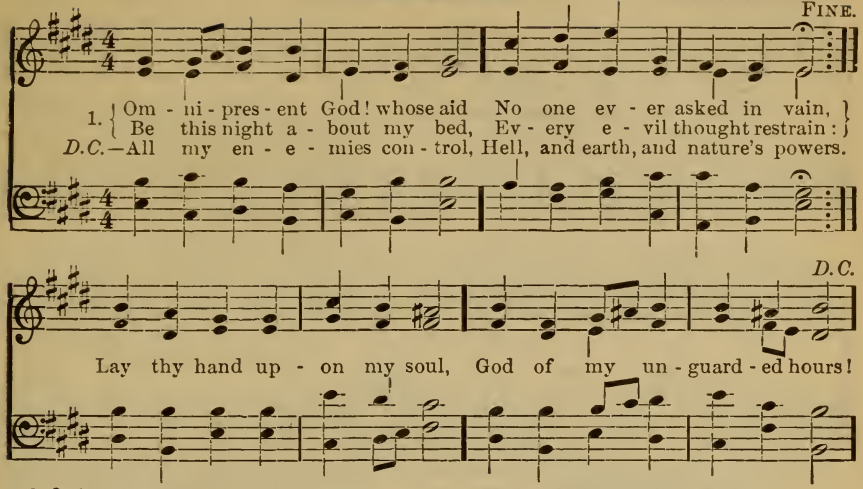
4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

801 ST. NICOLAI. 7s. D.

JOHANN ROSENMULLER.

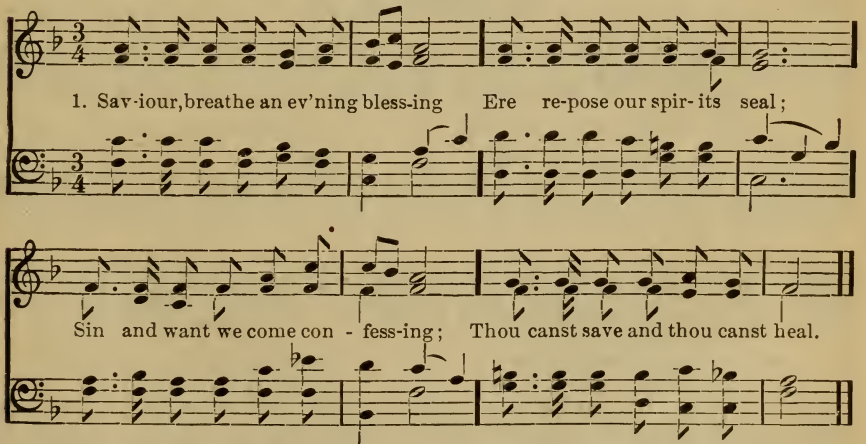


2 O thou jealous God! come down,
God of spotless purity;
Claim and seize me for thine own,
Consecrate my heart to thee:
Under thy protection take;
Songs in the night season give:
Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
Let me die to thee, and live.

Charles Wesley.

802 ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

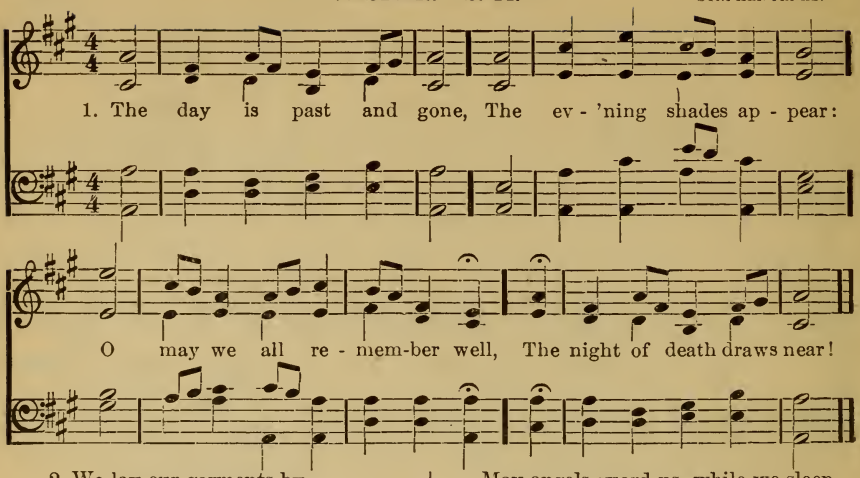
3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

803 VESPER. S. M.

STEPHEN JENKS.



2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

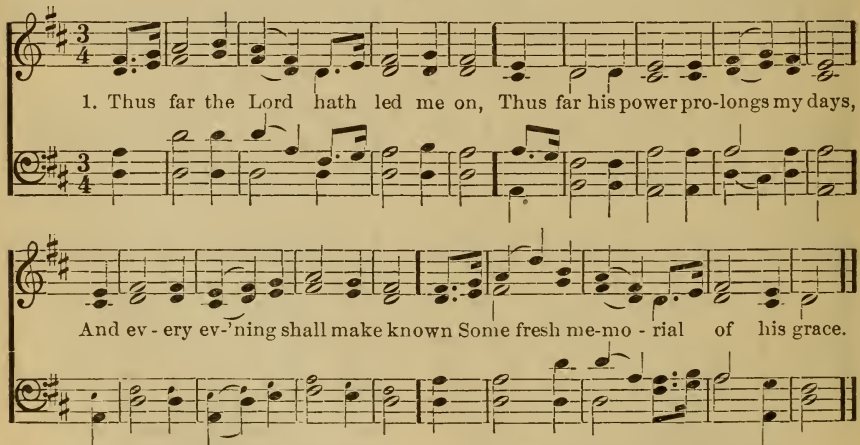
3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

John Leland.

804 BOWRING. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts.

805 TUNE—"BOWRING." L. M.

1 How do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored:
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led:
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But, lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone!
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love!

Charles Wesley.

806 TUNE—"BOWRING." L. M.

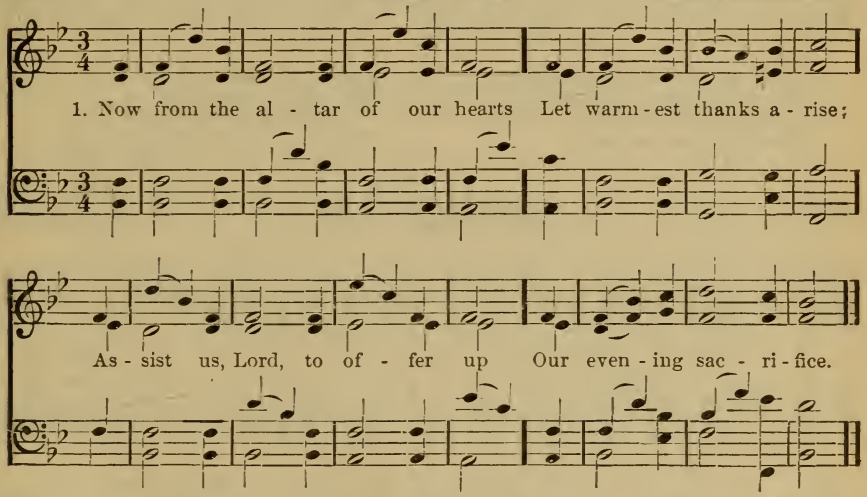
1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

807 **GEER.** C. M. HENRY W. GREATOREX.



2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

John Mason.

808 C. M.

1 Thou, Lord, hast blessed my going out,
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

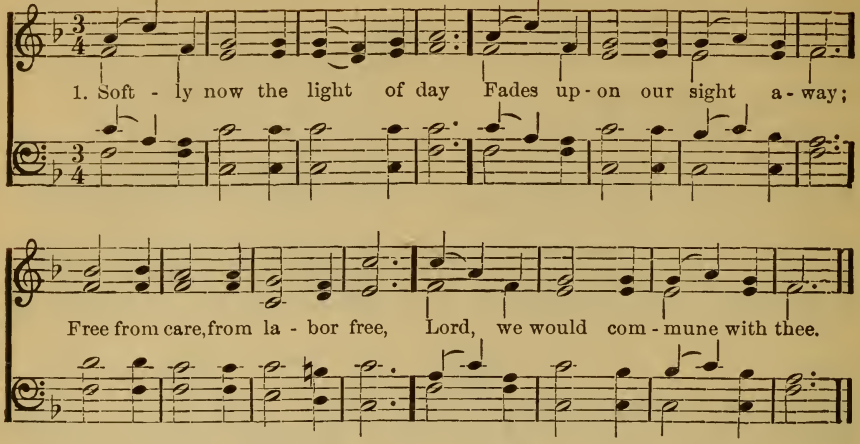
3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart!

Charles Wesley.

809 ALETTA. 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



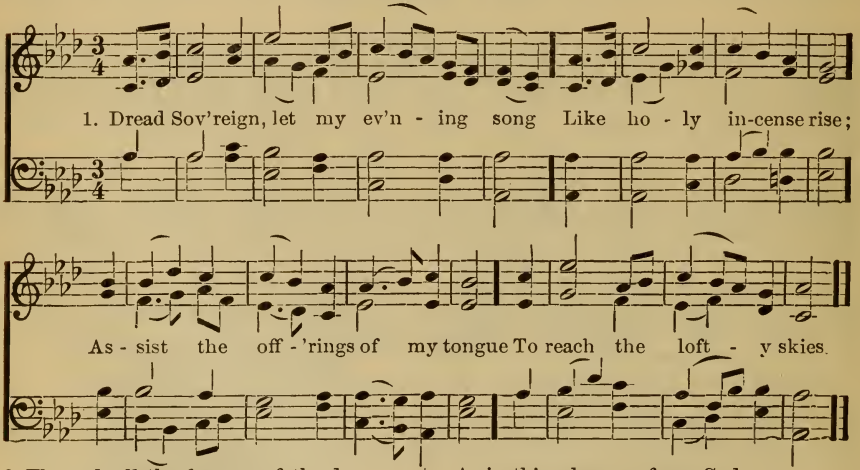
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

George W. Doane.

810 HARVILLE. C. M.

JAMES FLINT.



2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest;
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

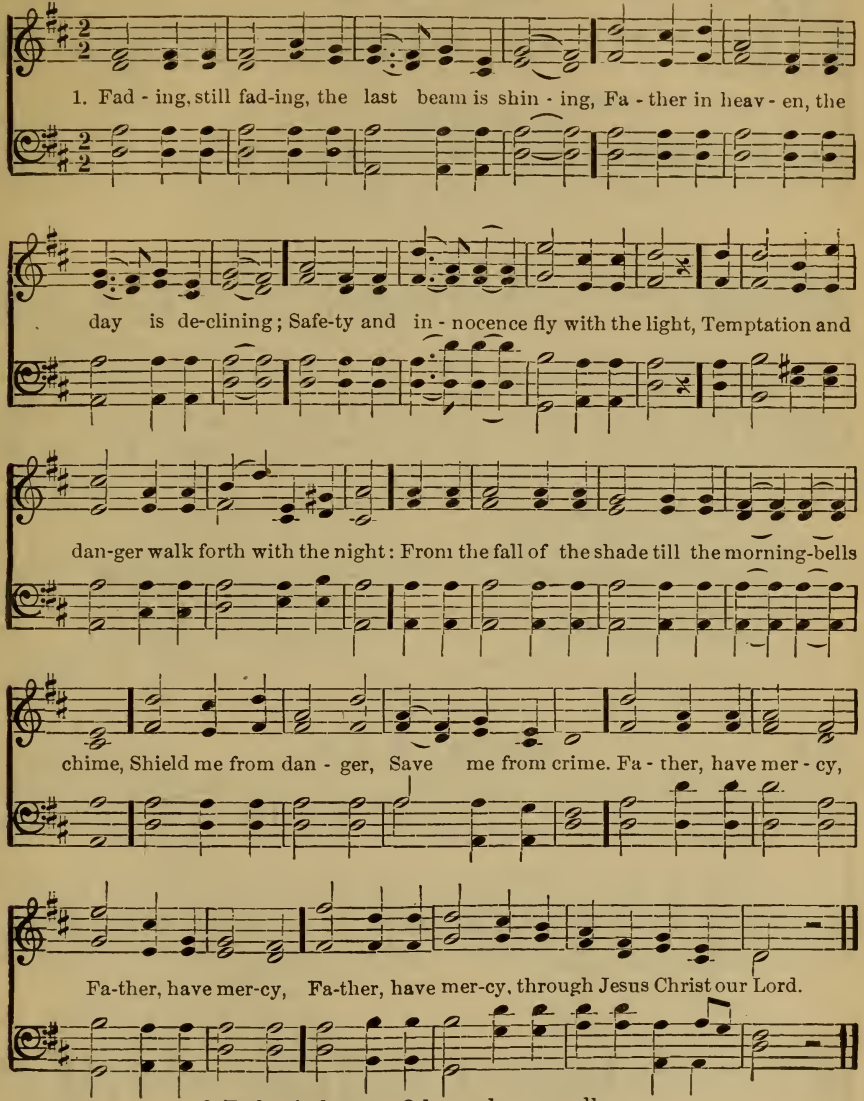
Isaac Watts.

DOXOLOGY.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored;
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

811 LAST BEAM. P. M.

Arr. by T. V. WEISENTHAL.

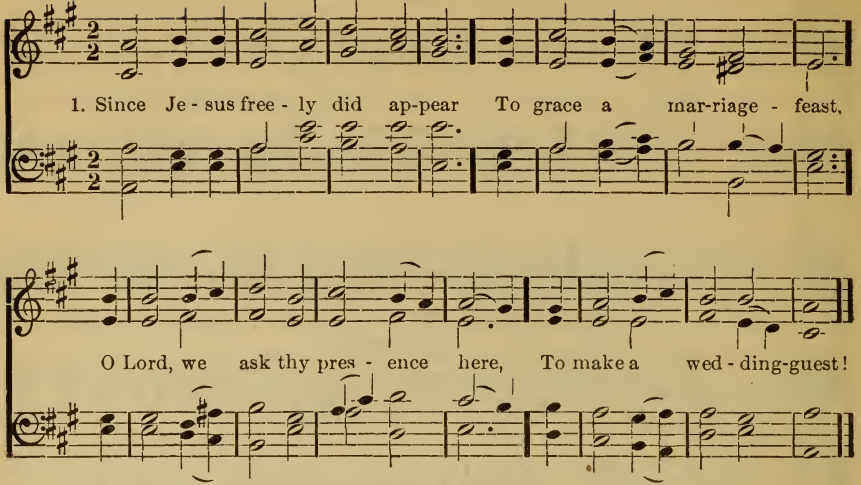


2 Father in heaven, O hear when we call,
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all:
Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might;
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in thy arms when morning returns.
Father, have mercy, &c.

Author Unknown.

812 DEDHAM. C. M.

WILLIAM GARDNER.



2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

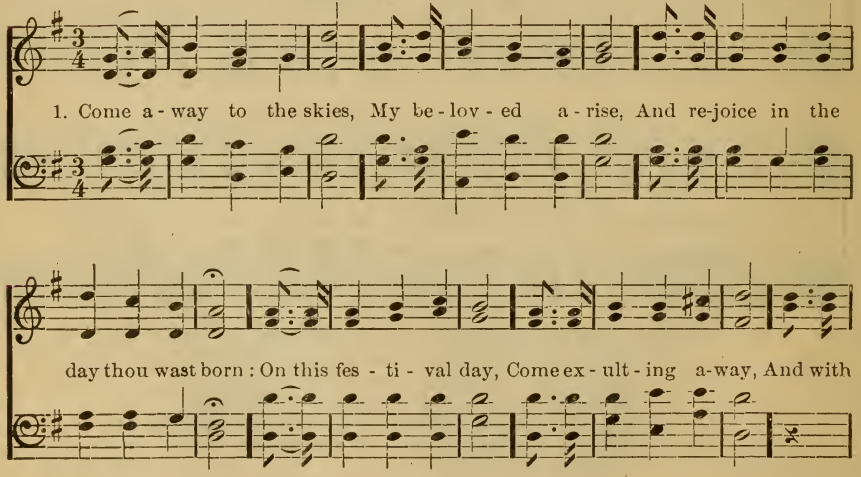
3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

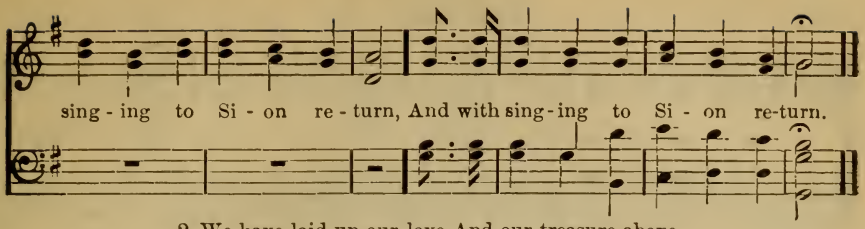
4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

John Berridge.

813 ROWLEY. 5s, 6s, 9s.

WILLIAM ARNOLD.

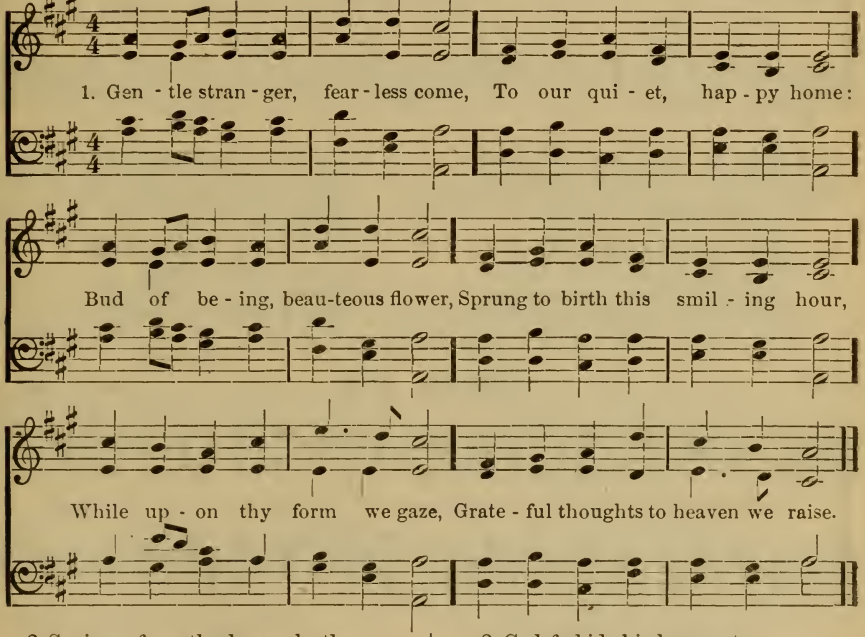




2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeemed of our Lord, We remember his word.
And with singing to paradise go.

Charles Wesley.

814 **DIX. 7s. 6 l.** CONRAD KOCHER.



2 Saviour, from thy heavenly throne
Smile upon this little one;
Let thy Spirit be its guide,
Let its wants be well supplied;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,
Fit it for thy high abode.

Author Unknown.

815 7s. 6 l.

1 WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

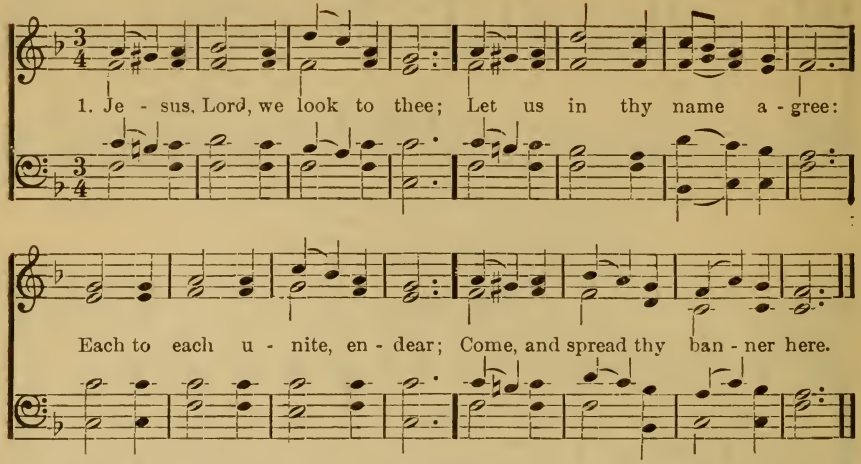
2 God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the precious loan,
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best!
Happy in his will I rest.

3 Faith cries out, it is the Lord!
Let him do as seems him good:
Be thy holy name adored,
Take the gift awhile bestowed;
Take the child no longer mine,
Thine he is, forever thine.

Charles Wesley.

816 ESHTEMOA. 7s.

TIMOTHY B. MASON.



2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

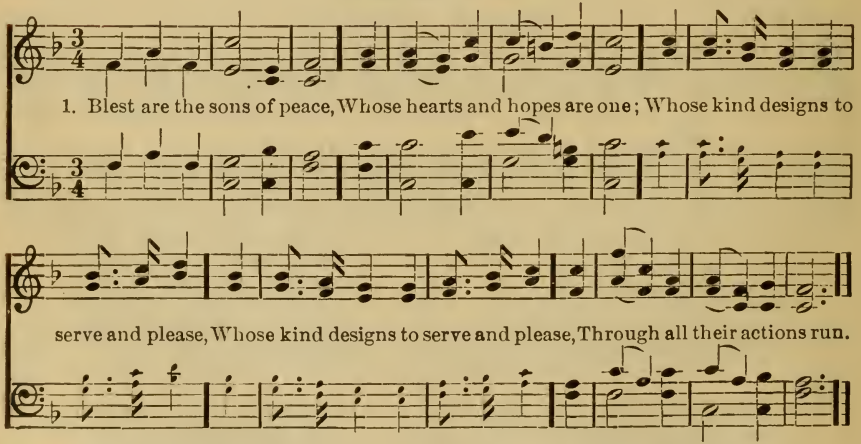
4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

5 Let us, then, with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

Charles Wesley.

817 GERAR. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

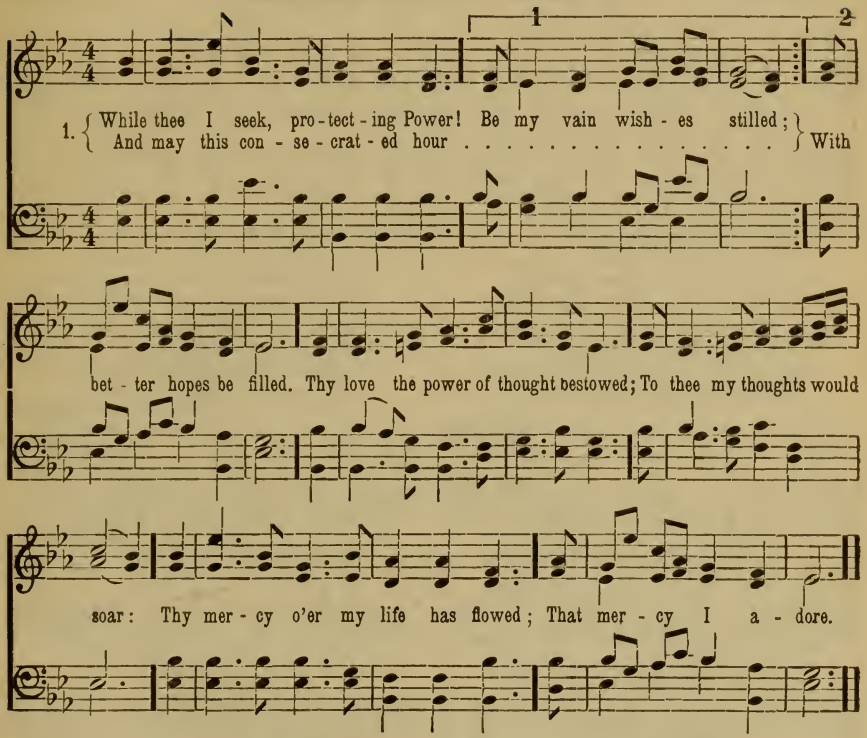
3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts.

SECTION II.

THE CLOSET.

818 **BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.** IGNACE PLEYEL.



2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen Maria Williams.

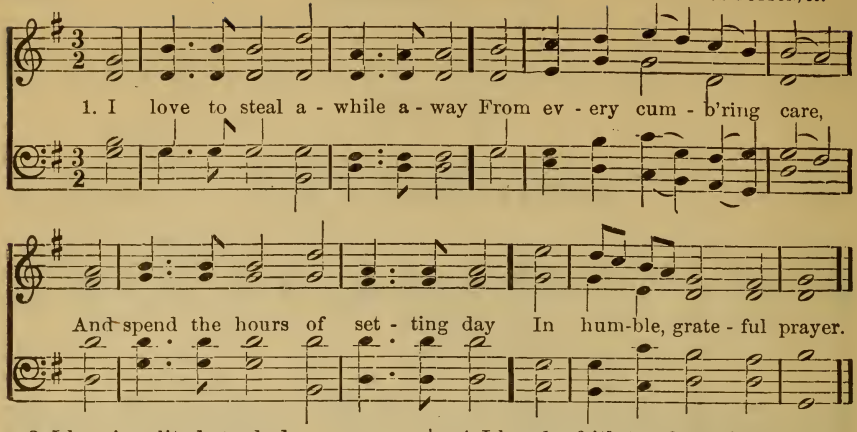
819 C. M. D.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

William Cowper.

820 WOODSTOCK. C. M.

DEODATUS DUTTON, Jr.



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

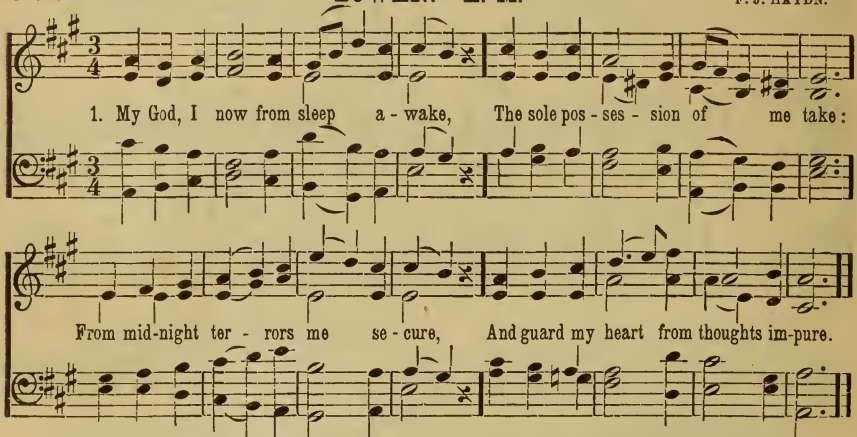
4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phœbe Hinsdale Brown.

821 BOWEN. L. M.

F. J. HAYDN.



2 Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You, joyful, hymn the Ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with your choir celestial join,
In off'ring up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

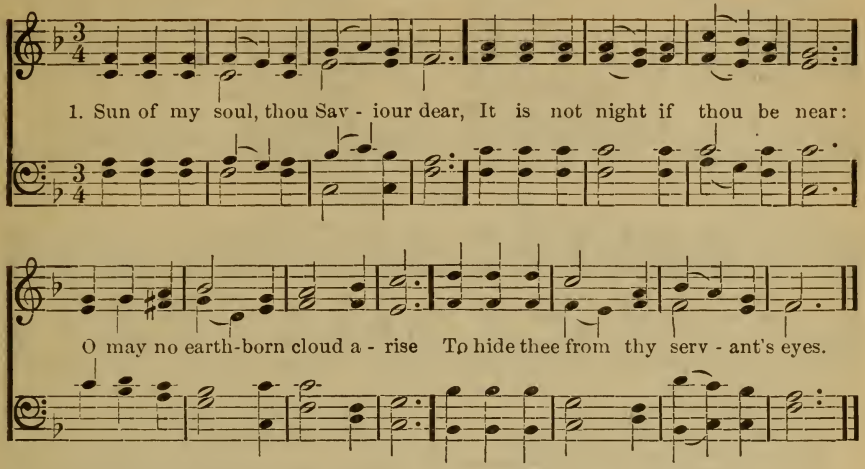
4 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice:
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Ken.

822 HURSLEY. L. M.

Fr. PETER RITTER.
Har. by W. H. MONK.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy bounteous store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

823 L. M.

1 O GOD, my God, my all thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enliv'ning power display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ,
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

4 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy name belongs,
Hourly with lifted hands, I'll pay.

From the Spanish. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

824 L. M.

1 O THOU great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

2 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

3 Then with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

Philip Doddridge.

825 L. M.

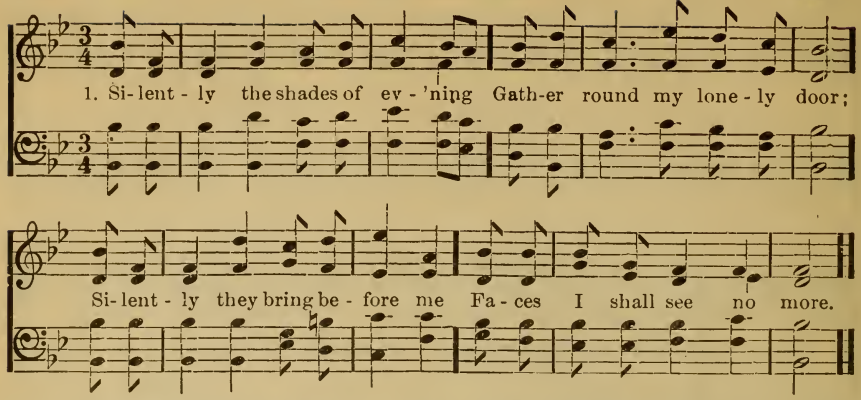
1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

Charles Wesley.

826 STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

DARIUS E. JONES.



2 O the lost, the unforgotten!
Though the world be oft forgot—
O the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

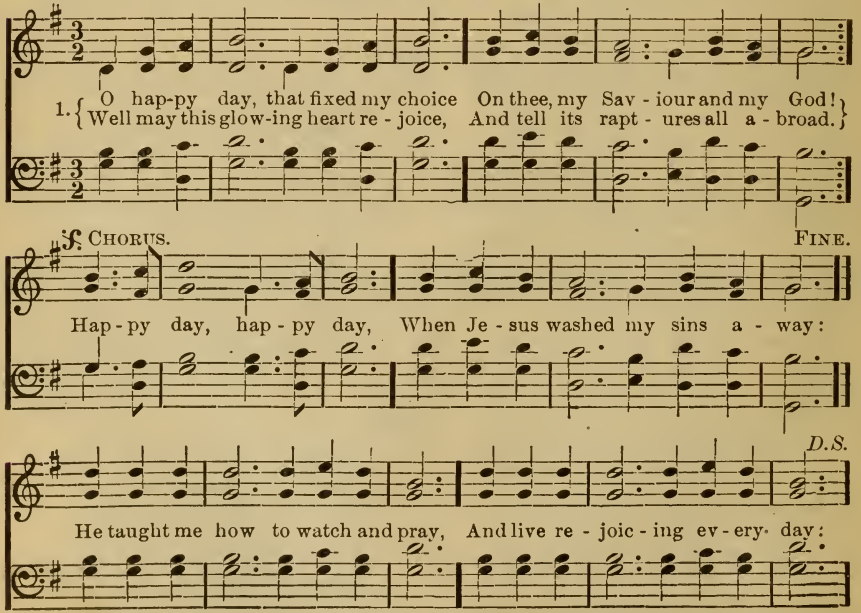
3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

Christopher C. Cox.

827 HAPPY DAY. L. M.

From EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

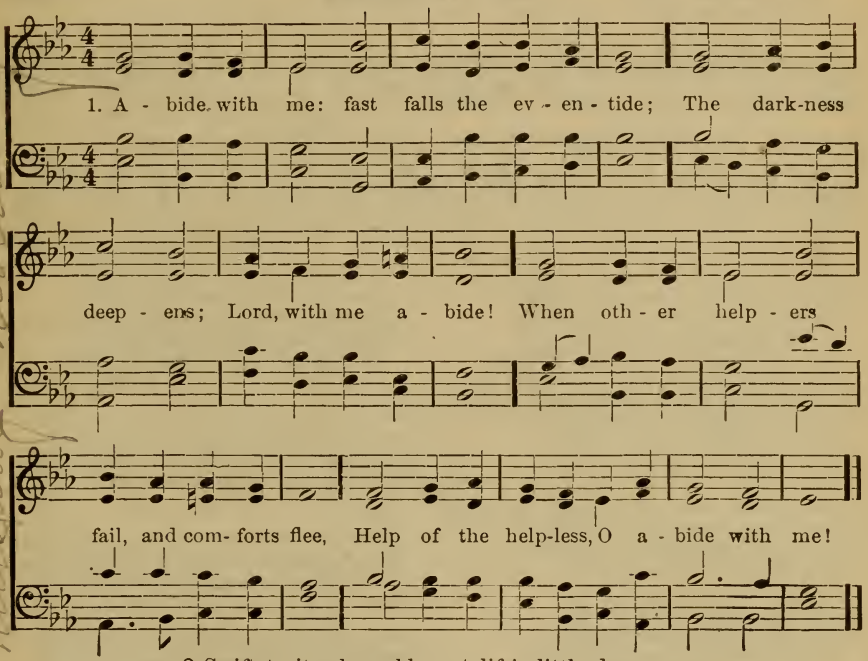
3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge.

828 **EVENTIDE.** 10s. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

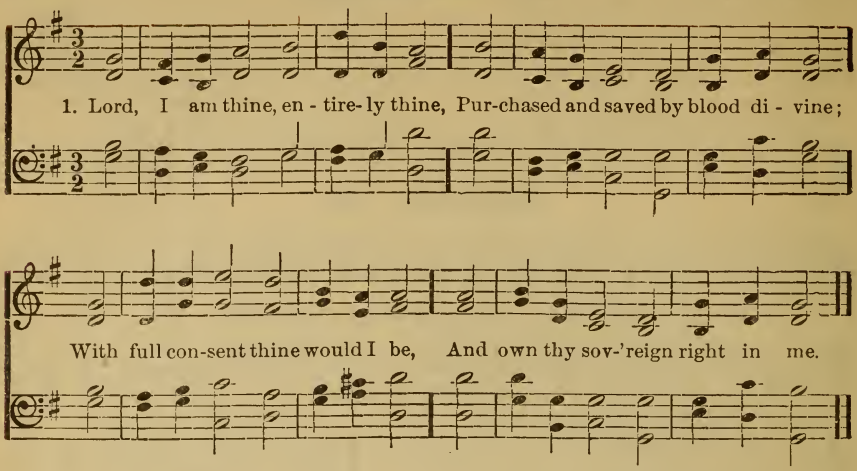
4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte.

829 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace:
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies.

830 L. M.

1 ANGEL of covenanted grace,
Come, and thy healing power infuse;
Descend in thine own time, and bless,
And give the means their hallowed use.

2 Obedient to thy will alone,
To thee in means I calmly fly;
My life, I know, is not my own,
To God I live, to God I die.

3 Thy holy will be ever mine:
If thou on earth detain me still,
I bow, and bless the grace divine,—
I suffer all thy holy will.

4 I come, if thou my strength restore,
To serve thee with my strength renewed;
Grant me but this, I ask no more—
To spend and to be spent for God.

Charles Wesley.

831 L. M.

1 GOD of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

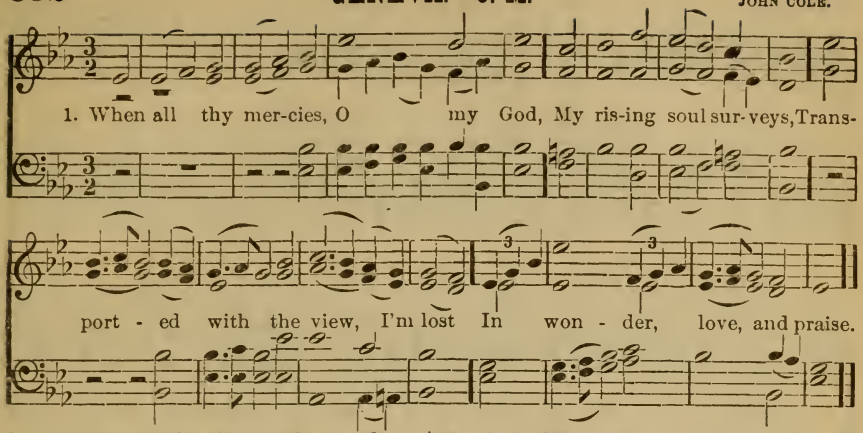
5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge.

832 GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE.



2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there!

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

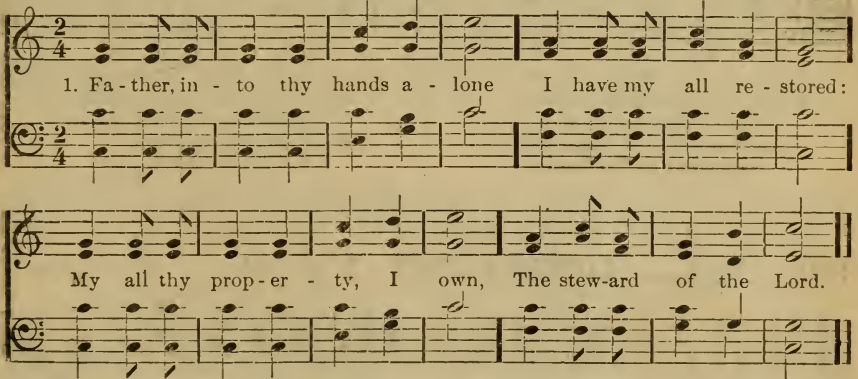
5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercies shall adore.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

833 ASHVILLE. C. M.

A. B. EVERETT.



2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at thy command to lay
Them down I always am.

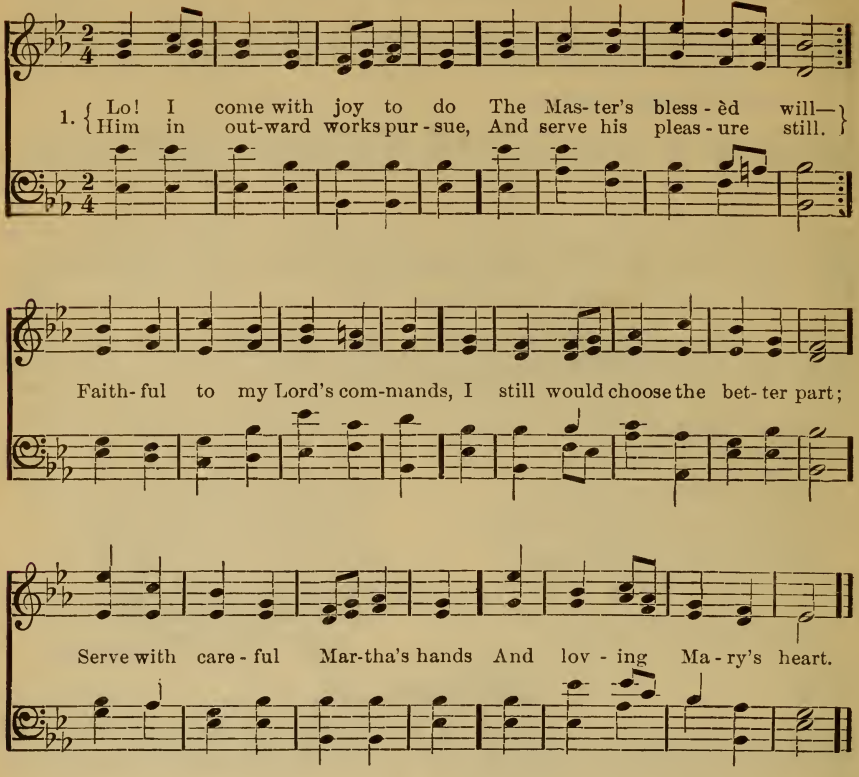
3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through Him who died for me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Determined all thy will t' obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore.

Charles Wesley.

834 LO! I COME. 7s, 6s, 7, 8.

L. C. EVERETT.



2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil:
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile;

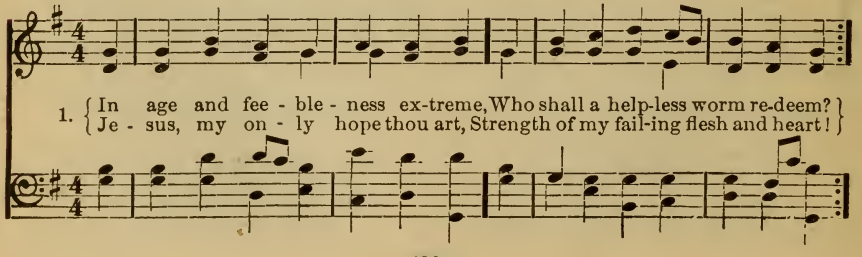
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward:
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

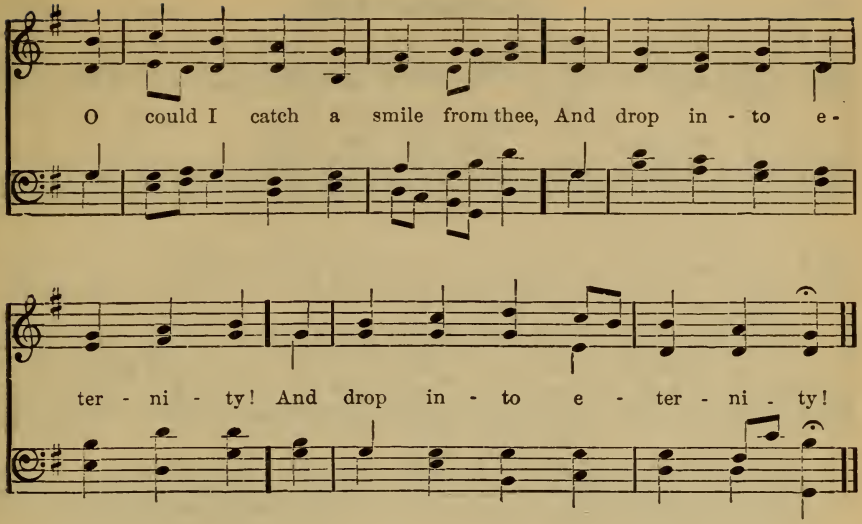
Charles Wesley.

835 LUTHER'S HYMN. L. M. 6 l.

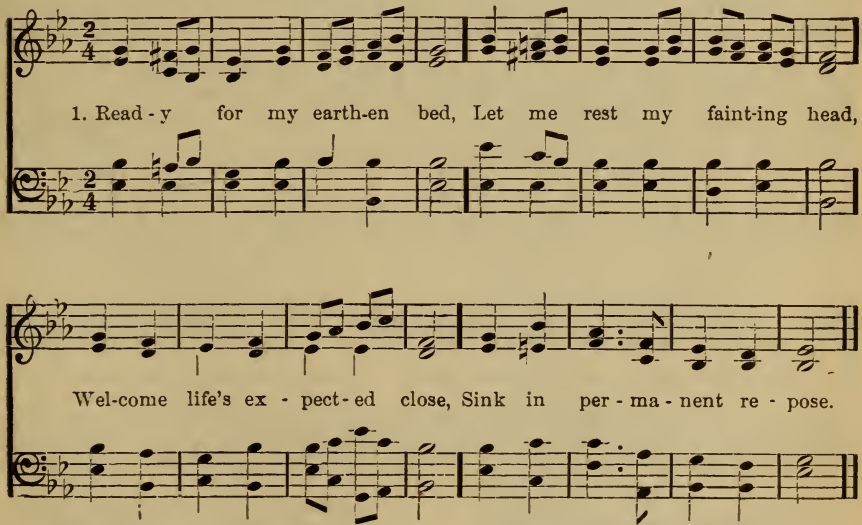
Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

MARTIN LUTHER.





836 **HOLLEY. 7s.** GEORGE HEWS.



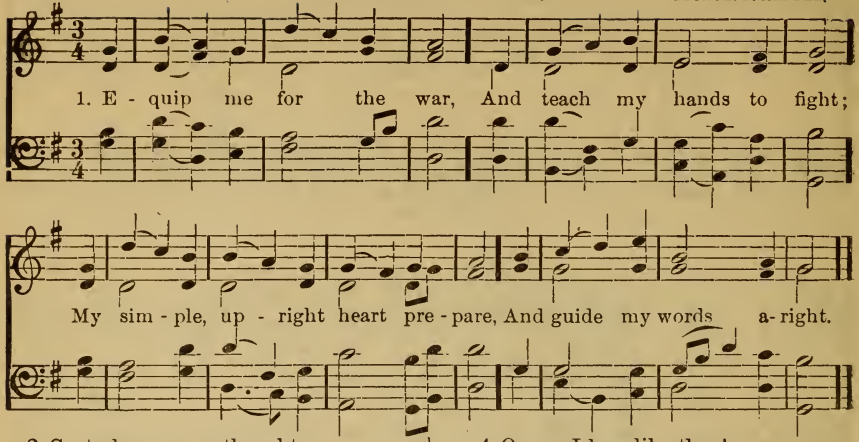
2 Jesus' blood, to which I fly,
Doth my conscience purify,
Signs my weary soul's release,
Bids me now depart in peace.

3 Thus do I my bed prepare;
O how soft when Christ is there!
Calm I lay my body down,
Rise to an immortal crown.

Charles Wesley.

837 THATCHER. S. M.

GEORGE. F. HANDEL.



2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

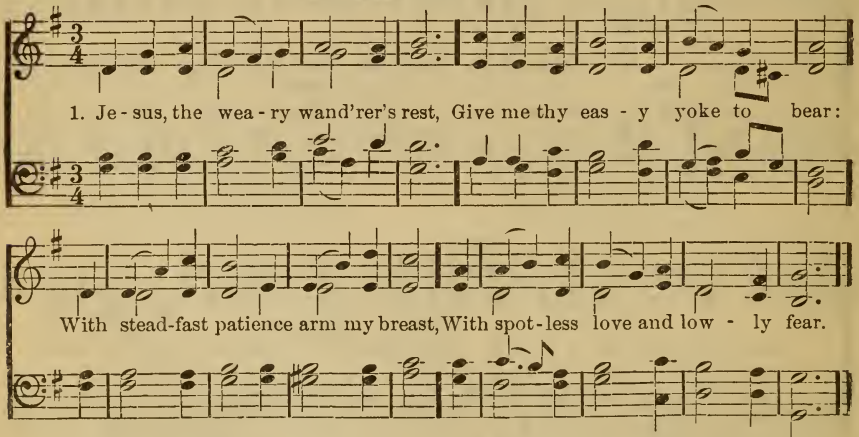
4 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

5 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Charles Wesley.

838 STARLIGHT. L. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

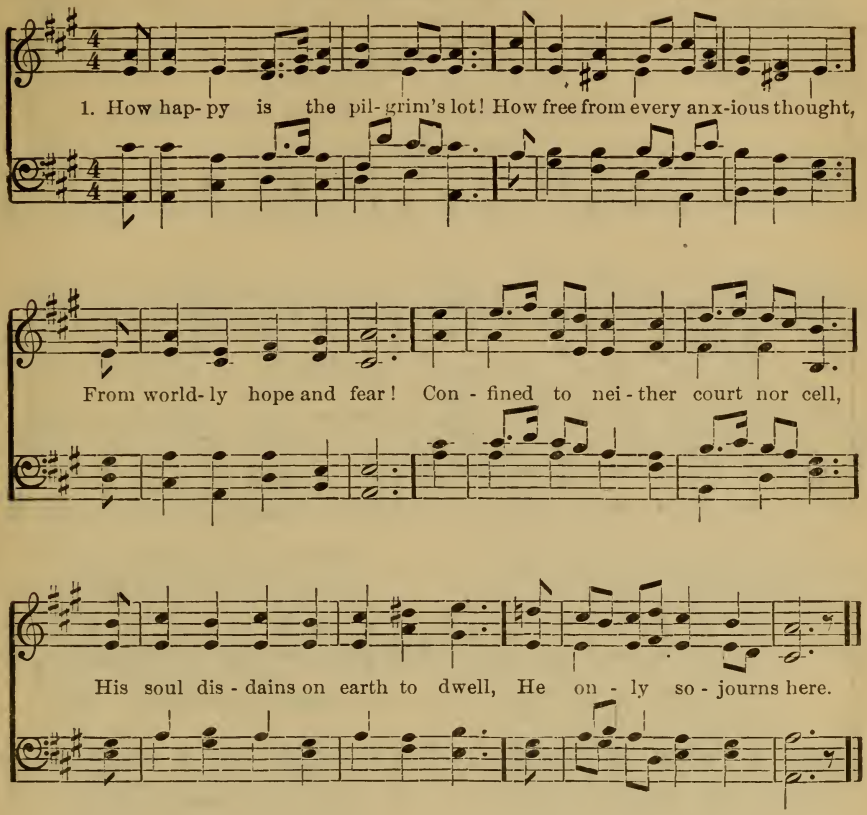
3 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh! [gone;
So shall each murm'ring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly
As clouds before the midday sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace!"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still!"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

Charles Wesley.

839 RAPTURE. C. P. M.

EDWARD HARWOOD.



2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

5 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

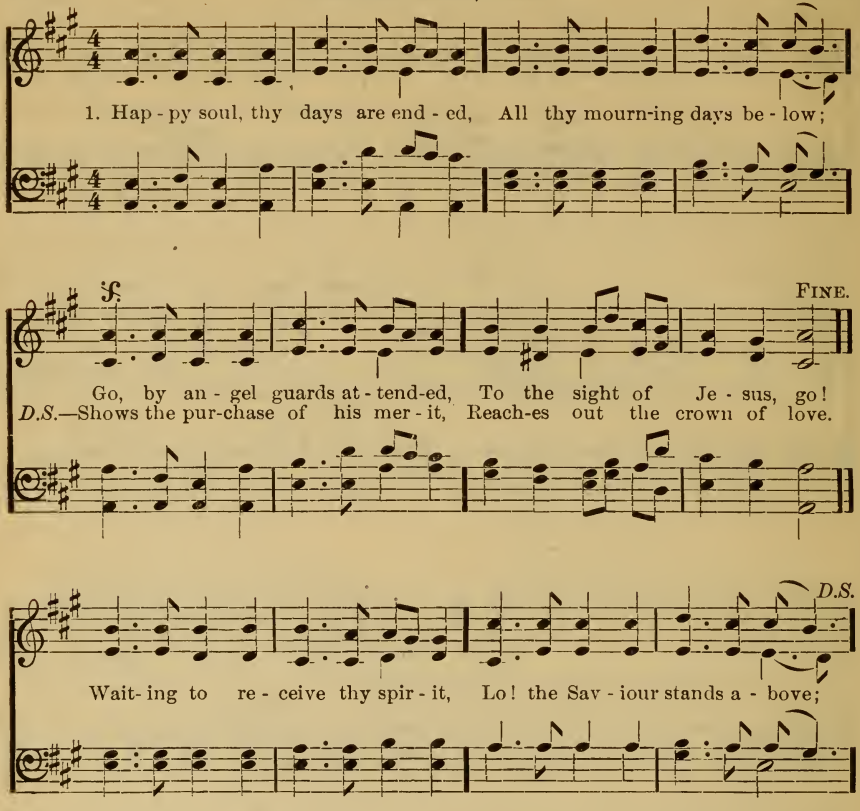
6 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

7 I come—thy servant, Lord, replies—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

John Wesley.

840 DISCIPLE. 8s, 7s. D.

From W. A. MOZART.



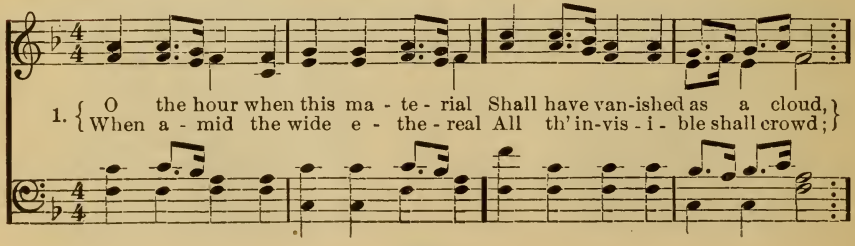
2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast—
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

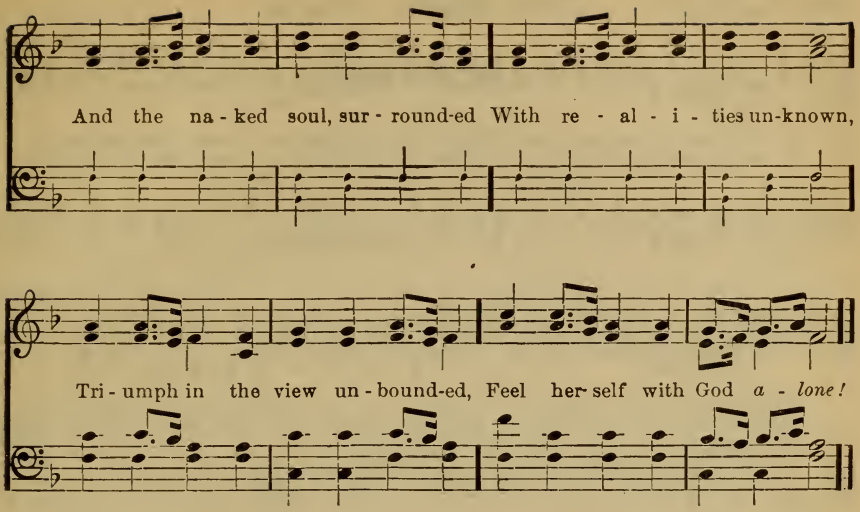
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Charles Wesley.

841 GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.





2 In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal,
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

3 Will she, then, with fond emotion,
Aught of human love retain?
Or, absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no earthly trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part forever,
With the friends she leaves behind?

4 No: the past she still remembers;
Faith and hope, surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew;
For the widowed, lonely spirit,
Waiting to be clothed afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

5 Angels, let the ransomed stranger
In your tender care be blest;
Hoping, trusting, safe from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest—
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

6 Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.
Jesus, blessèd Mediator!
Thou the airy path hast trod:
Thou, the Judge, the Consummator!
Shepherd of the fold of God!

7 Blessèd fold! no foe can enter;
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their center,
And their shield, Omnipotence.
Blessèd! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away;
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

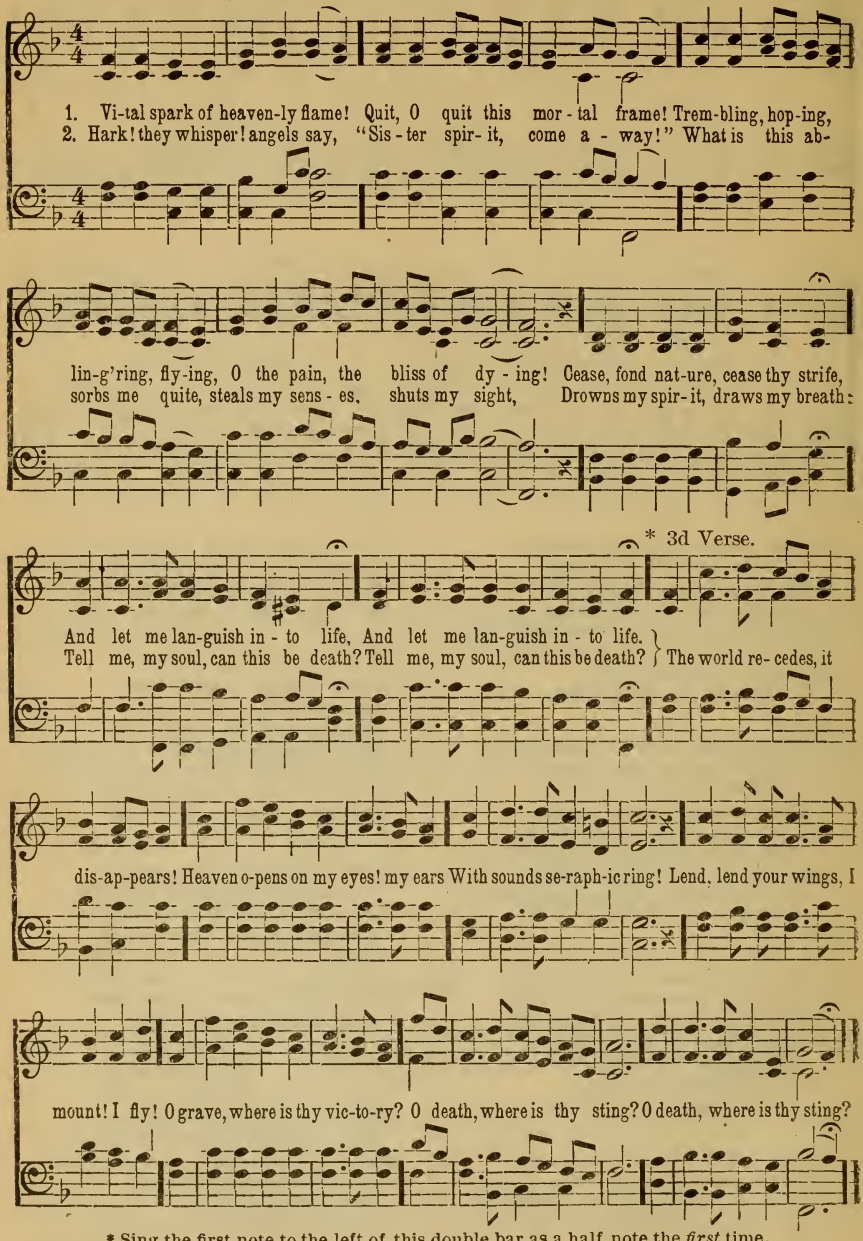
8 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder;
Louder chorals shake the skies;
Hades' gates are burst asunder;
See! the new-clothed myriads rise.
Thought, repress thy weak endeavor;
Here must reason prostrate fall:
O th' ineffable *forever*,
And th' eternal ALL IN ALL!

Josiah Conder.

842 VITAL SPARK. 7s, 8s, 6s.

Words by ALEXANDER POPE.

L. C. EVERETT.

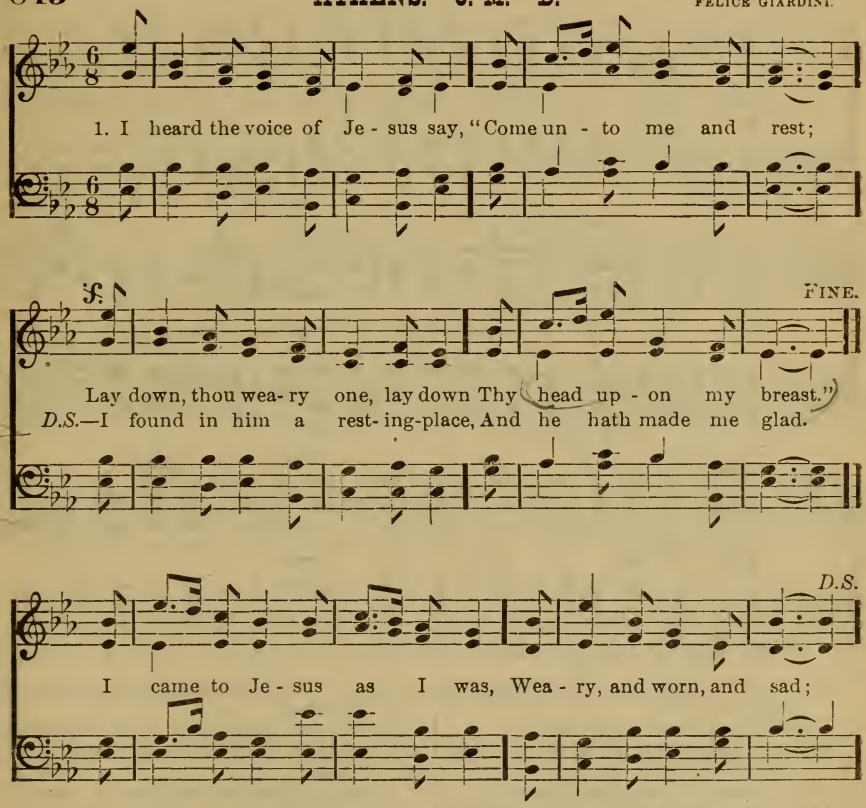


* Sing the first note to the left of this double bar as a half note the *first* time.

SUPPLEMENT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

843 **ATHENS. C. M. D.** FELICE GIARDINI.



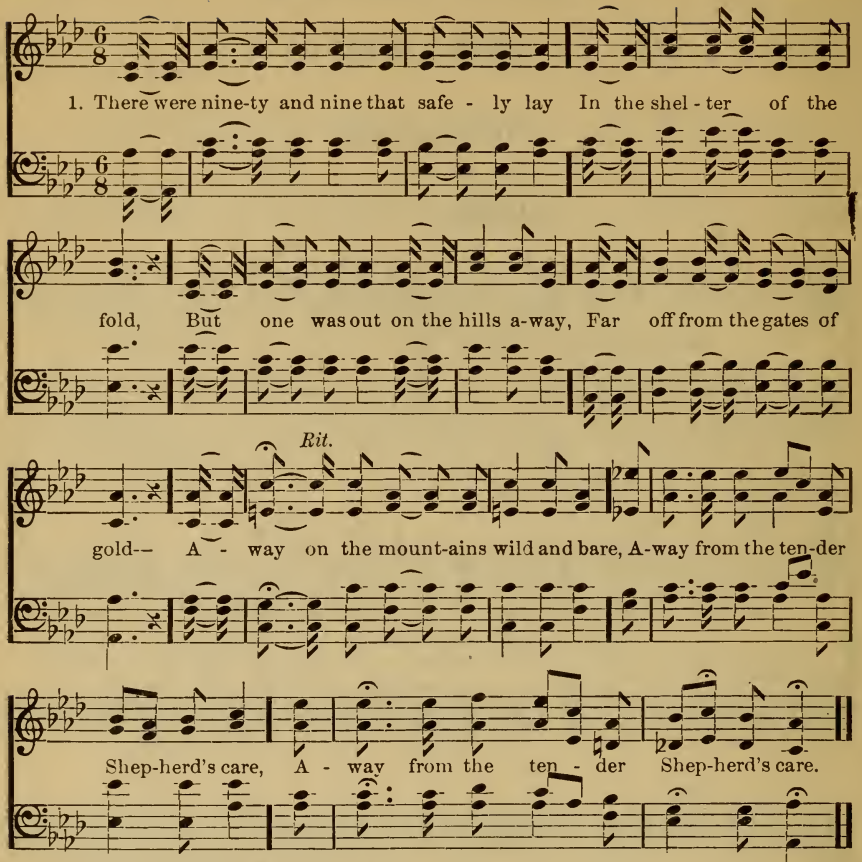
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

844 THE NINETY AND NINE.

IRA D. SANKEY.



Copyright, 1876, by Biglow & Main. Used by per.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

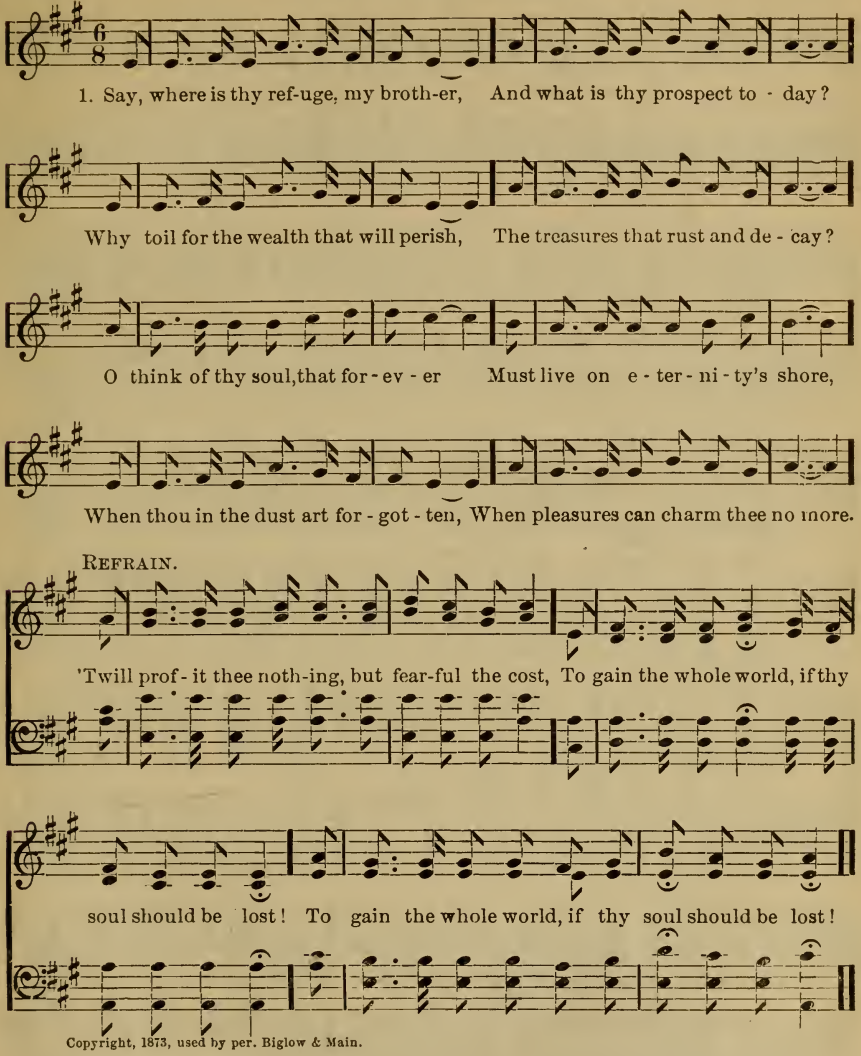
4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?'
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

845 WHERE IS THY REFUGE?

S. J. VAIL.



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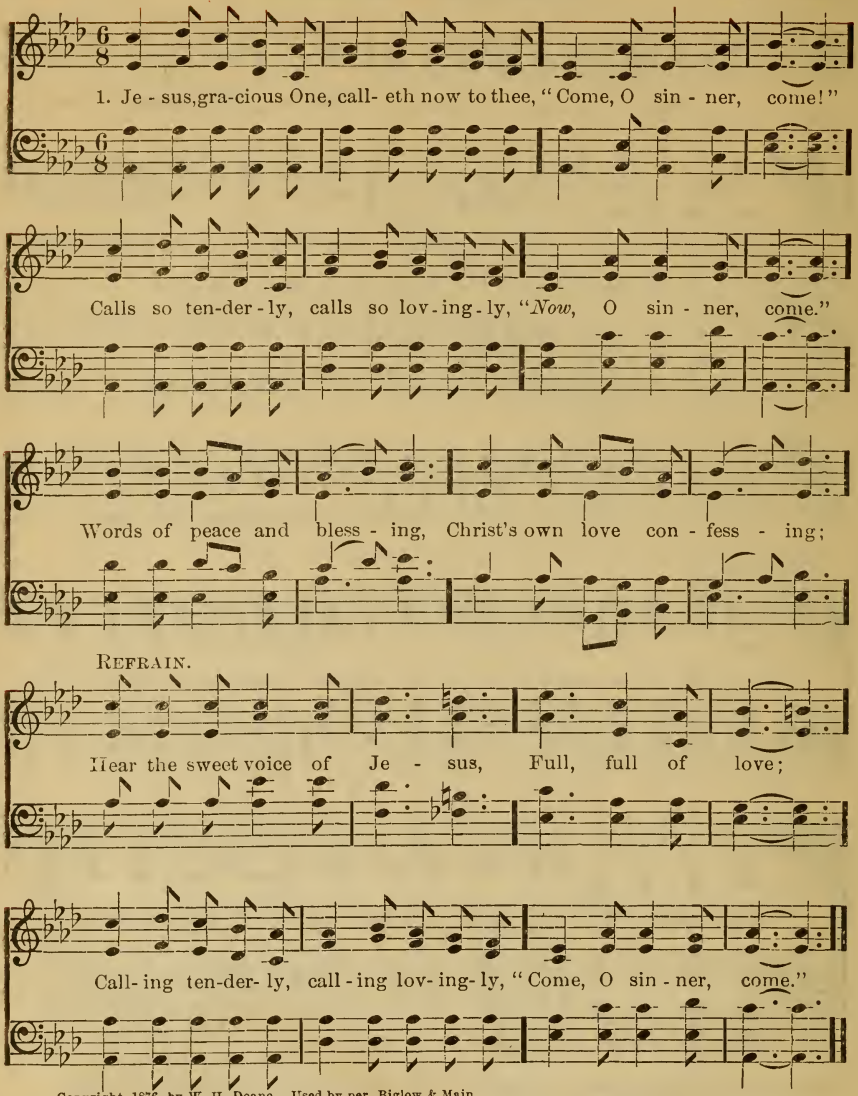
2 The Master is calling thee, brother,
In tones of compassion and love,
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
And lay up thy treasure above:
O kneel at the cross where he suffered,
To ransom thy soul from the grave;
The arm of his mercy will hold thee,
The arm that is mighty to save.

3 The summer is waning, my brother,
Repent, ere the season is past:
God's goodness to thee is extended,
As long as the day-beam shall last;
Then slight not the warning repeated
With all the bright moments that roll,
Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
That no one hath cared for thy soul.

Fanny J. Crosby.

846 JESUS CALLS THEE.

W. H. DOANE.



Copyright, 1876, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

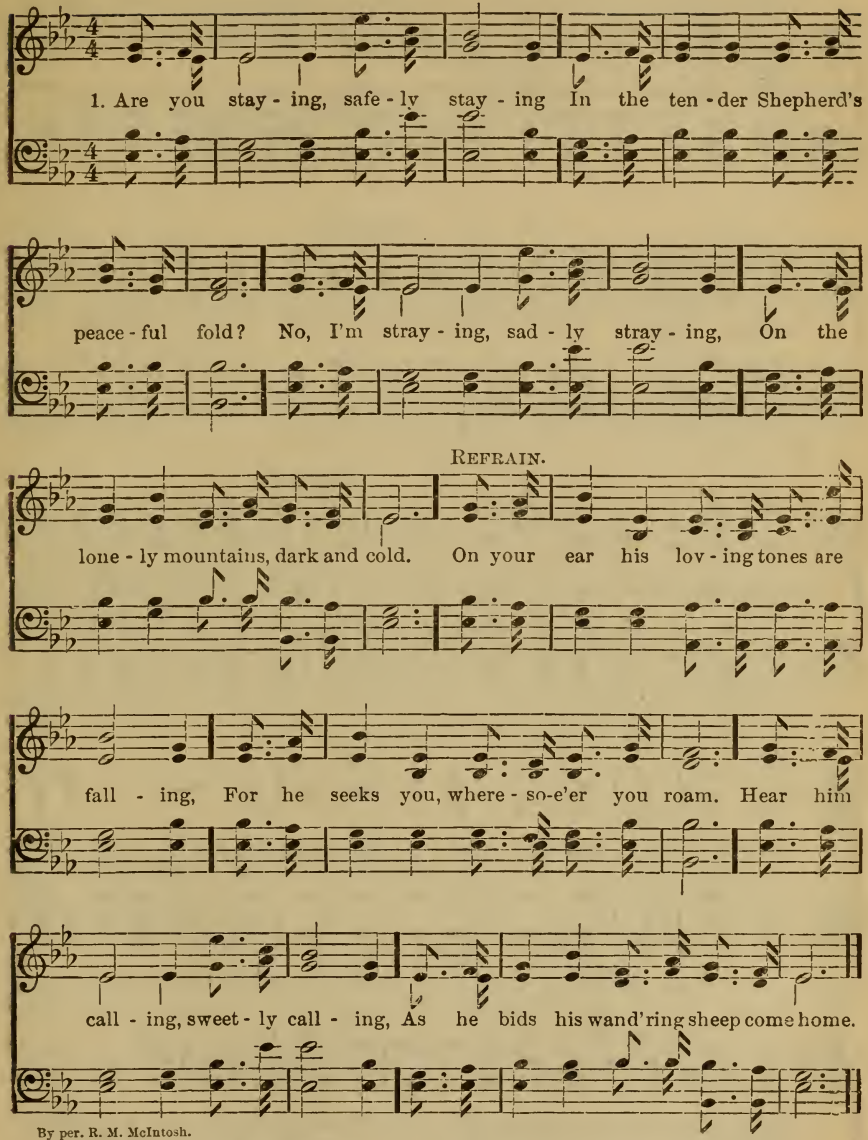
2 Still he waits for thee, pleading patiently,
"Come, O come to me!"
"Heavy-laden one, I thy grief have borne,
Come and rest in me."
Words with love o'erflowing,
Life and bliss bestowing.

3 Weary, sin-sick soul, called so graciously,
Canst thou dare refuse?
Mercy offered thee, freely, tenderly,
Wilt thou still abuse?
Come, for time is flying,
Haste, thy lamp is dying.

Mrs. S. A. Collins.

847 HEAR HIM CALLING.

A. B. EVERETT.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

2 Are you hearing, gladly hearing,
How he bids his folded flock rejoice?
No, I'm fearing, sadly fearing,
I have followed far the stranger's voice.

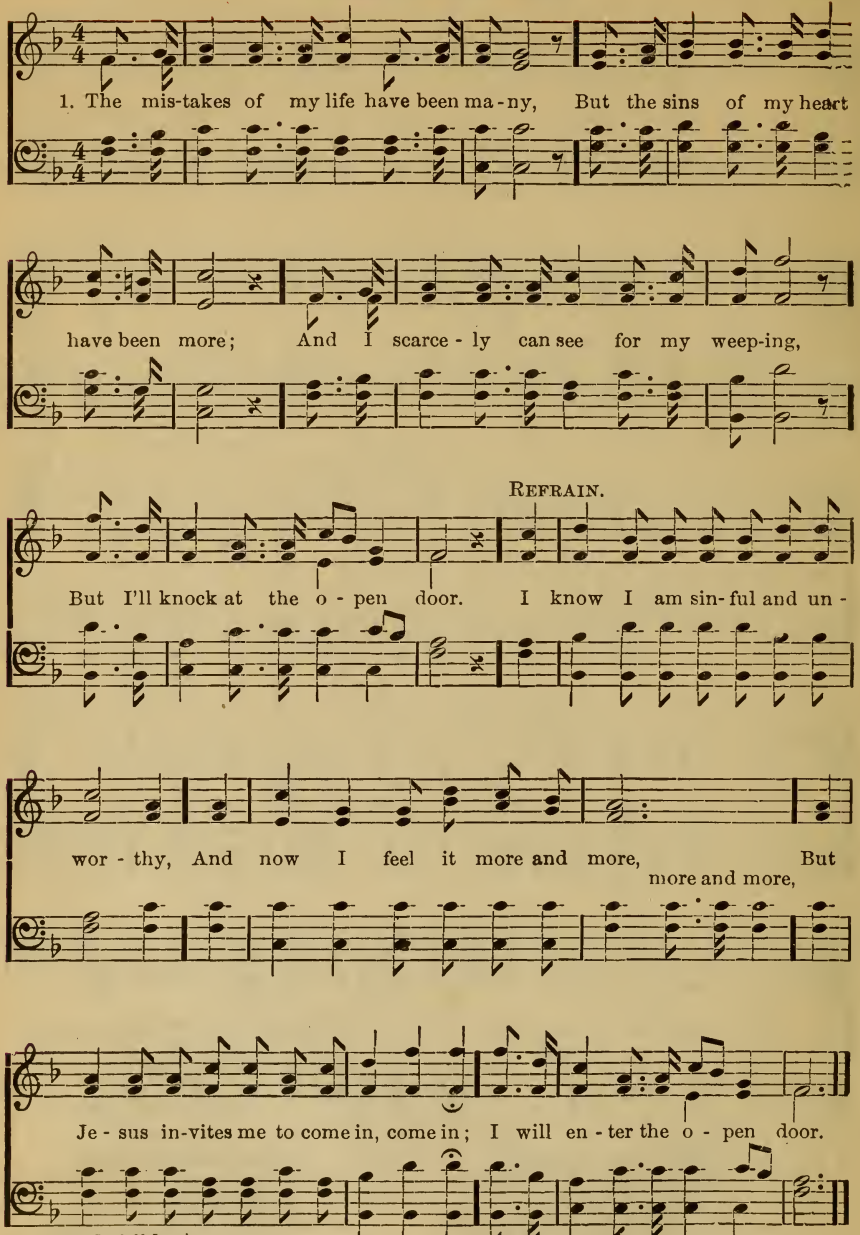
3 Are you roaming, longer roaming,
In the cold, dark night of doubt and sin?
No, I'm coming, quickly coming!
Open door, make haste to let me in.

Mary B. C. Slade.

848

THE OPEN DOOR.

R. M. McINTOSH.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

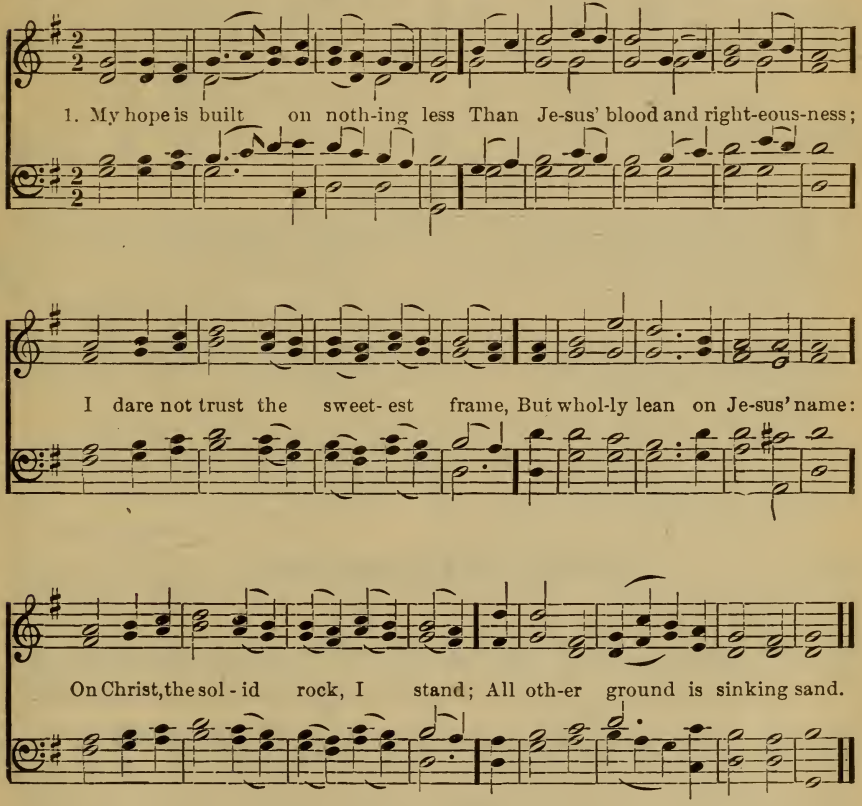
2 I am lowest of those who would love him;
I am weakest of those who would pray:
But I come to him as he has bidden,
And I know he'll not say me nay.

3 My mistakes his free grace now will cover,
And my sins he will wash all away;
And the feet that now stumble and falter,
Soon may enter the gate of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is weary with sin;
Though I scarcely can see for my weeping,
Yet the Saviour will let me in.

Urania Locke Bailey.

849 **ADMAH. L. M. 6 l.** LOWELL MASON.



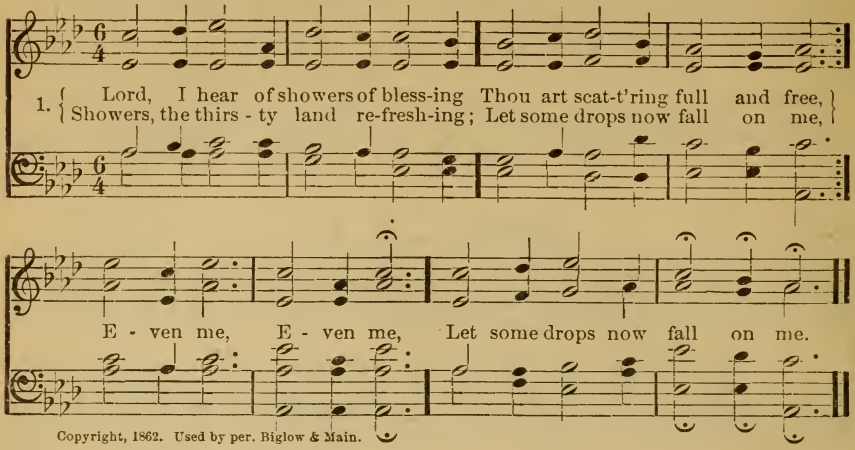
2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mote.

850 EVEN ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



Copyright, 1862. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor:
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

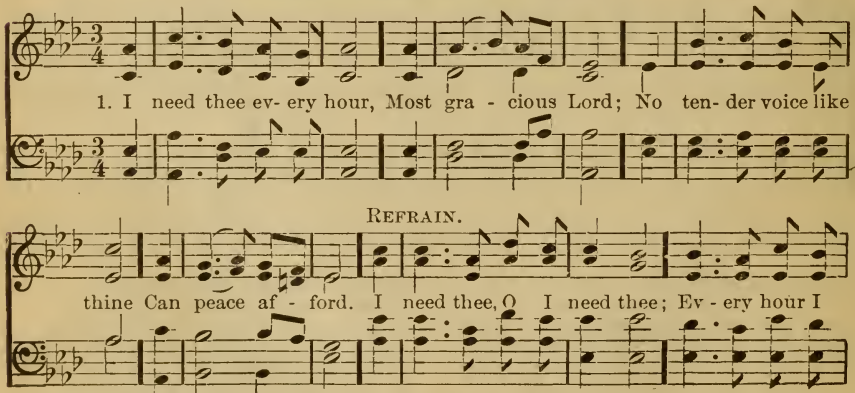
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me,
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

851 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

ROBERT LOWRY.



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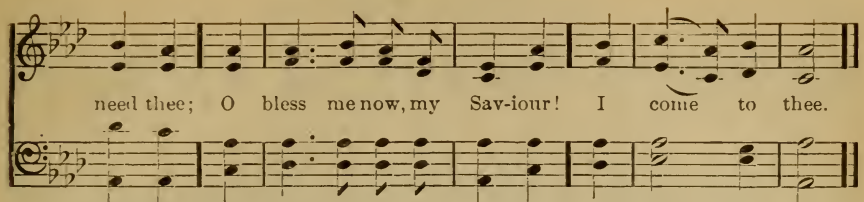


2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

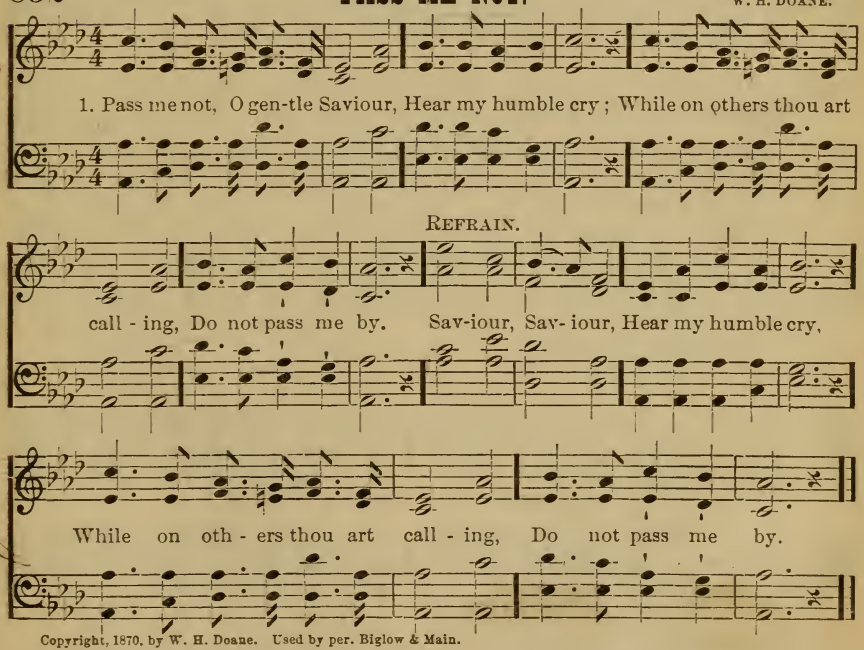
5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.

Annie Sherwood Hawks.

852

PASS ME NOT.

W. H. DOANE.



Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

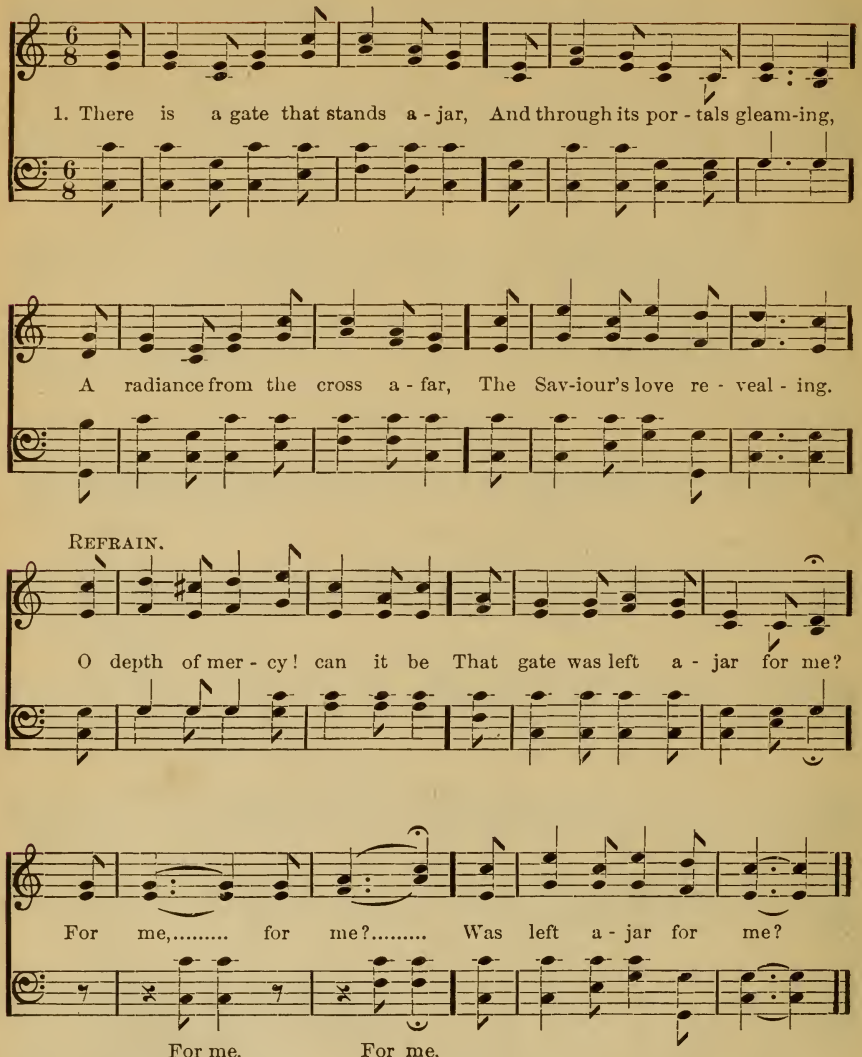
Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

Fanny J. Crosby.

853 THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

S. J. VAIL.



By per. Philip Phillips.

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

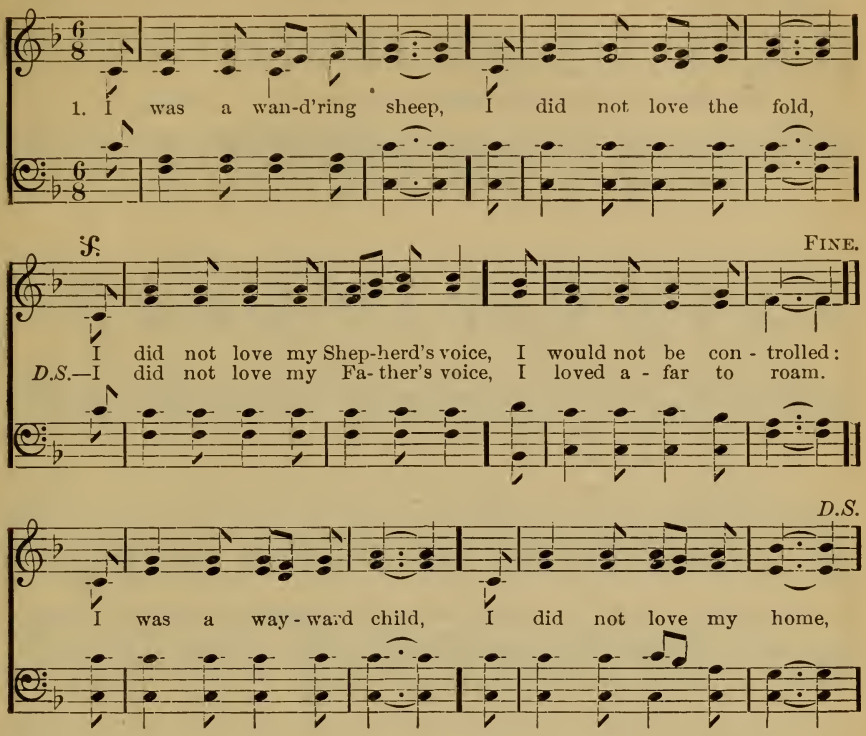
4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.

Lydia Baxter.

April 9. 1901 Read by Dr Hammond

854 LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts, waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold;
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wand'ring sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar.

855 S. M. D.

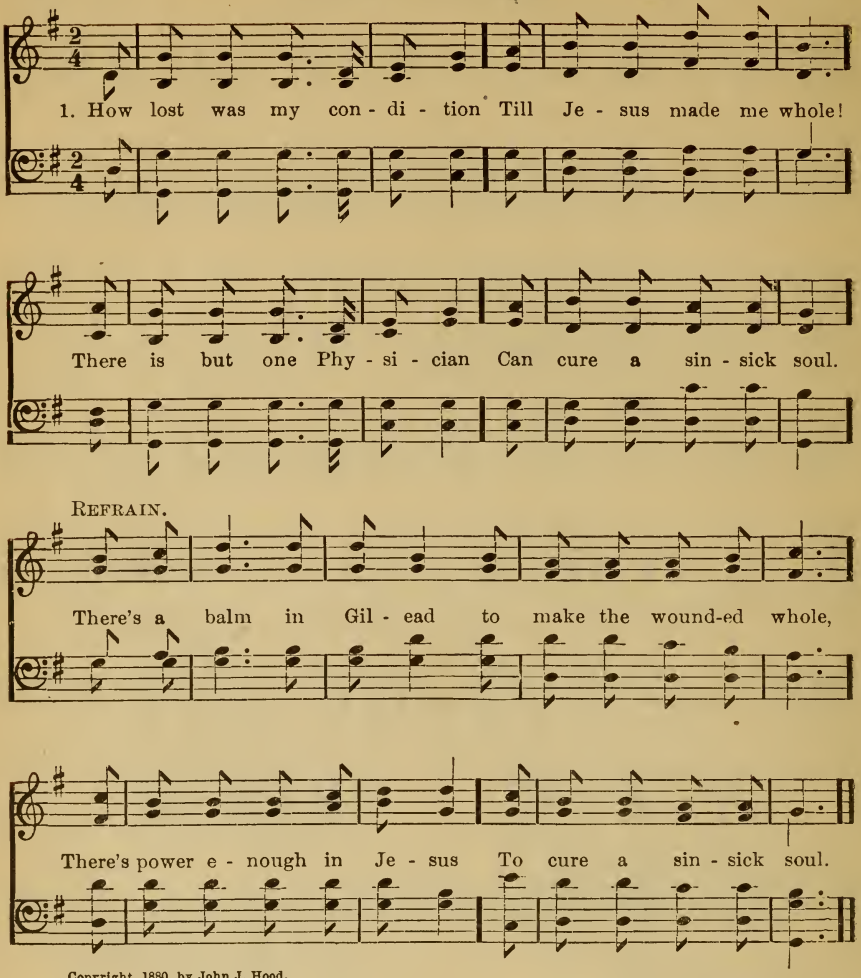
1 "ALL things are ready," come,
Come to the supper spread;
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young,
Come, and be richly fed.
"All things are ready," come,
The invitation's given,
Through him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.

2 "All things are ready," come,
The door is open wide;
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ, his Son, has died.
"All things are ready," come,
To-morrow may not be;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.

Albert Midlane.

856 BALM IN GILEAD.

Old Melody arr.,
Music of Chorus by J. R. S.



Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

2 Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

3 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

4 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

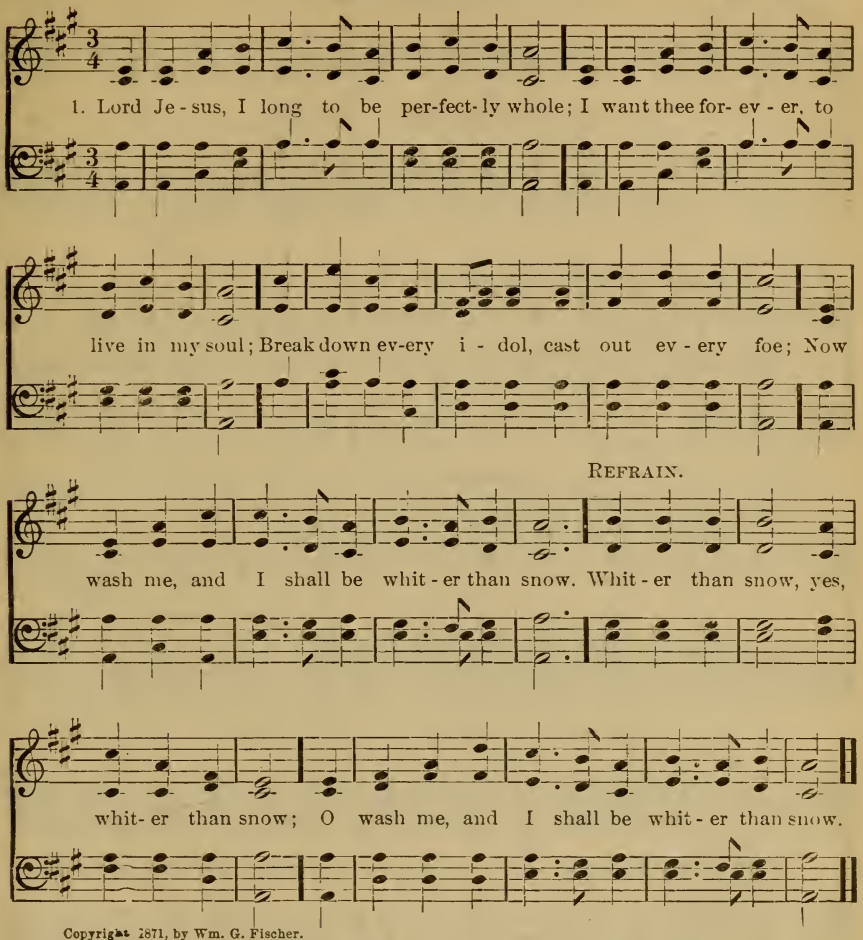
5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

6 Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

John Newton

857 WHITER THAN SNOW.

WM. G. FISCHER.



Copyright 1871, by Wm. G. Fischer.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know:
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

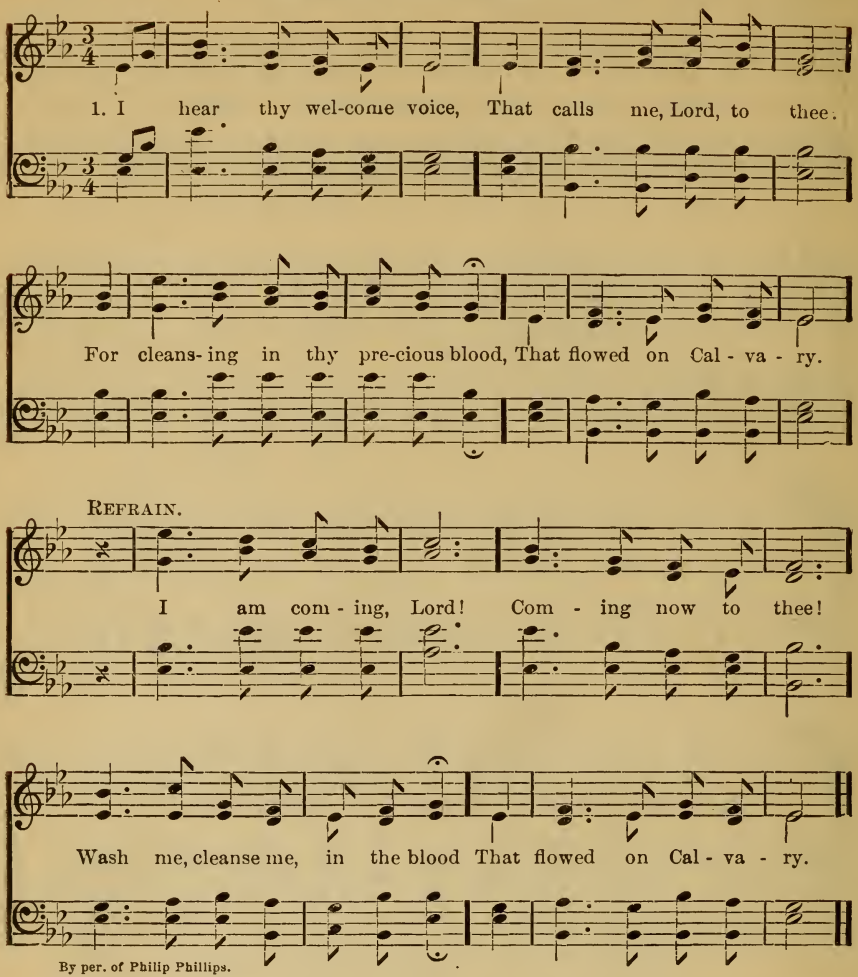
3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessèd Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow:
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait:
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st No:
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

James Nicholson.

858 I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.



By per. of Philip Phillips.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms,
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace, to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

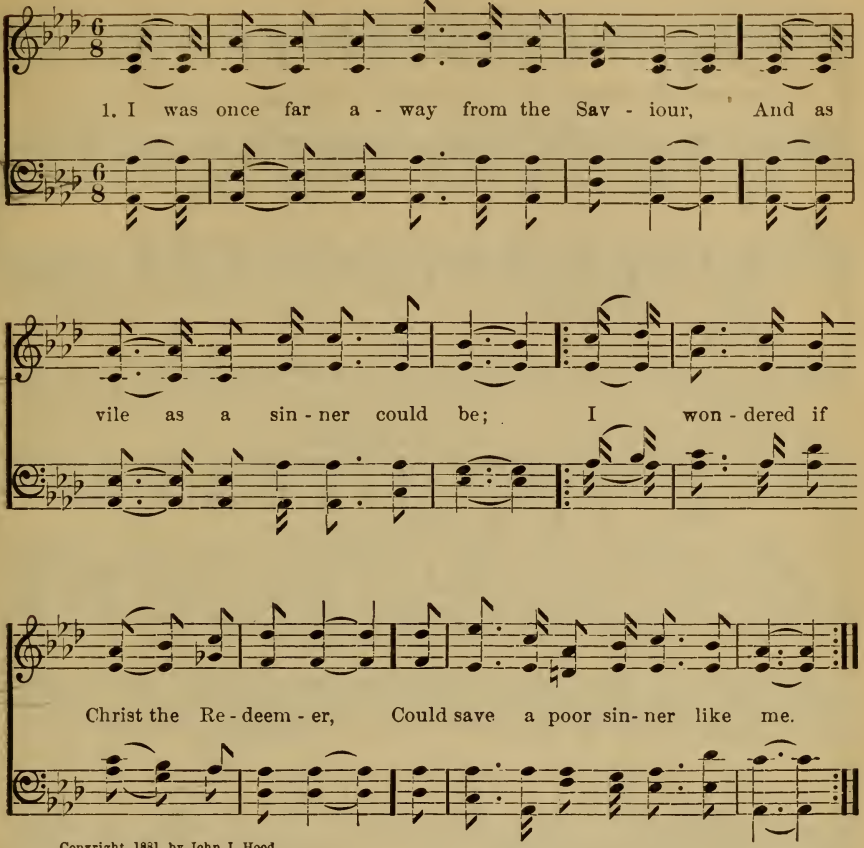
5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

Lewis Hartsough.

859 A SINNER LIKE ME.

C. J. BUTLER.



Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see,
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 And then, in that dark, lonely hour,
A voice whispered sweetly to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power,
To save a poor sinner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And O what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

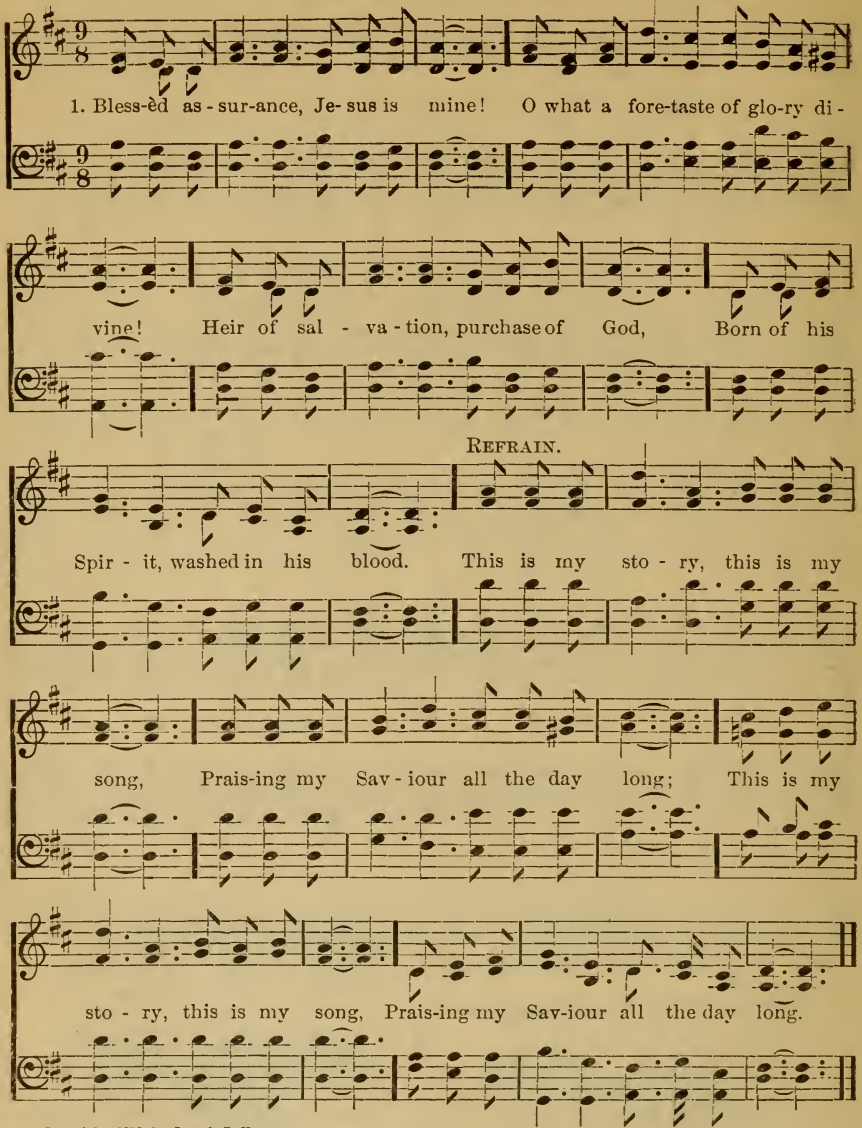
6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Charles J. Butler.

860 BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP



Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

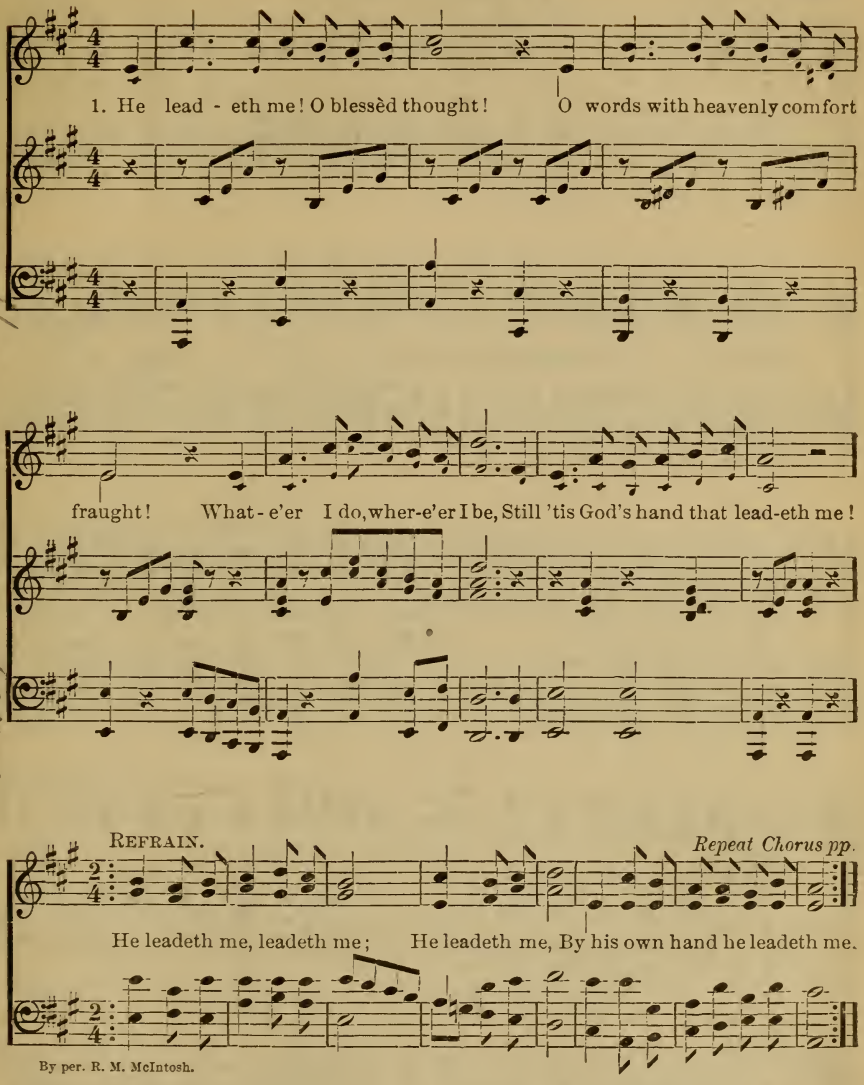
2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Fanny J. Crosby.

861 HE LEADETH ME.

SALLIE K. McINTOSH.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

2 Sometimes, mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

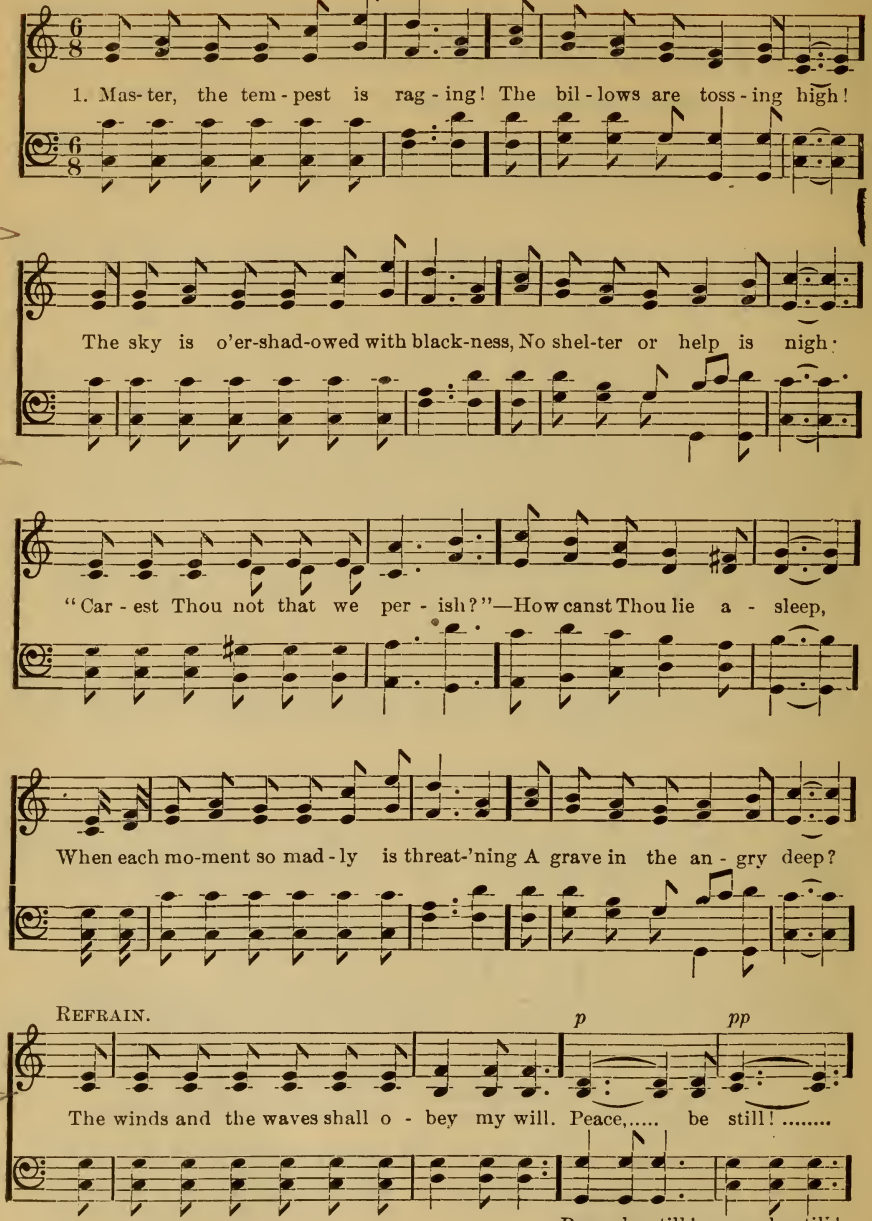
4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me!

Joseph Henry Gilmore.

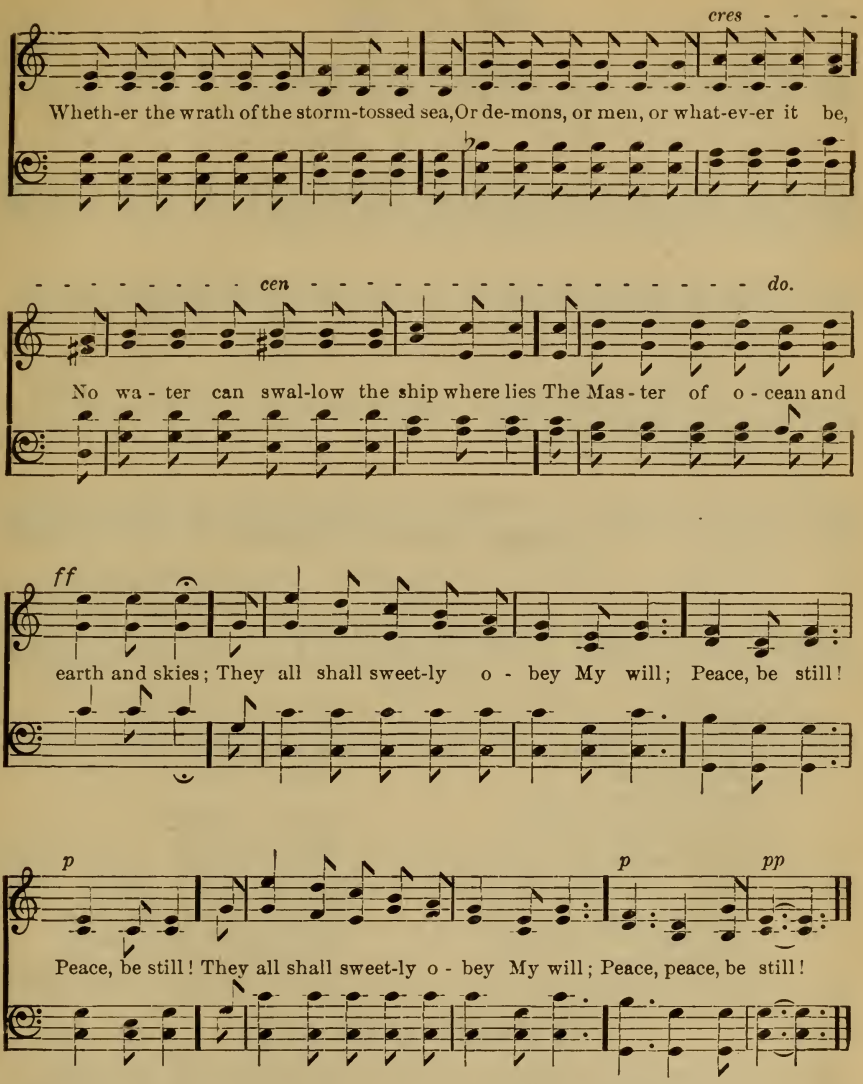
862

PEACE! BE STILL!

H. R. PALMER.



Copyright, 1874, by John Church & Co.



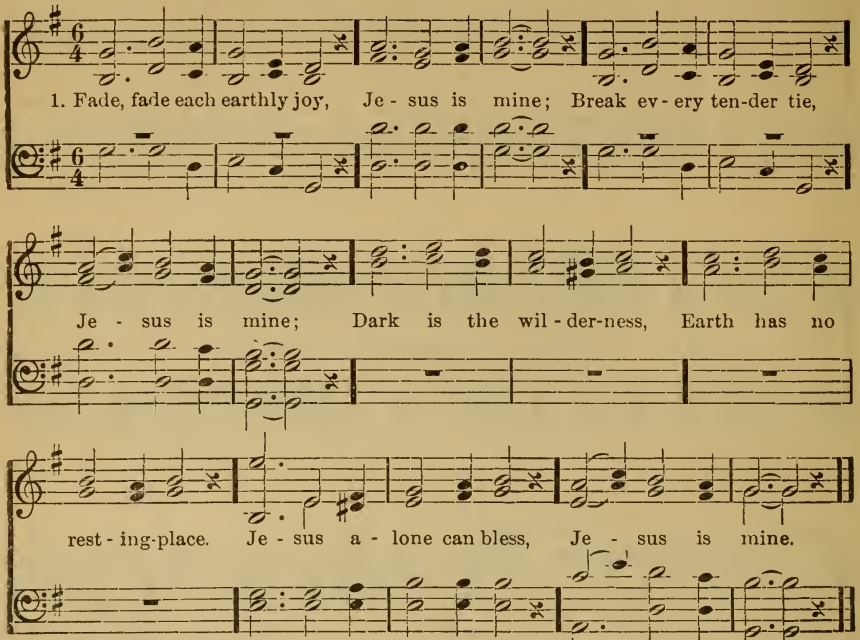
2 Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
O waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul!
And I perish! I perish, dear Master;
O hasten, and take control!

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast:
Linger, O blessèd Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.

Mary A. Baker.

863 JESUS IS MINE.

R. M. McINTOSH.



By per. R. M. McIntosh

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

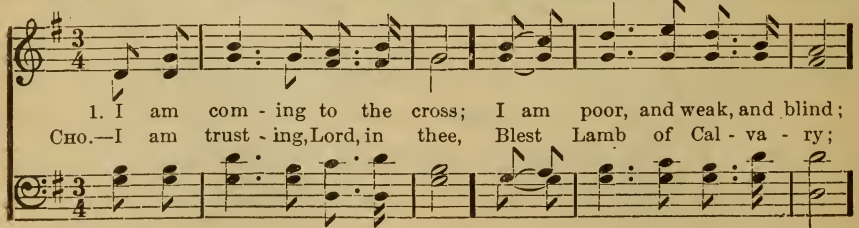
3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

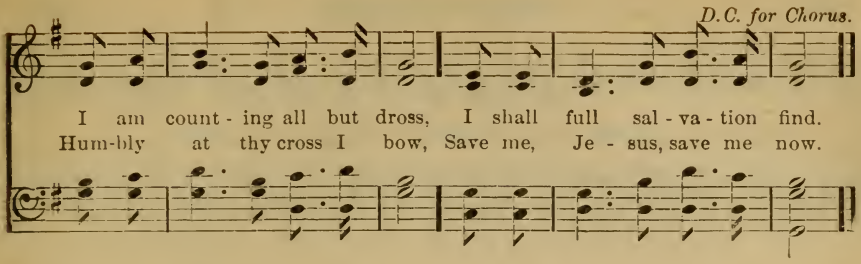
4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Jane Catherine Bonar.

864 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

WM. G. FISCHER.





2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

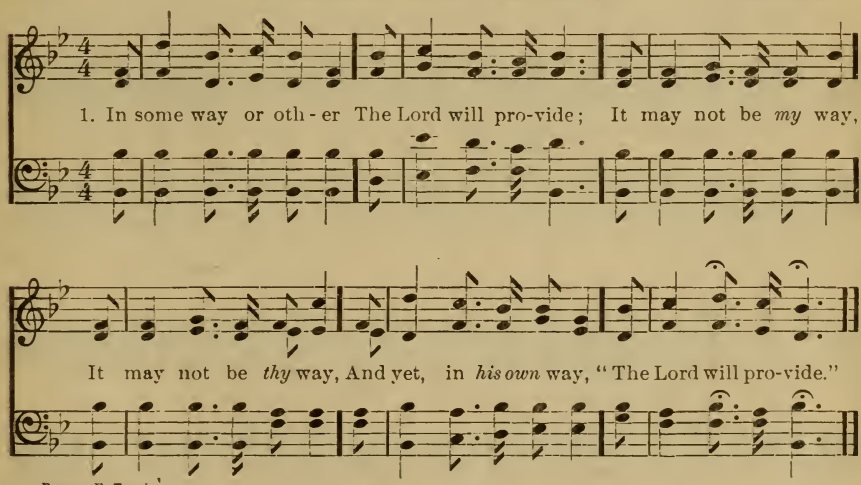
4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied,
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

William McDonald.

865 THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

C. S. HARRINGTON.



By per. E. Tourjee.

2 At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet, in *his own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

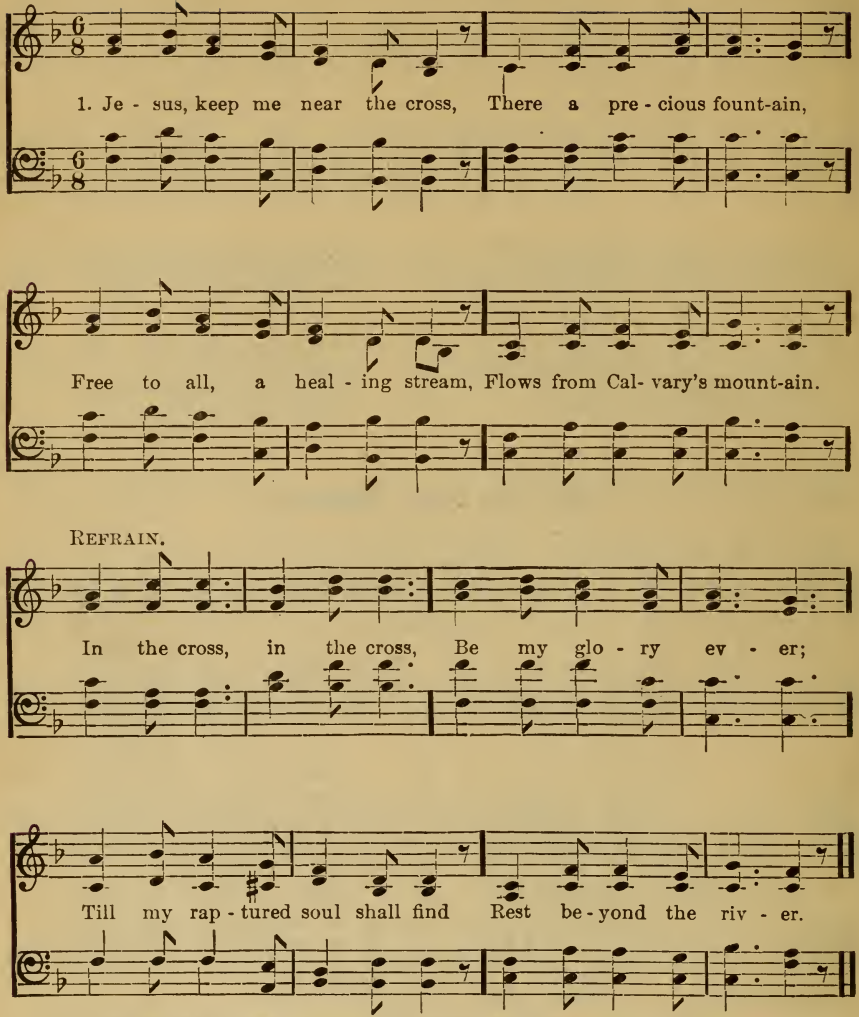
3 Despond then no longer:
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Mrs. M. A. W. Cooke.

866 NEAR THE CROSS.

W. H. DOANE.



Copyright, 1868, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. Biglow & Main, owners of the Copyright.

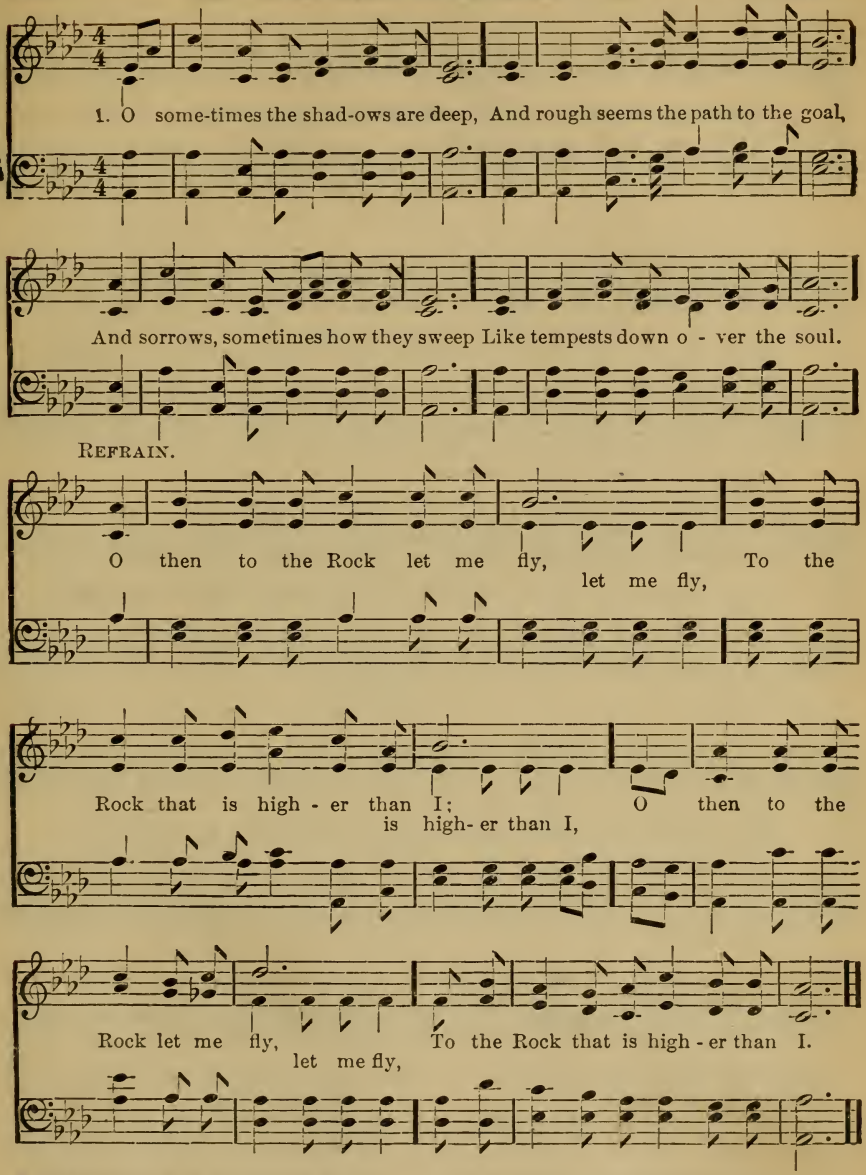
2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby.

867 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I. WM. G. FISCHER.



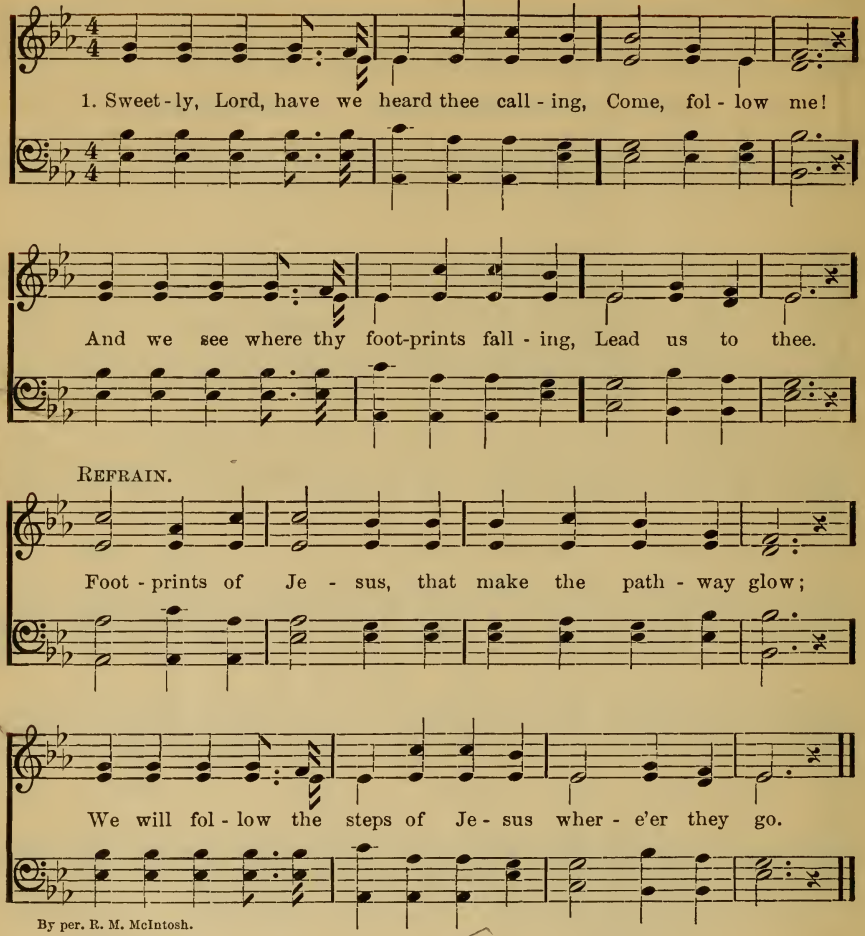
2 O sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessèd shadow, how sweet!

3 O near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

E. Johnson.

868 FOOT-STEPS OF JESUS.

A. B. EVERETT.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

2 Though they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains,
Seeking his sheep;
Or along by Siloam's fountains,
Helping the weak.

3 If they lead through the temple holy,
Preaching the word;
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.

4 Though, dear Lord, in thy pathway keeping,
We follow thee;
Through the gloom of that place of weeping,
Gethsemane!

5 If thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain.

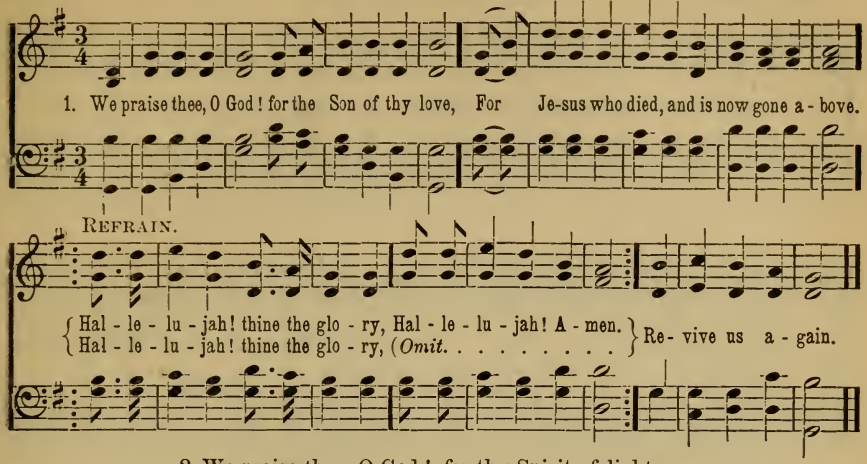
6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.

7 Then at last, when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at his throne.

Mary B. C. Slade.

869 REVIVE US AGAIN.

JOHN J. HUSBAND.



2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.

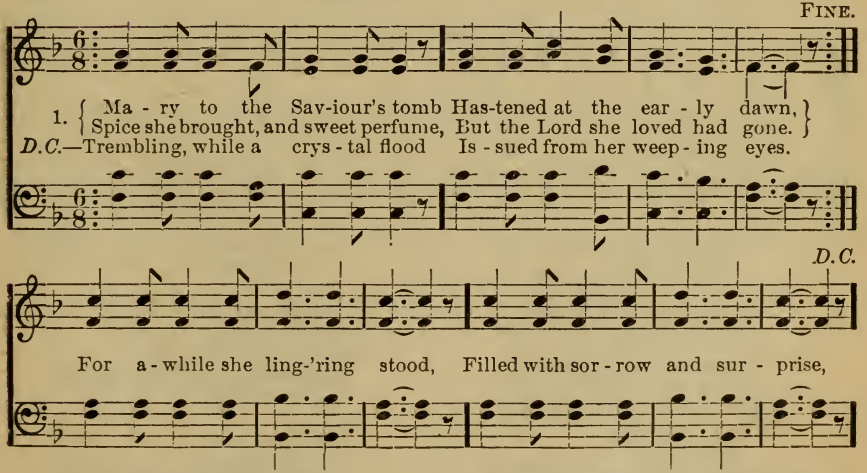
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

William Paton Mackay.

870 MARTYN. 7s. D.

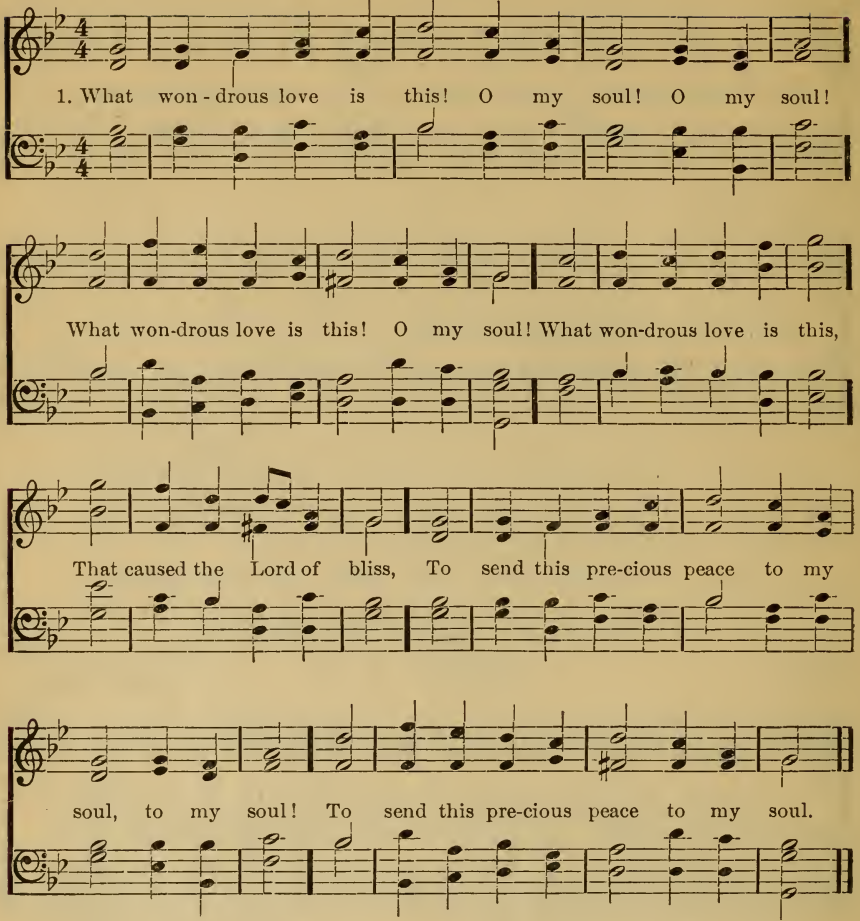
SIMEON B. MARSH.



2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

John Newton.

871 WONDROUS LOVE.



2 When I was sinking down,
Sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown,
For my soul.

3 Ye wingèd seraphs, fly,
Bear the news:
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join the praise:
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string,
In his praise.

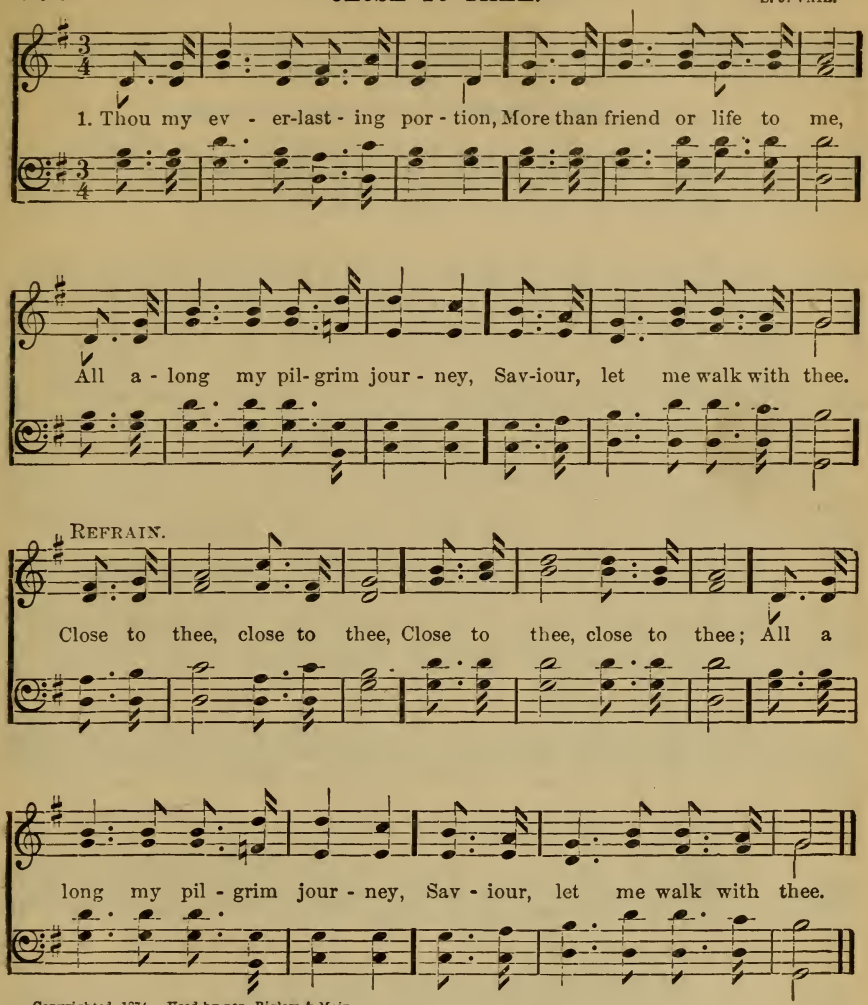
5 To God, and to the Lamb,
I will sing,
Who is the great I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing,

6 And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on:
I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity,
I'll sing on:

Author Unknown.

872 CLOSE TO THEE.

S. J. VAIL.



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2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

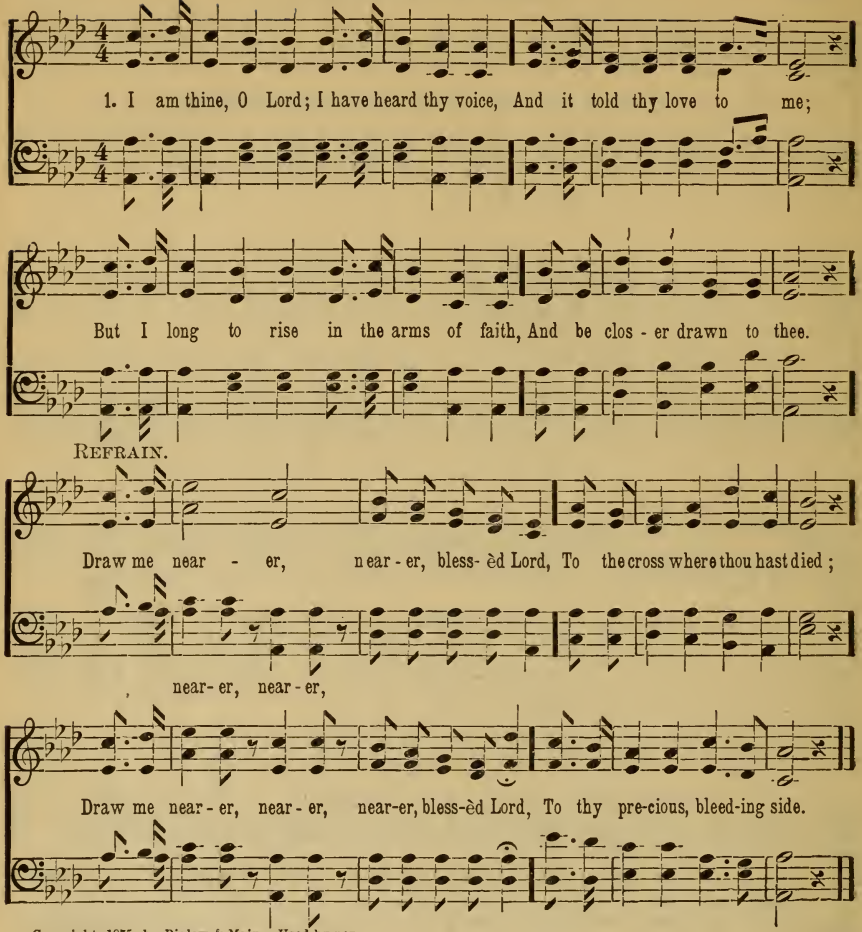
REFRAIN.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

873 DRAW ME NEARER.

W. H. DOANE.



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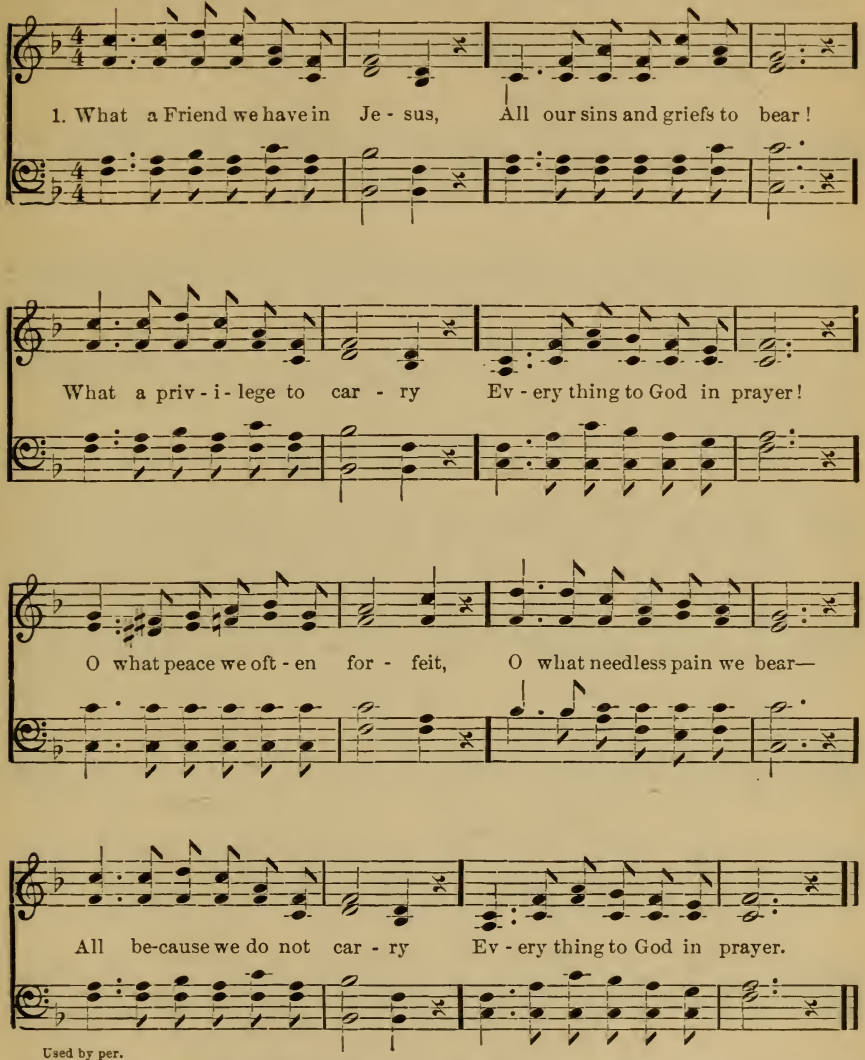
2 Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I can not know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

874 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



Used by per.

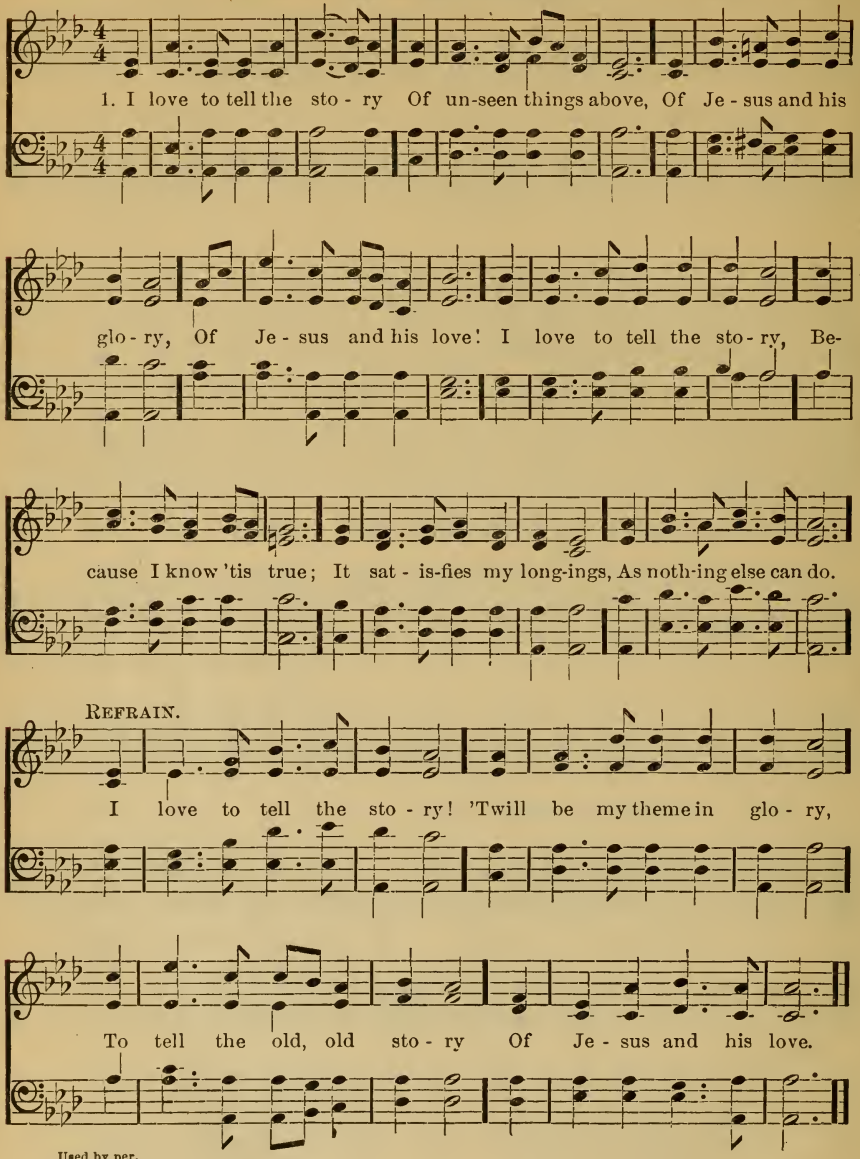
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven

875 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

W. G. FISCHER.



Used by per.

2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

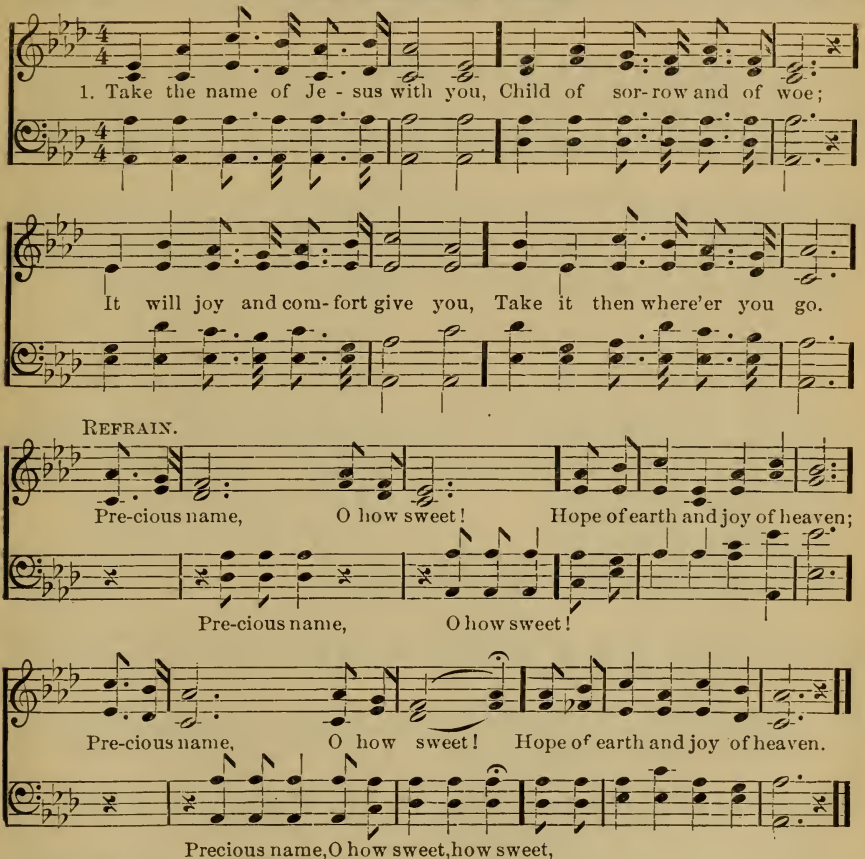
3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Kate Hankey

876 THE PRECIOUS NAME.

W. H. DOANE.



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2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

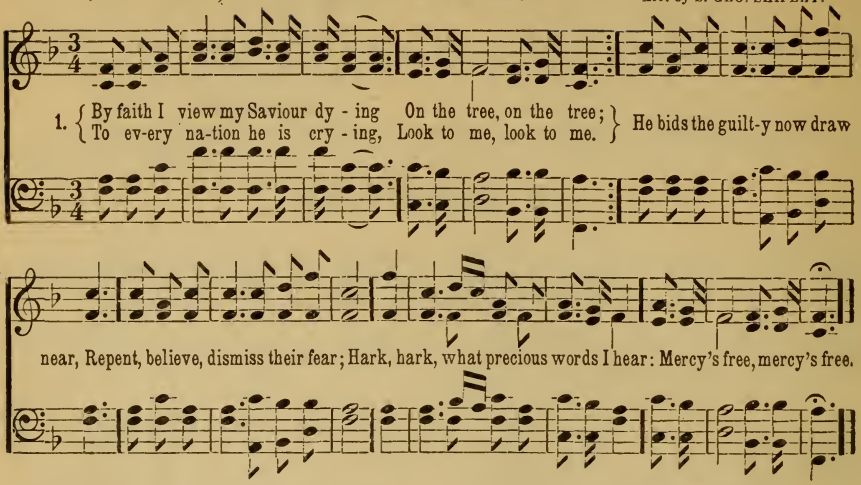
3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

Lydia Baxter.

877 (*First Tune.*) MERCY'S FREE.

Arr. by S. GEO. SHIPLEY.



2 Jesus, the Lord of life, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free:
Soon as I in his name believed,
His pard'ning grace my soul received,
And was from sin and death retrieved:
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

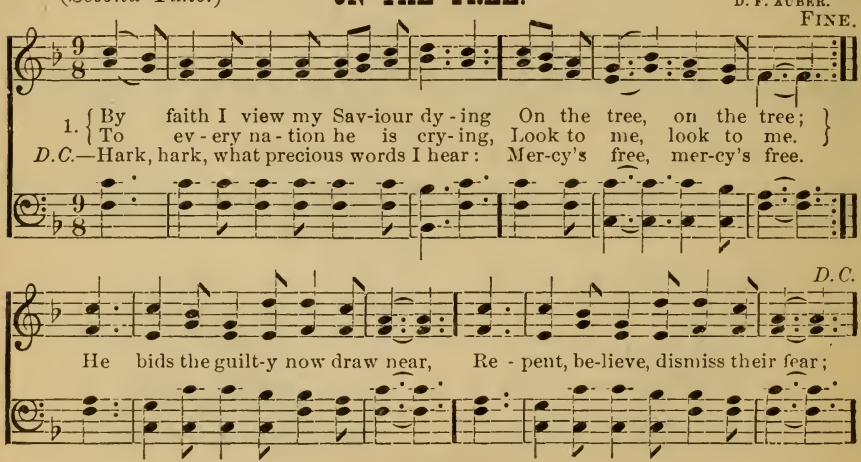
3 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
Ye ministers of God declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Richard Jukes.

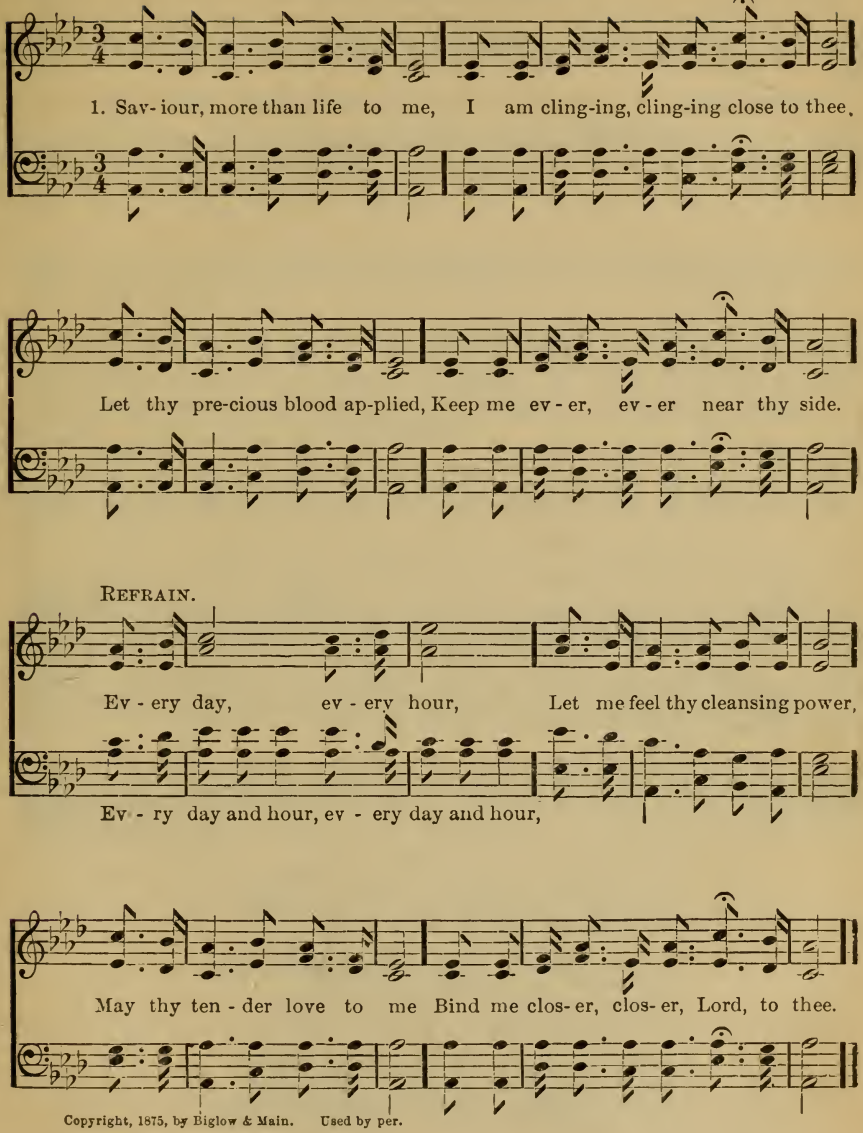
(*Second Tune.*) ON THE TREE.

D. F. AUBER.



878 EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

W. H. DOANE.



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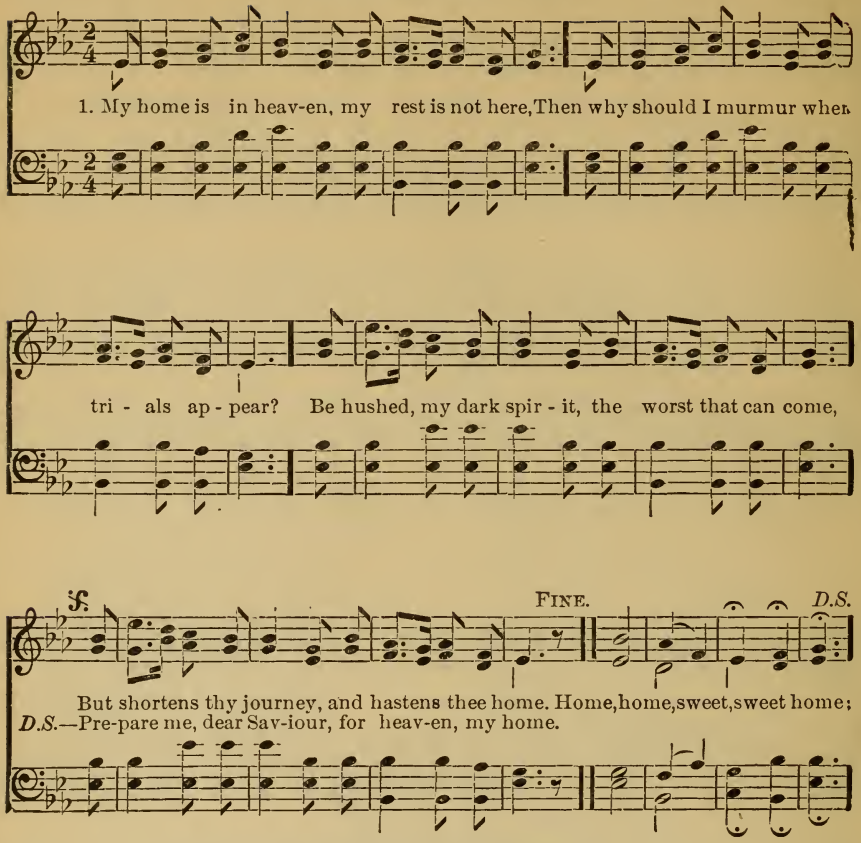
2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby

879 **SWEET HOME.** 11s. HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.



2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus's breast.

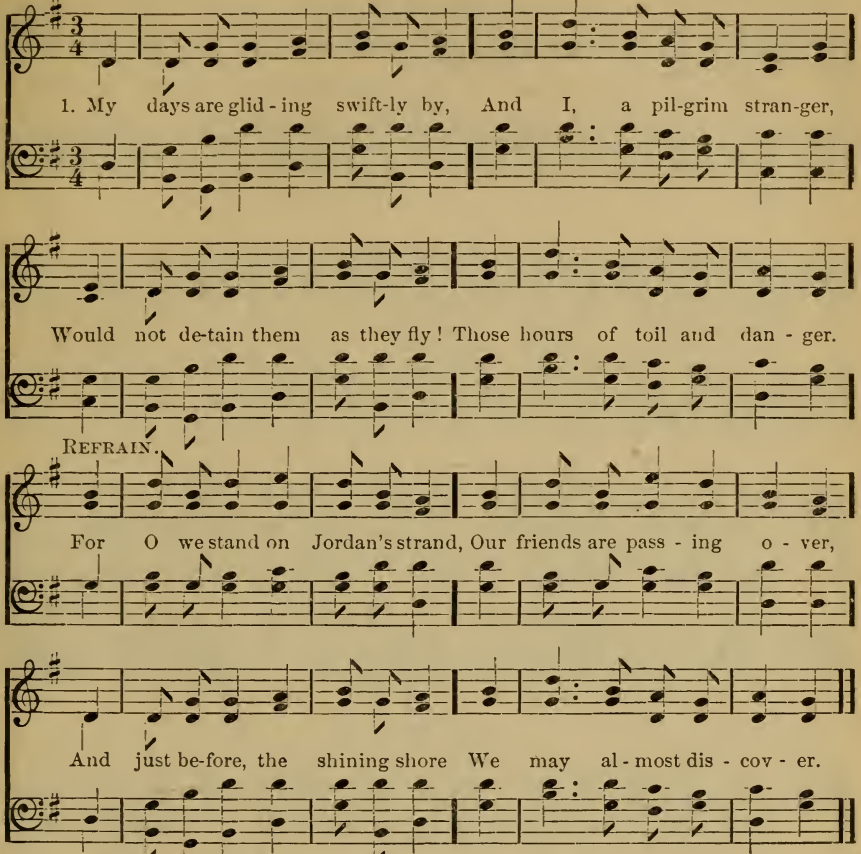
4 Afflictions may try me—they cannot destroy;
One vision of home turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears that flow from mine eyes
But sweeten my hope of that home in the skies.

5 Let trouble and danger my progress oppose,
They can only make heaven more bright at the close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One moment in glory will make up for all.

Author Unknown.

880 THE SHINING SHORE.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



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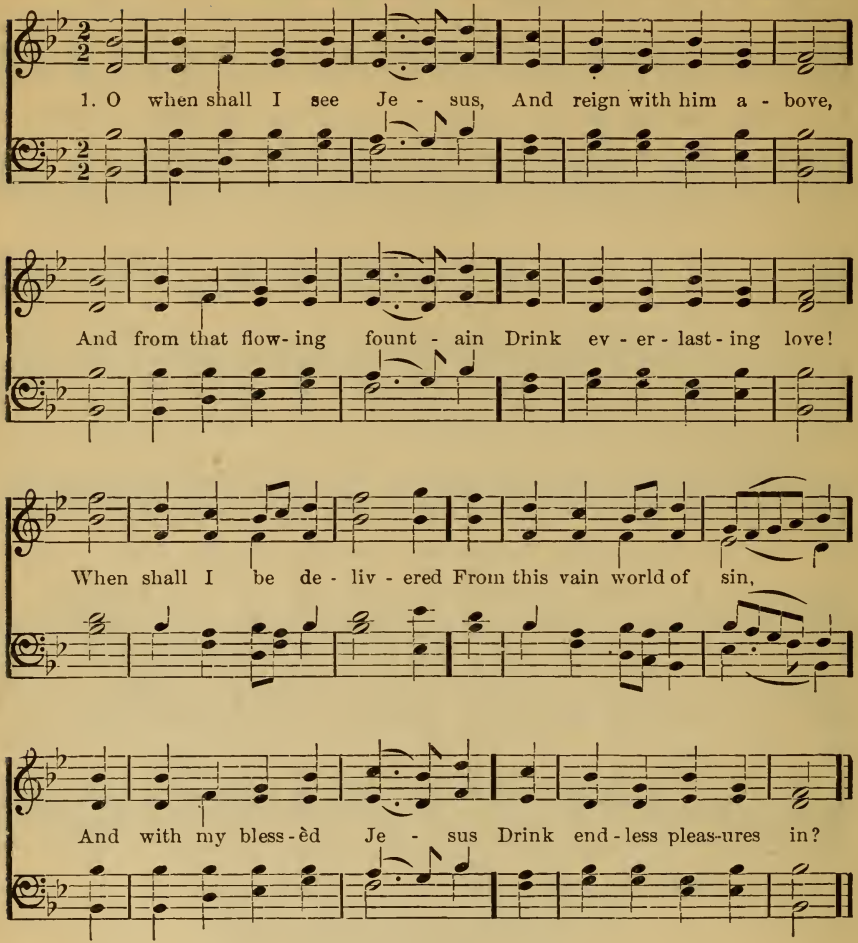
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, O forever!

David Nelson.

881 FAITHFUL SOLDIER. 7s & 6s. WILLIAM WALKER. Alt.



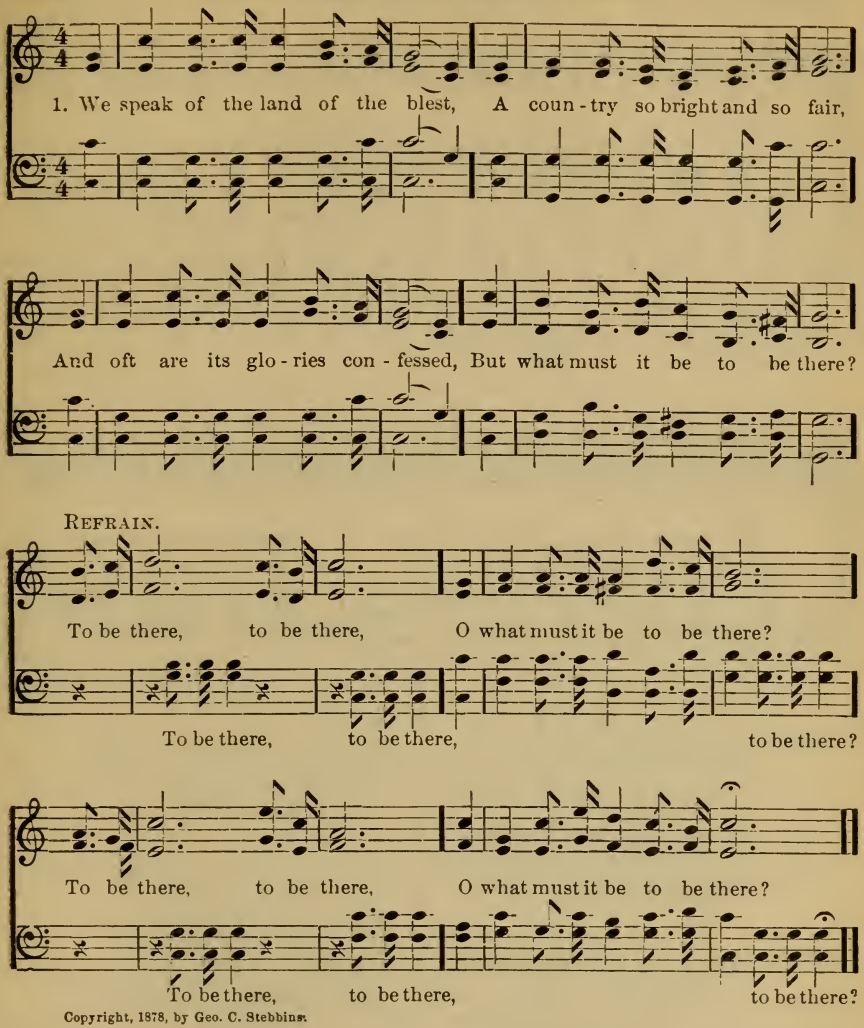
2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er;
And, if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Shall ever with him live.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu:
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith and hope and love;
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

John Leland.

882 WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE? GEO. C. STEBBINS.



Copyright, 1878, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessèd above,
But what must it be to be there?

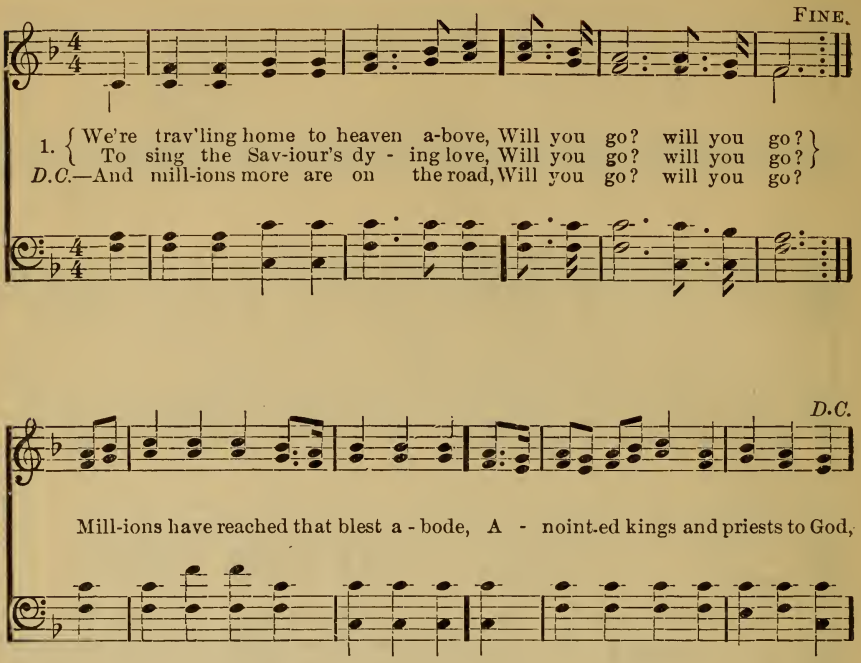
4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall *know*,
And *feel* what it is to be there!

Elizabeth Mills.

883 WILL YOU GO?

Western Melody.



2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conq'ror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
Thy troubled conscience he'll relieve,
Come, believe.

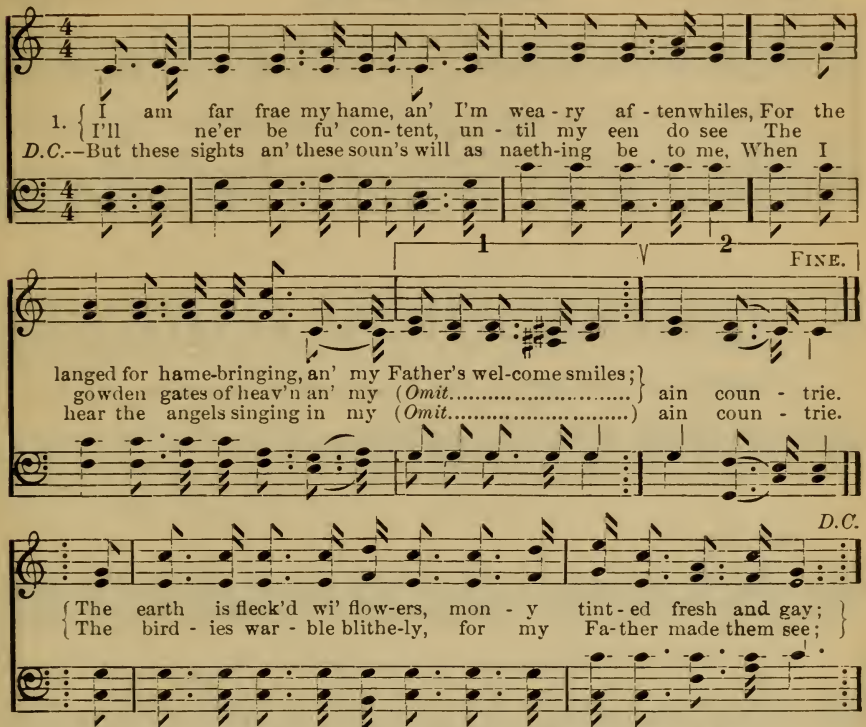
5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
Come to me."

6 O could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go,
I'll start this moment on my way,
Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
Let me go! fare you well!"

Richard Jukes.

884 MY AIN COUNTRIE.

IONE T. HANNA.



2 I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King,
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;
Wi' een, an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see
The King in his beauty, in our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry mine e'e,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

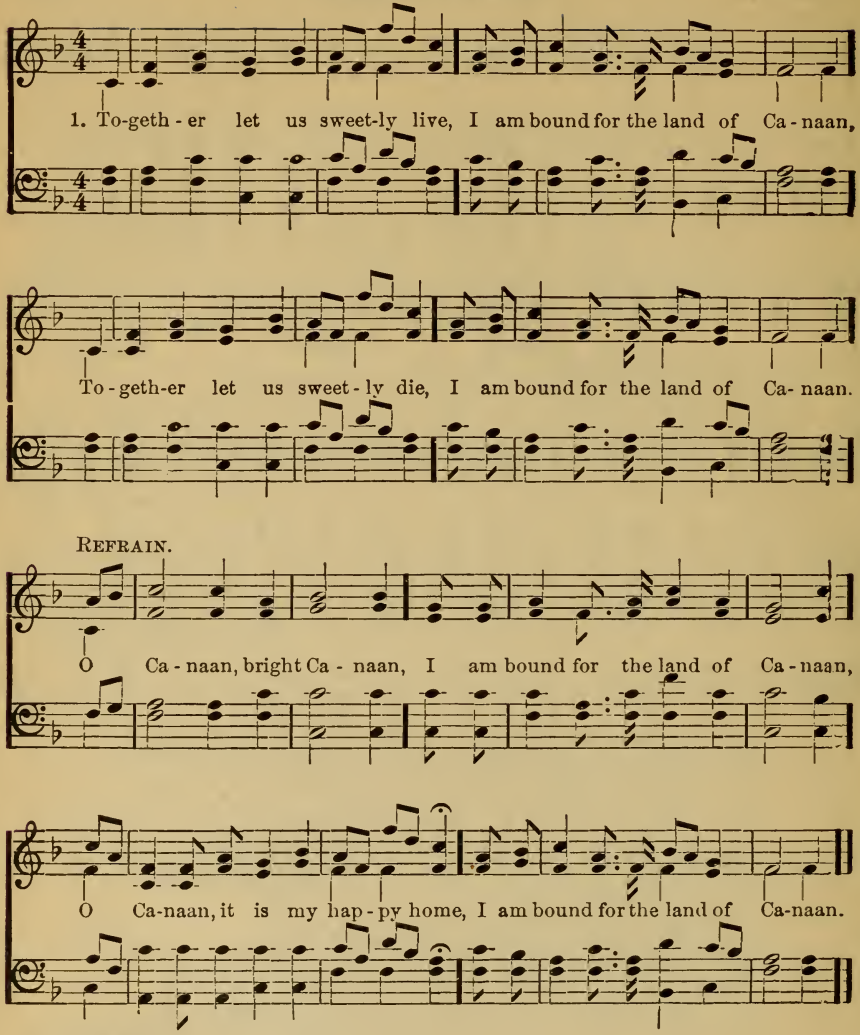
3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' he carries them himsel', to his ain countrie.
He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

4 So I'm watching aye, and singing o'my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain countrie.
I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the lang'd for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.

Mary Lee Demarest.

885 BRIGHT CANAAN.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
And I'm resolved to follow on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

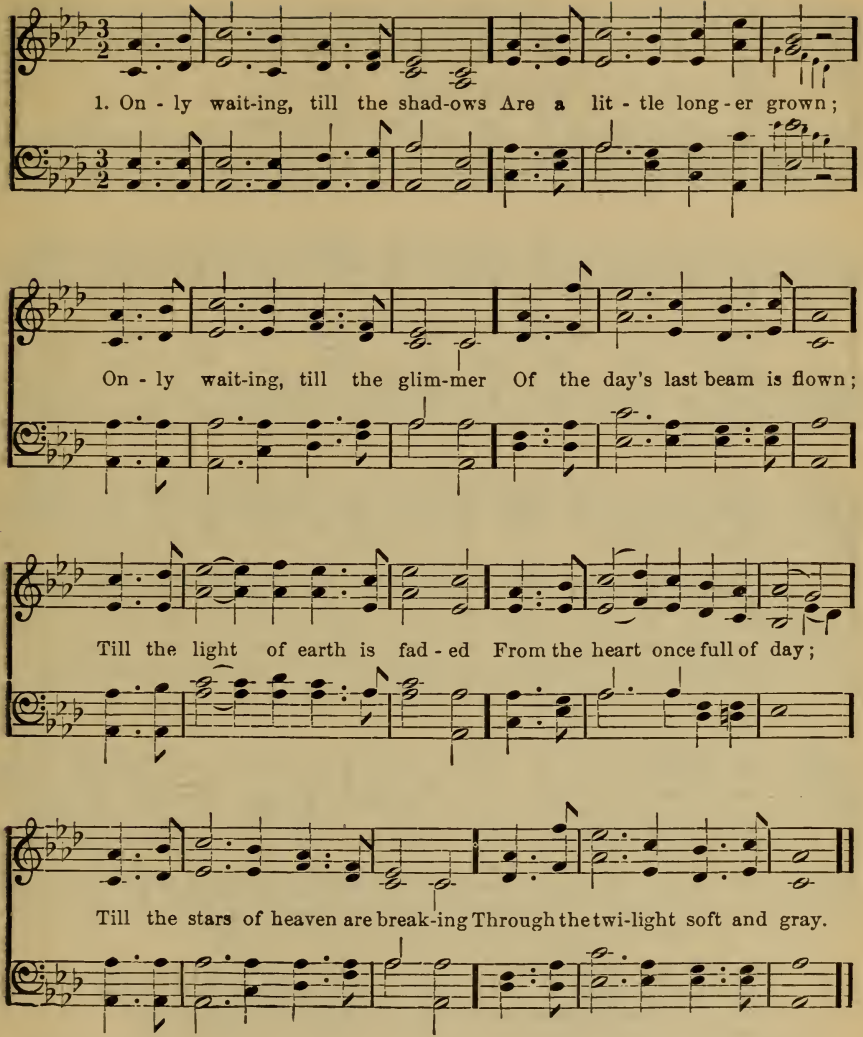
5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
While higher still our joys shall rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

John Newland Maffit.

886

ONLY WAITING.

From Marechio.

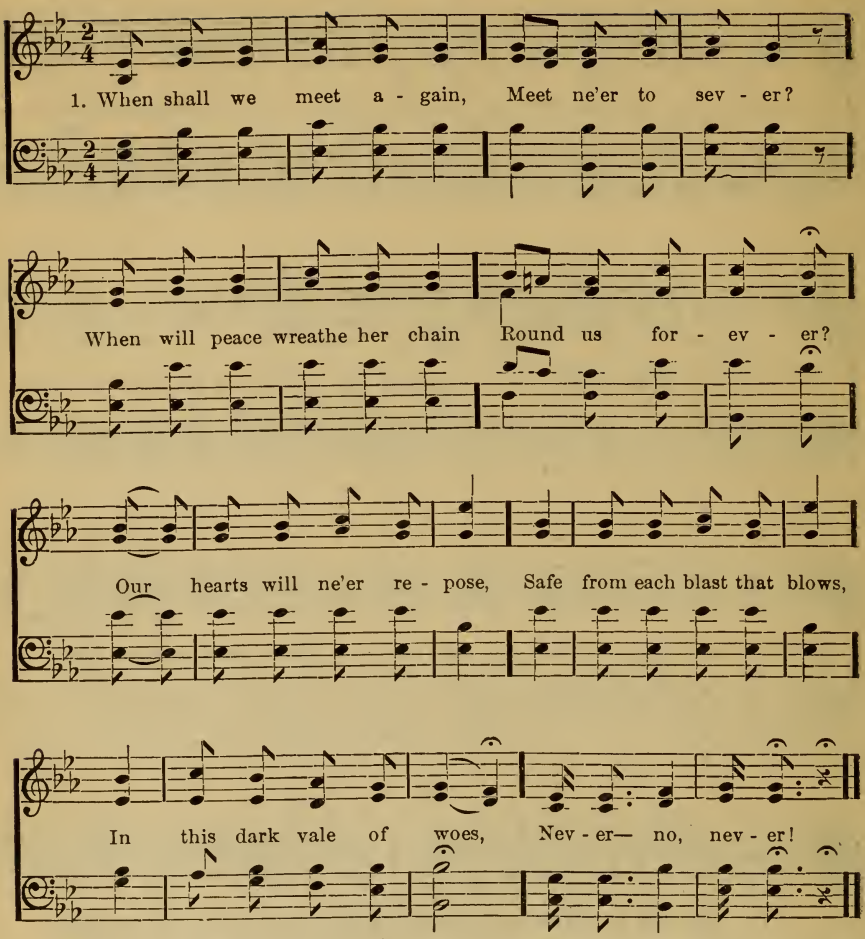


2 Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances Laughton Mace.

887 UNITY. 6s, 5s. LOWELL MASON.



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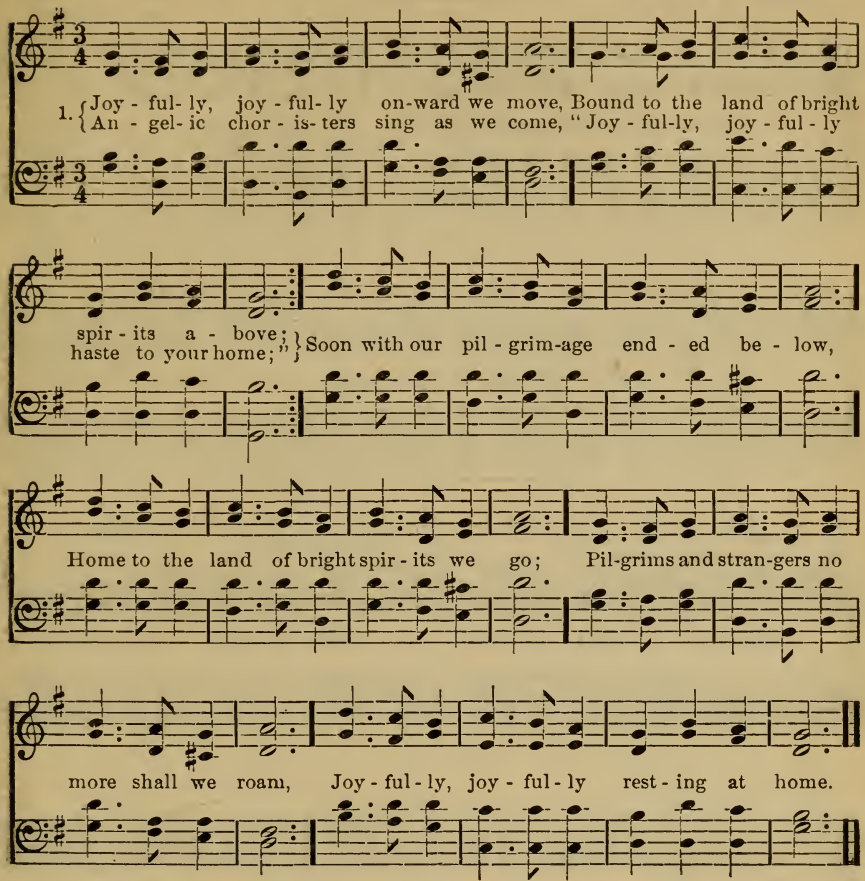
2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

Alaric Alexander Watts, & Samuel Francis Smith.

888 **VICTORY.** ABRAHAM DOW MERRILL.



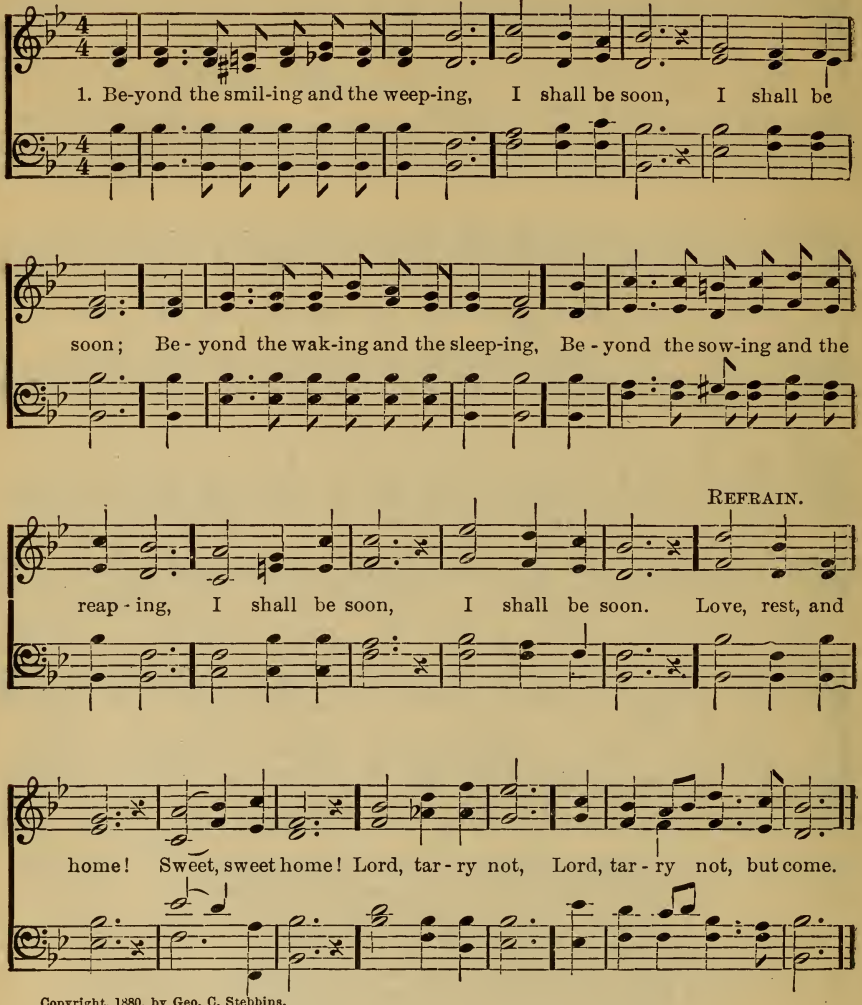
2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessèd, your voices we hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."

3 Death with his weapon may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home:
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his scepter be gone;
Over the plains of blest Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, with Christ at home.

William Hunter.

889 BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

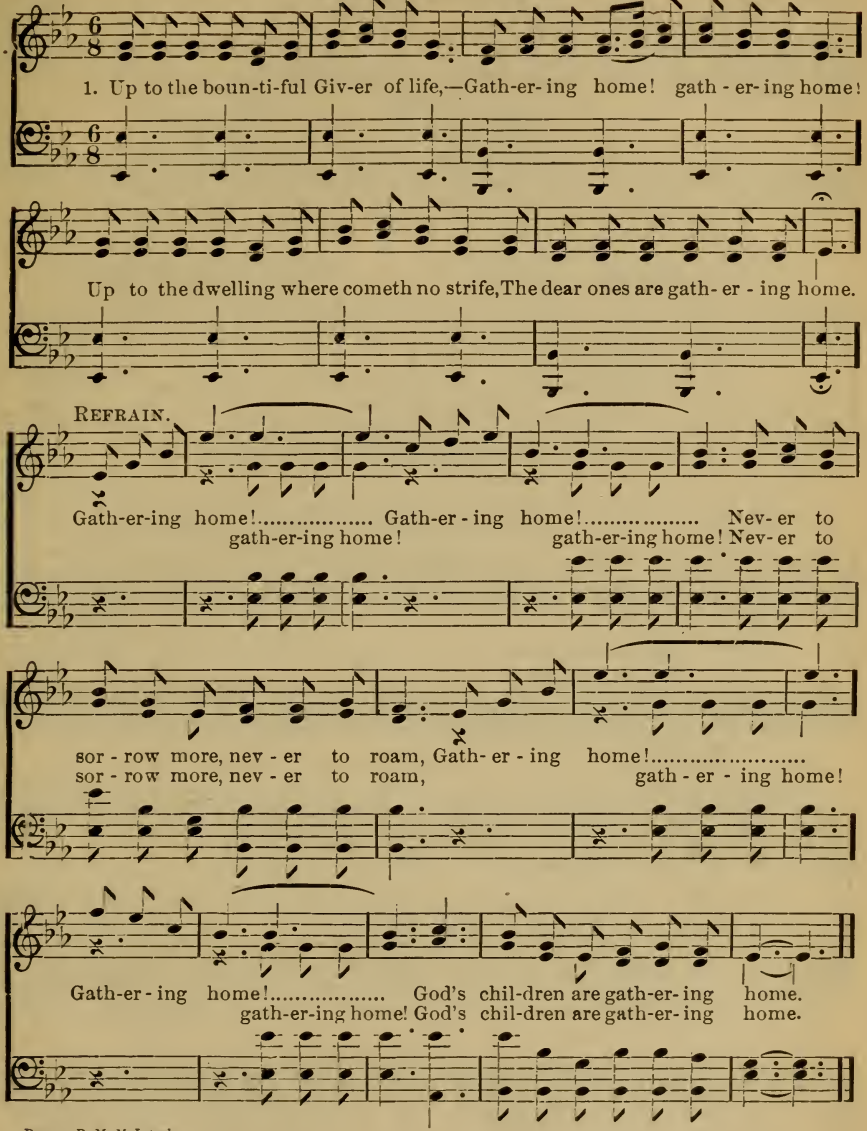
3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Horatius Bonar.

890 GATHERING HOME.

R. M. McINTOSH.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

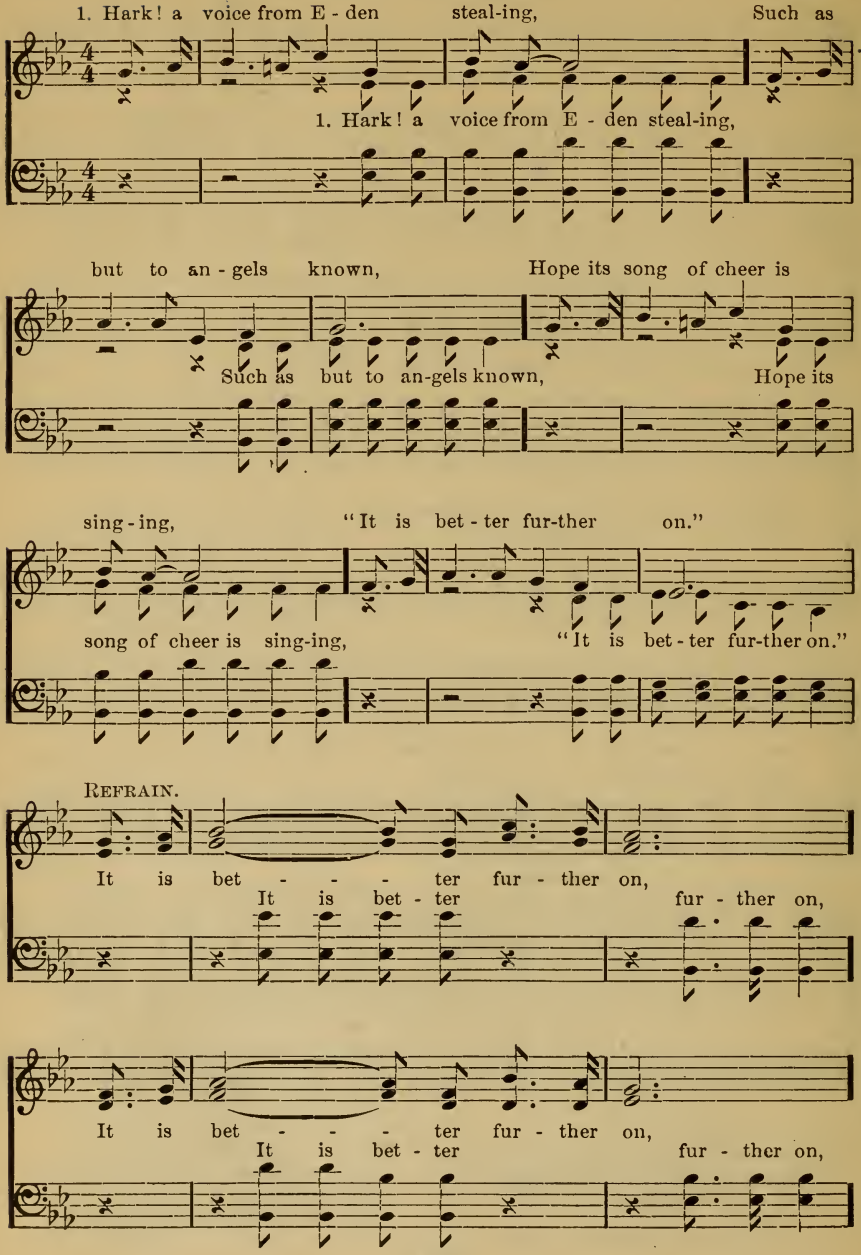
2 Up to the city where falleth no night,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light,
The dear ones are gathering hon e

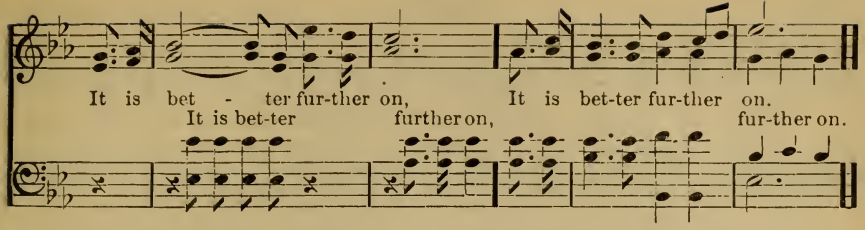
3 Up to the beautiful mansions above,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Safe in the arms of his infinite love,
The dear ones are gathering home.

Mariana B. Slade.

891 IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON.

FRED. A. BLACKMER.





2 Hope is singing, still is singing,
Softly in an under-tone;
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better further on."

3 Night and day it sings the same song,
Sings it when I sit alone;
Sings it so the heart may hear it,
"It is better further on."

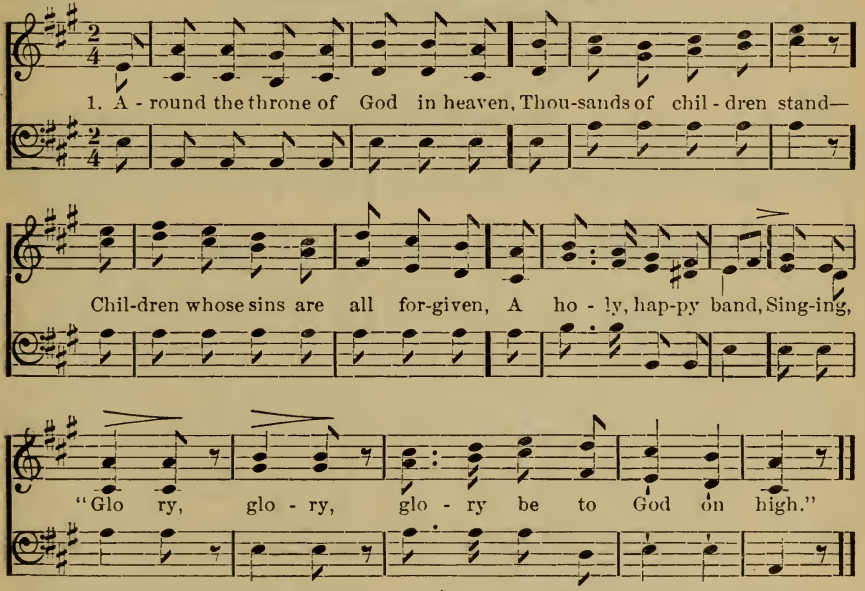
4 On the grave it sits and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan;
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better further on."

5 Further on! O how much further?
Count the mile-stones one by one;
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better further on."

James Nicholson.

892 AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.

HENRY E. MATHEWS.



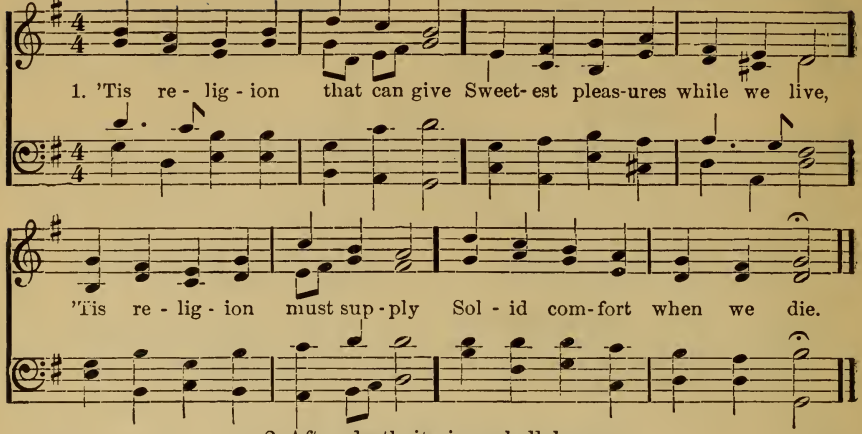
2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, etc.

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, etc.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, etc.

Anne Shepherd Houlditch.

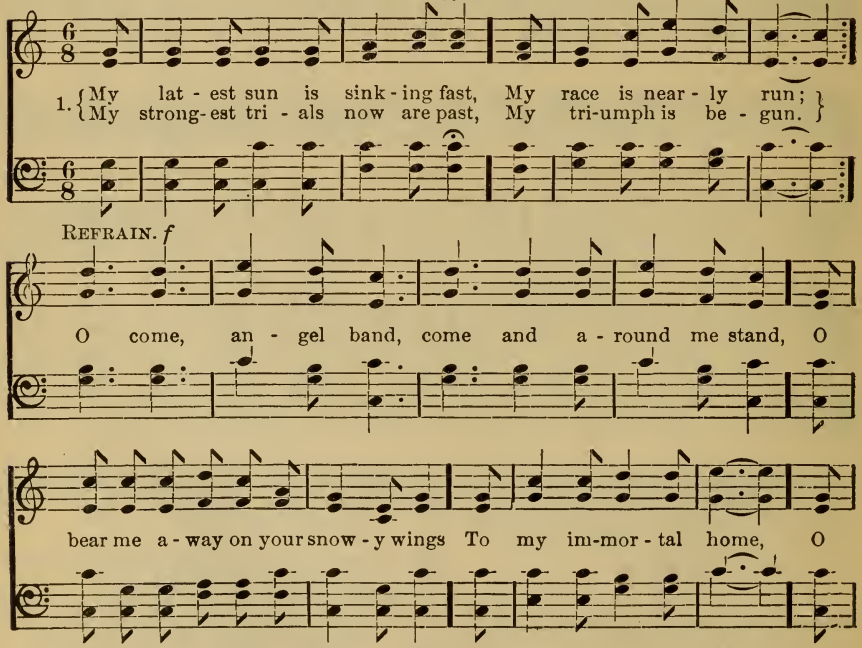
893 VIENNA. From WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



2 After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

Mary Masters.

894 LAND OF BEULAH. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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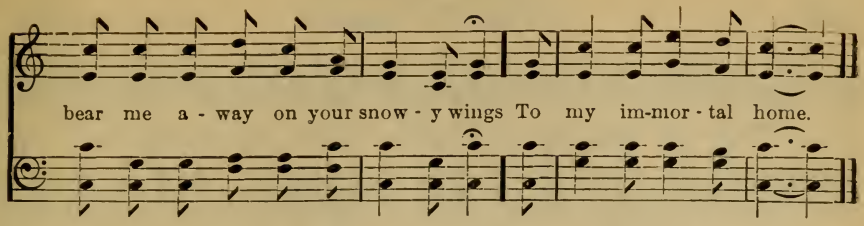


2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

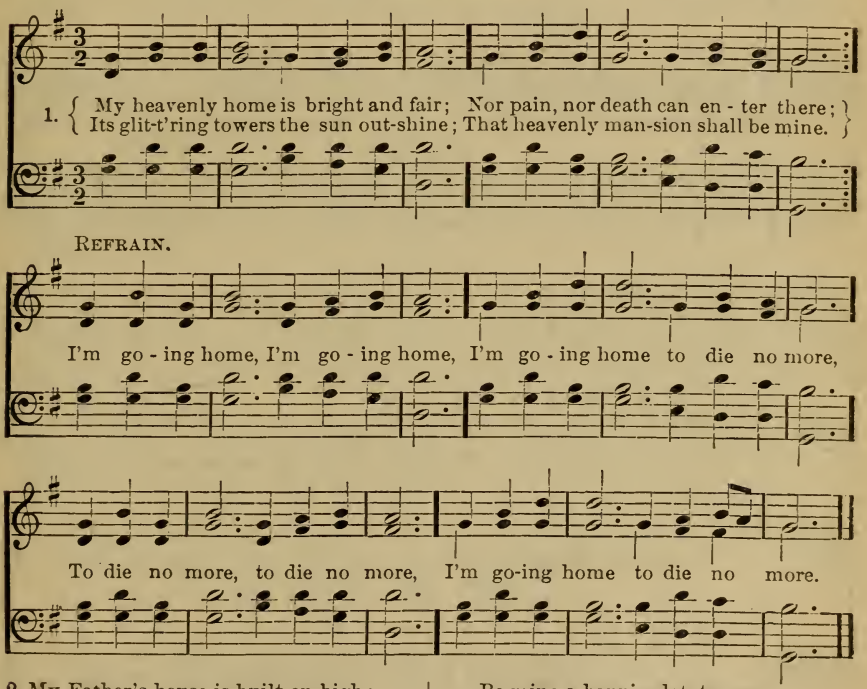
3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

Jefferson Hascall.

895 I'M GOING HOME.

Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER.



2 My Father's house is built on high:
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

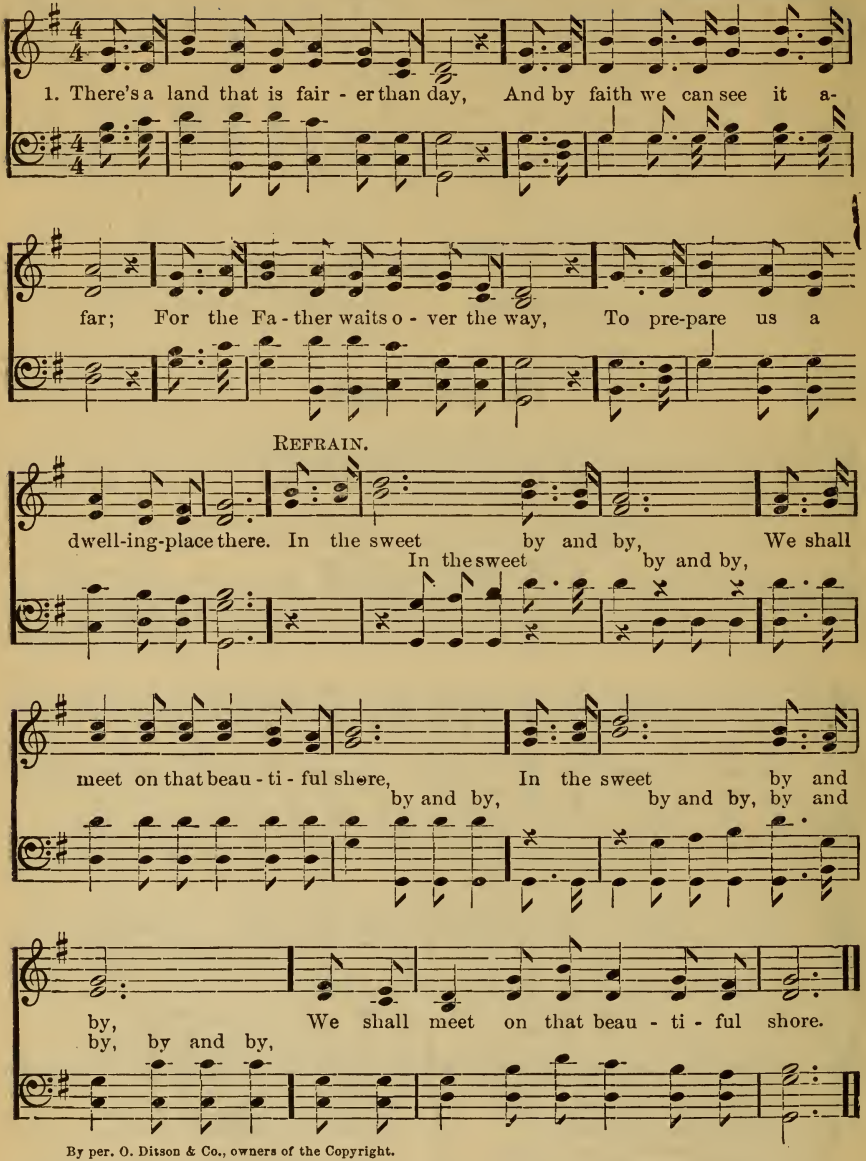
3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

William Hunter.

896 SWEET BY AND BY.

JOSEPH P. WEBSTER.



By per. O. Ditson & Co., owners of the Copyright.

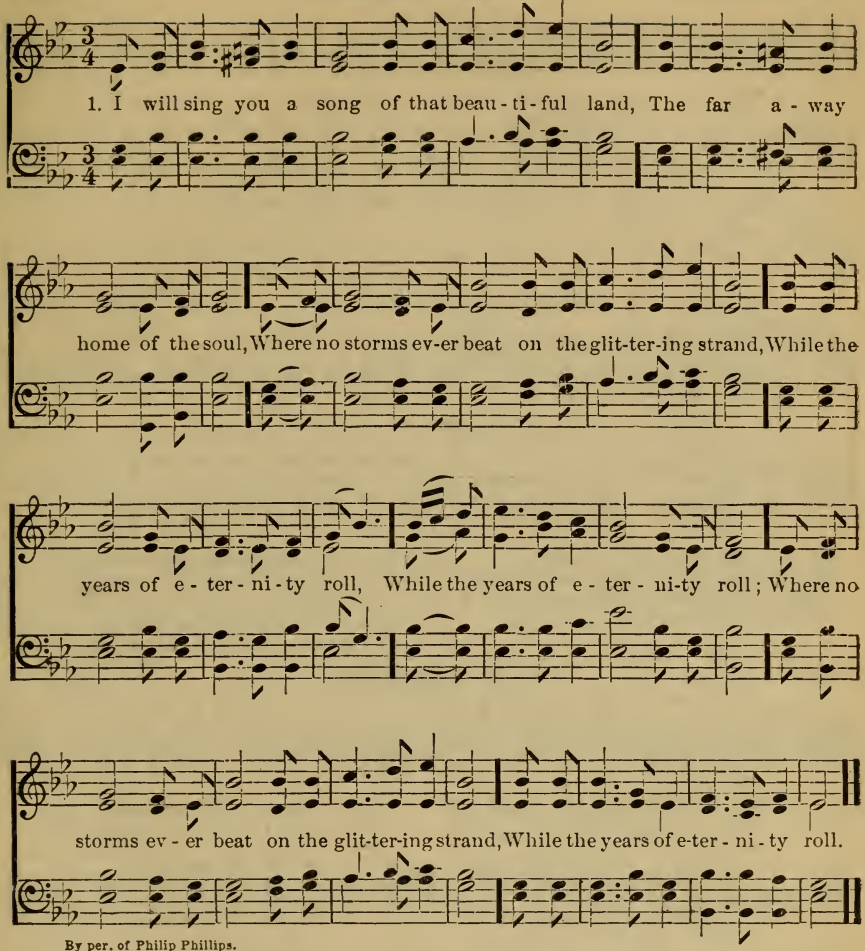
2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

897 HOME OF THE SOUL.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



By per. of Philip Phillips.

2 O that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

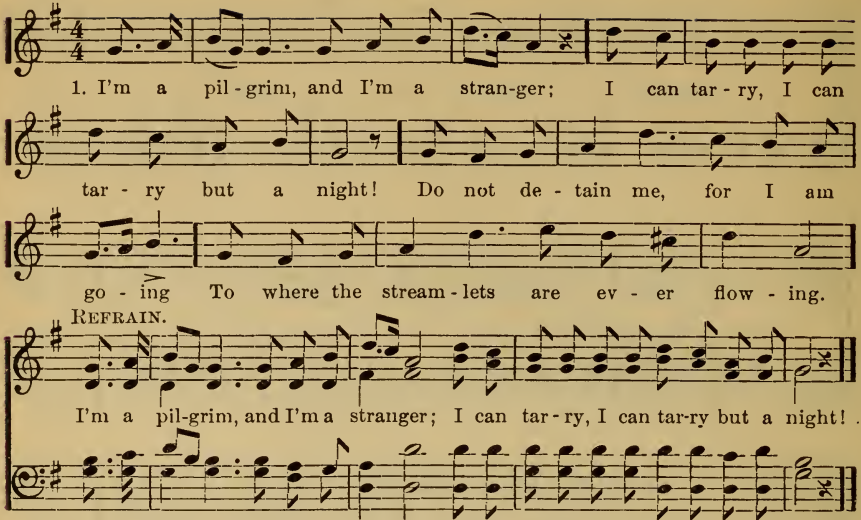
3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he.
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again!

Ellen M. Huntington Gates.

898 I'M A PILGRIM.

Italian Air.

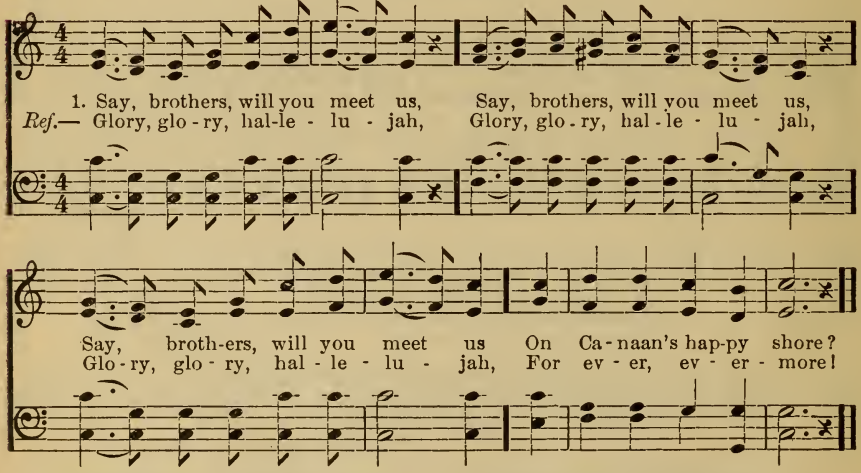


2 Of that city, to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

Mary S. B. Dana.

899 SAY, BROTHERS.



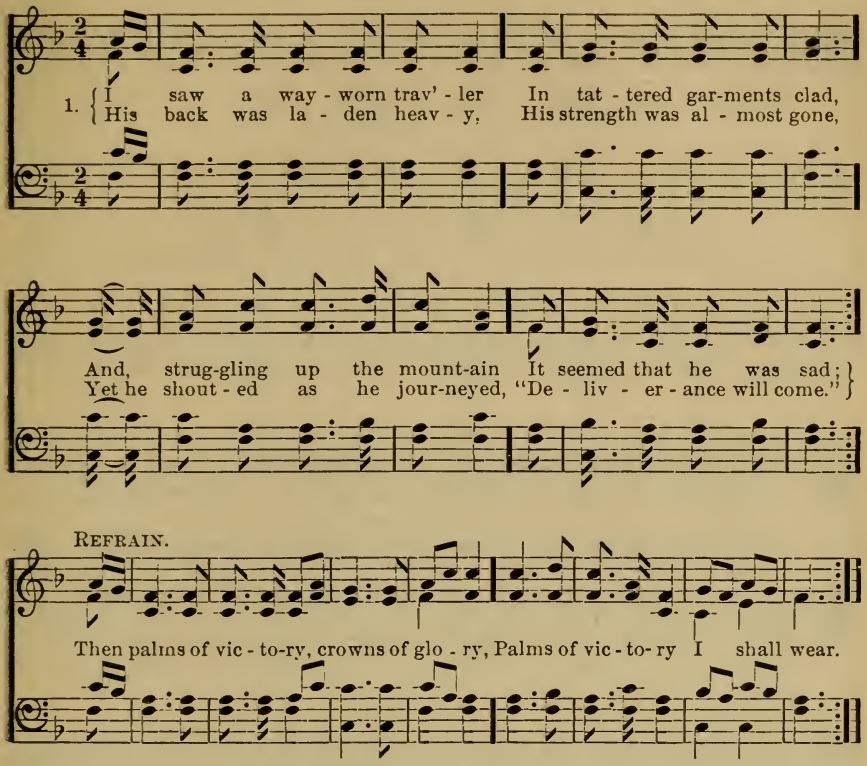
2 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more.

3 Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
On Canaan's happy shore.

Author Unknown.

900 DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

JOHN B. MATTHIAS.



2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow:
But he kept pressing onward
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."

3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watch-word being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."

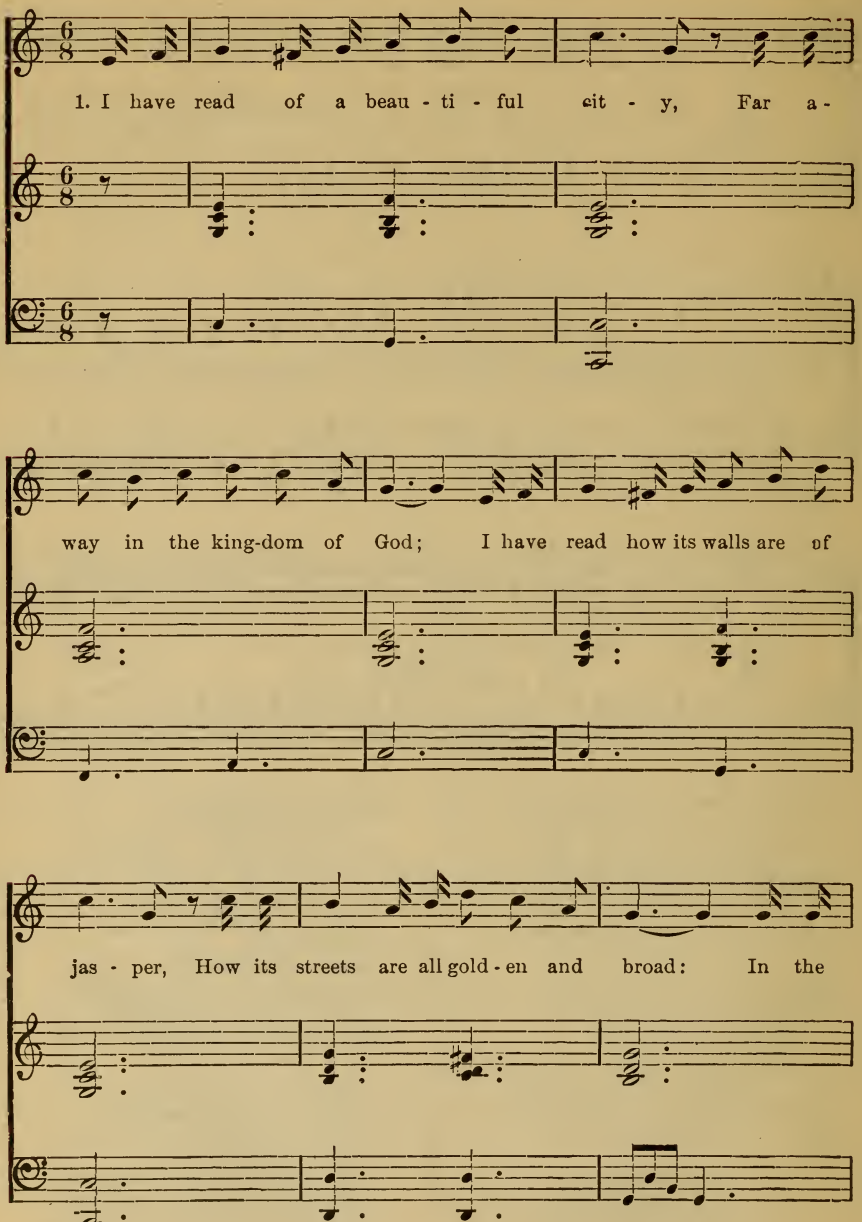
4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, "Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!"

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er that narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, "Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore."
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, "Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!"

John B. Matthias.

901 NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD. O. F. PRESBREY.



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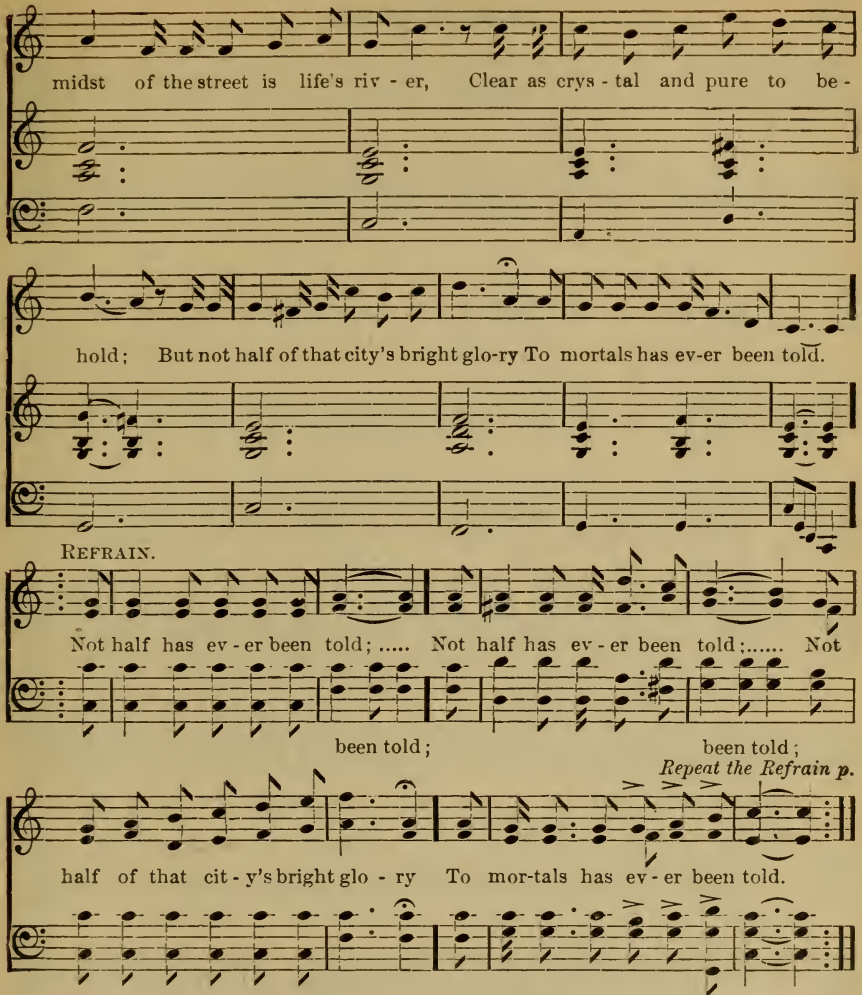


2 I have read of bright mansions in heaven,
Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;
And the saints who on earth have been faithful,
Rest forever with Christ over there;
There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,
The inhabitants never grow old;
But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

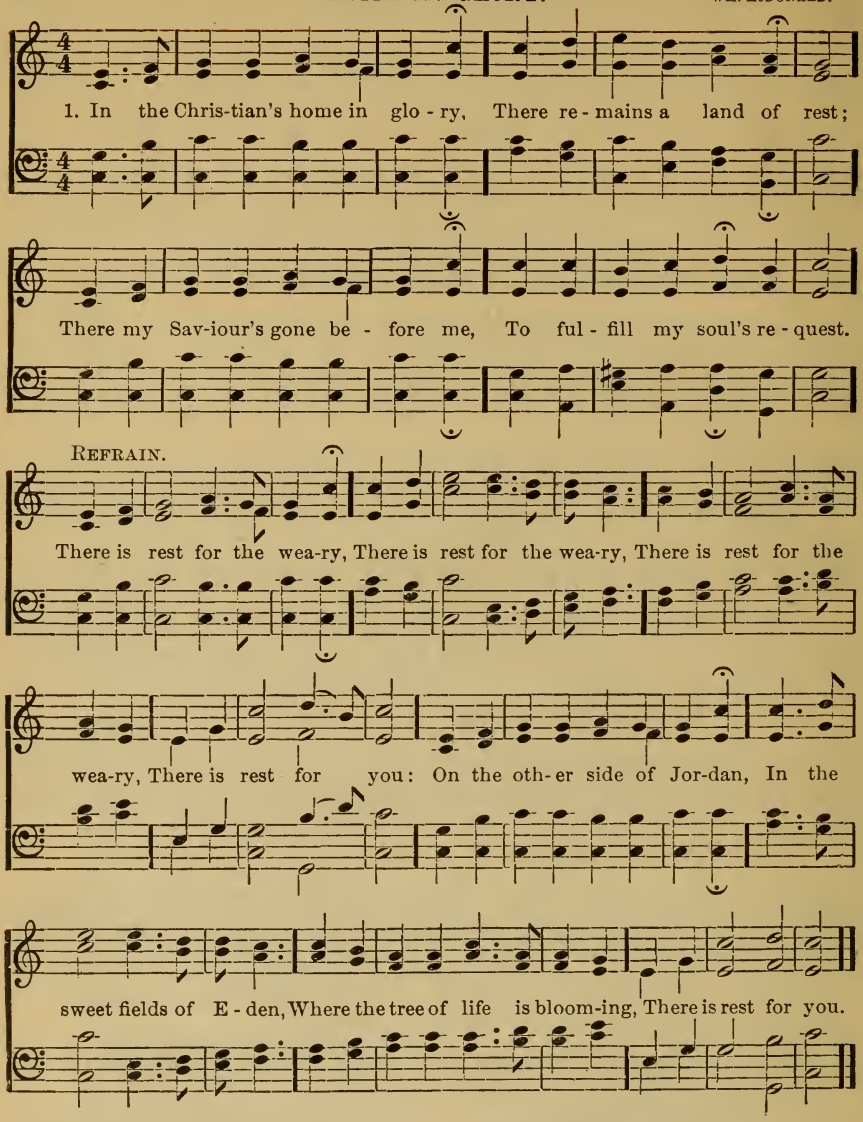
3 I have read of white robes for the righteous,
Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter,
And my glory eternally share;"
How the righteous are evermore blessèd
As they walk through the streets of pure gold;
But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
That vile sinners may ask and receive
Peace and pardon for every transgression,
If when asking they only believe.
I have read how he'll guide and protect us,
If for safety we enter his fold;
But not half of his goodness and mercy
To mortals has ever been told.

John Burch Atchinson.

902 HOME IN GLORY.

WM. McDONALD.



2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

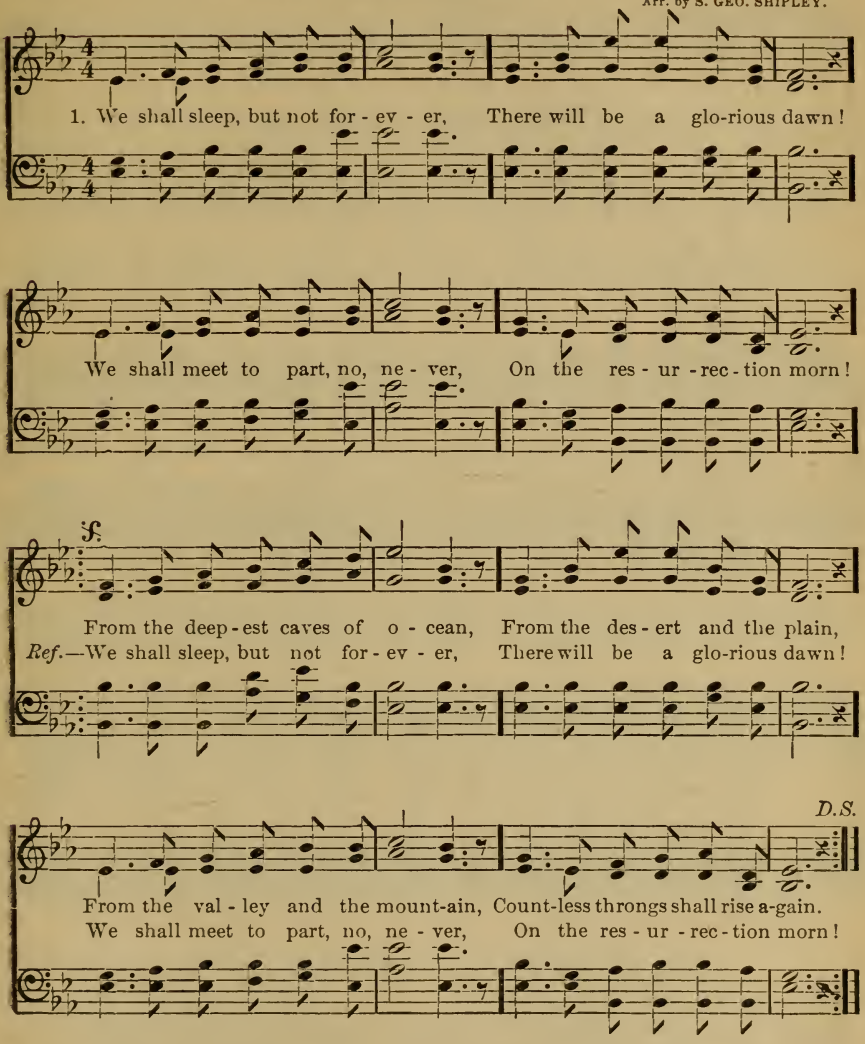
3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But, in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

Samuel Young Harmer.

903 WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

Arr. by S. GEO. SHIPLEY.



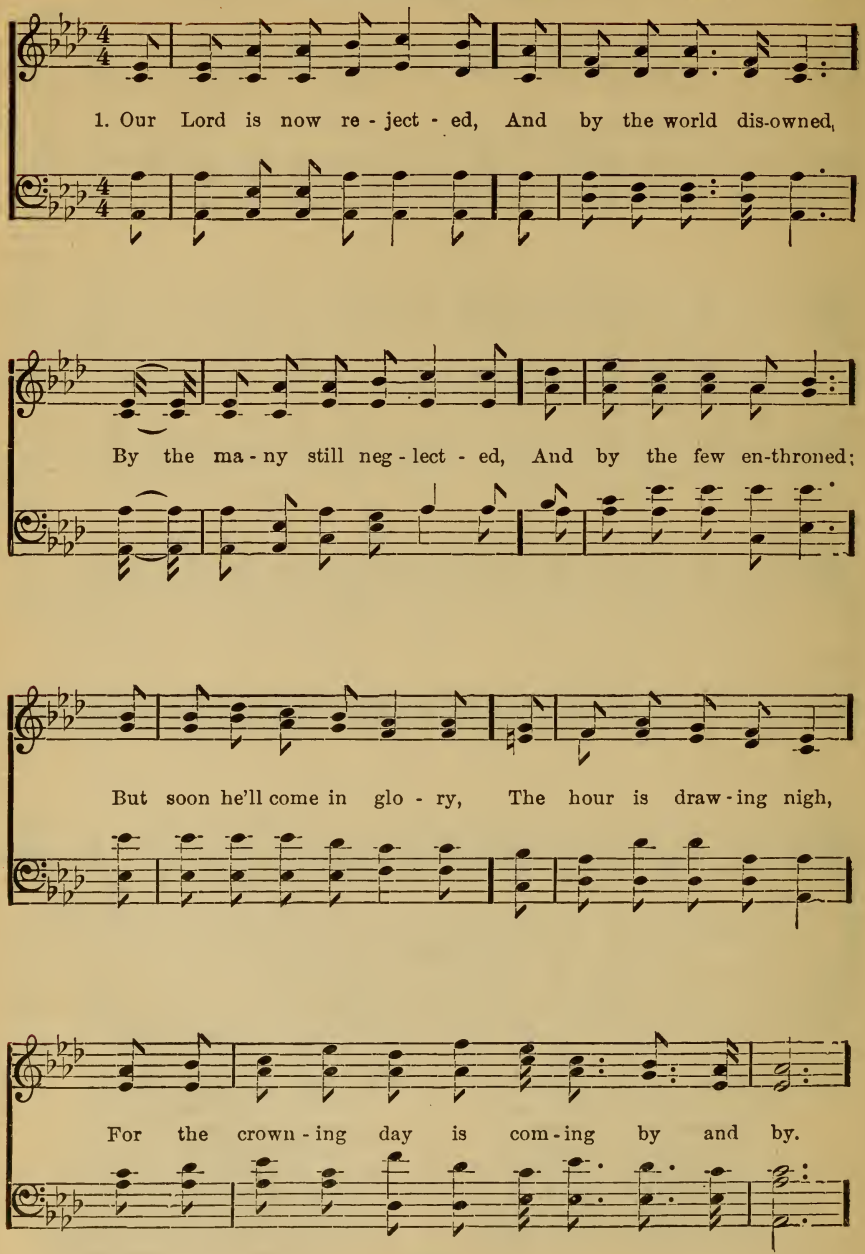
2 When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom;
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

3 We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave:
Blessèd be the Lord that taketh,
Blessèd be the Lord that gave.
In the bright eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In his own good time he'll call us,
From our rest, to home, sweet home.

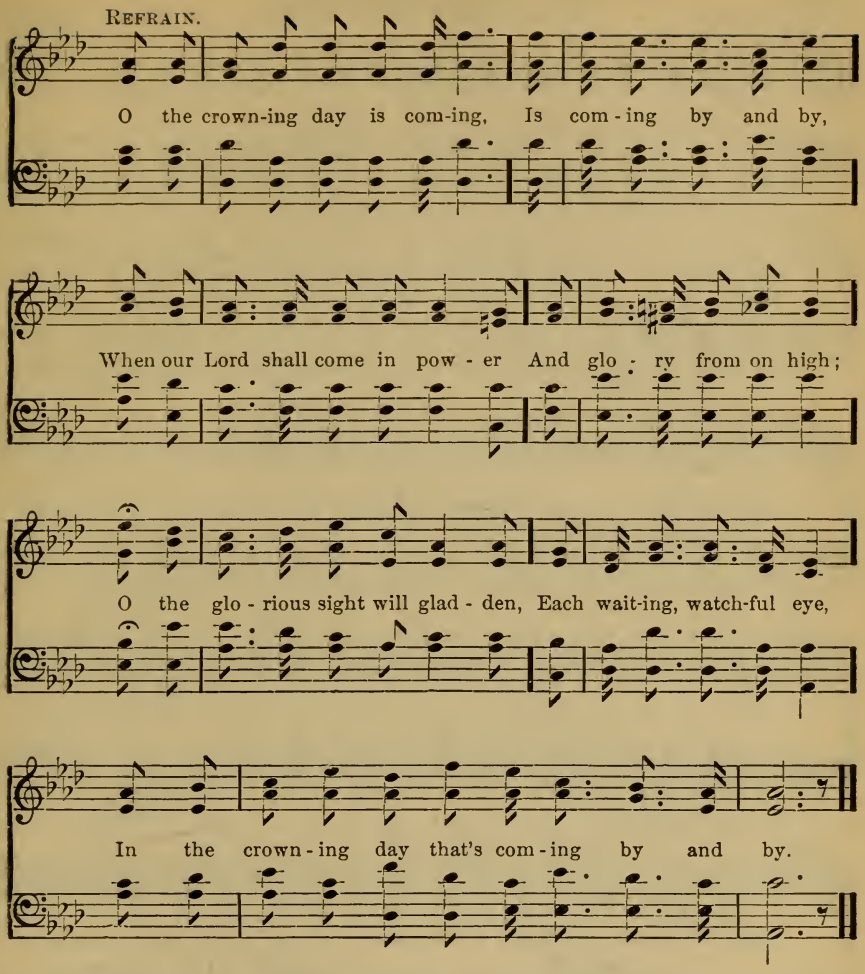
Mary A. Kidder.

904 THE CROWNING DAY.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



Copyright, 1881, by James McGranahan.



2 The heavens shall glow with splendor,
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array:
The beauty of the Saviour,
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

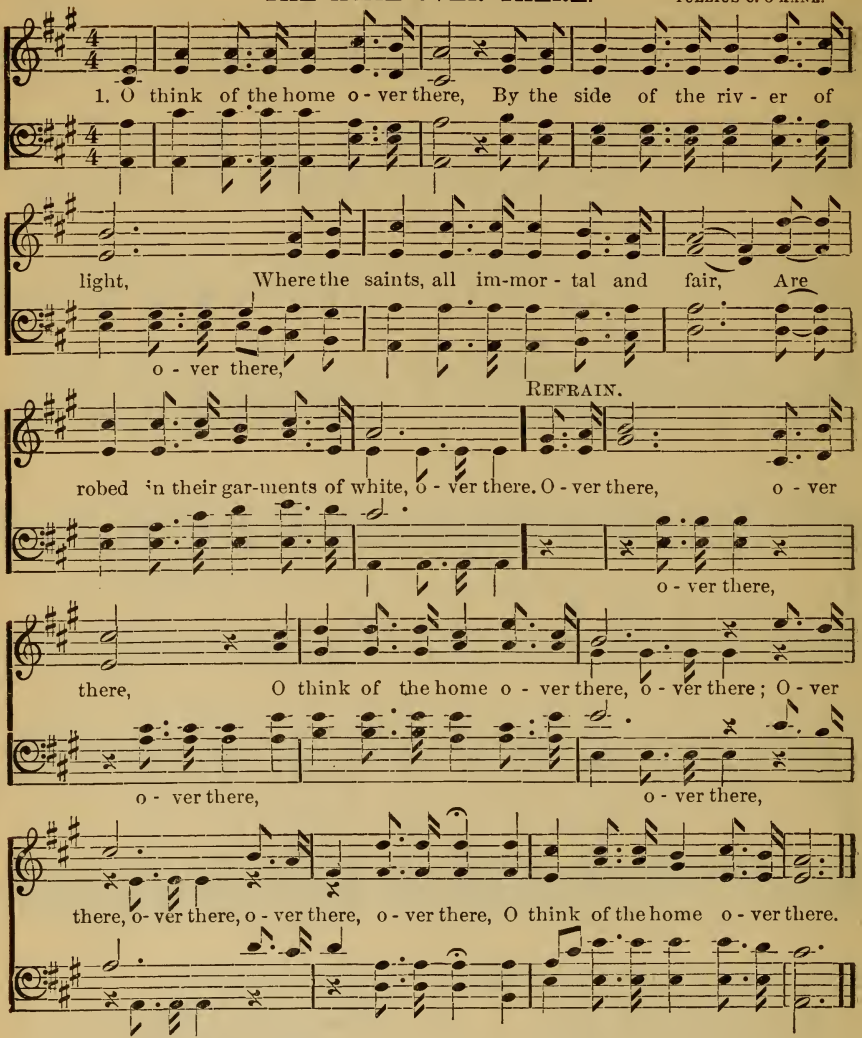
3 Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sin and sigh no more;
Behind us all of sorrow,
And naught but joy before,
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

4 Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way,
By gath'ring in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die;
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

El. Nathan.

905 THE HOME OVER THERE.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE.



By per. T. C. O'Kane, owner of copyright.

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

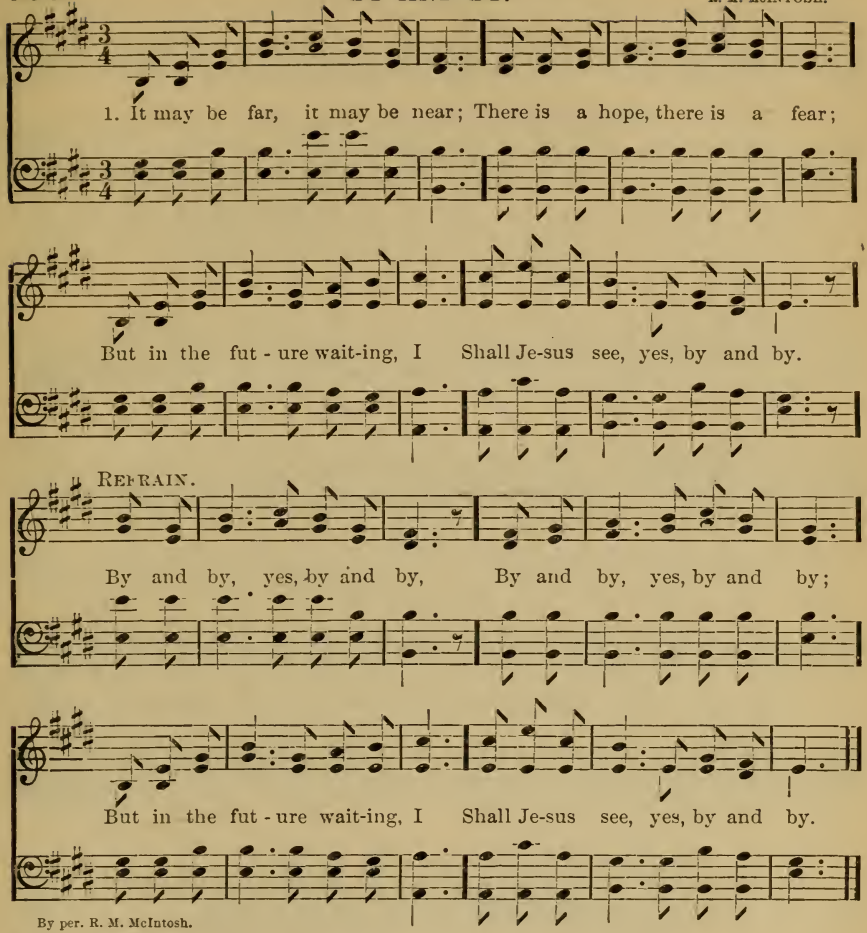
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

D. W. C. Huntington.

906

BY AND BY.

R. M. McINTOSH.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

2 Impatient soul, and murm'ring heart,
Thy murm'ring cease and bear thy part
Of pain and labor on life's road,
For soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.

REFRAIN.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
There's pain and labor on life's road,
But soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.

3 Yes, "by and by" will soon be now,
And God shall wipe each tear-stained brow;
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne,
To living fountains lead his own.

REFRAIN.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by; [throne:
The Lamb shall feed them from the
To living fountains lead his own.

4 O verdant fields! O shining shore!
The Lamb of God spreads wide the door;
Ah, golden city, surely I
Shall see thy glories by and by.

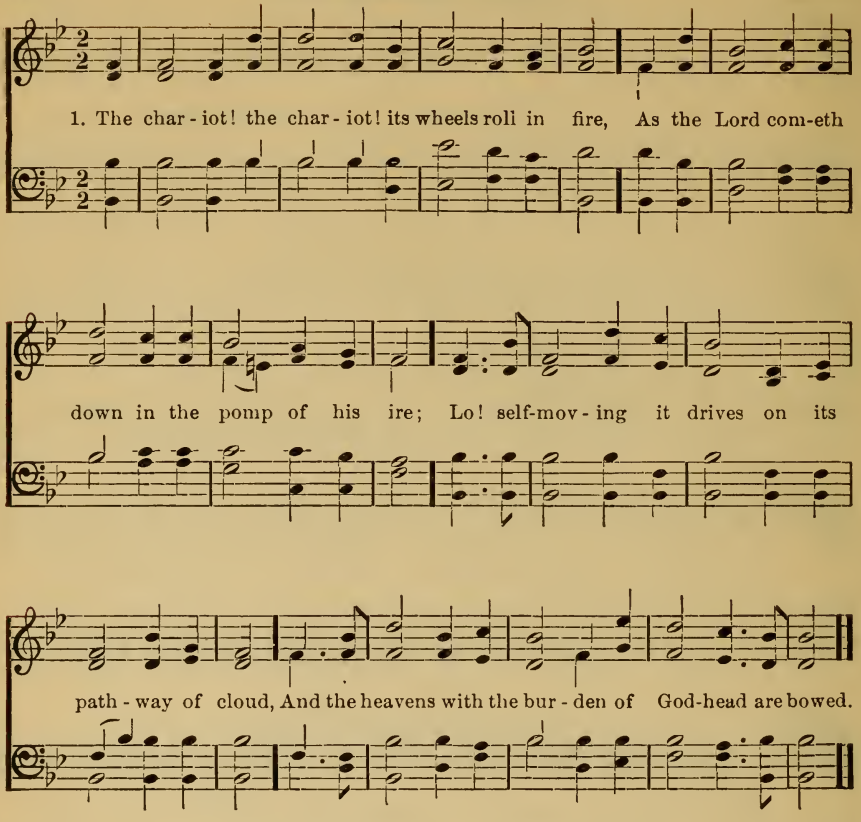
REFRAIN.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
Ah, golden city! surely I
Shall see thy glories "by and by."

Author Unknown.

907 THE CHARIOT. 11 & 12s

J. WILLIAMS.



2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth!

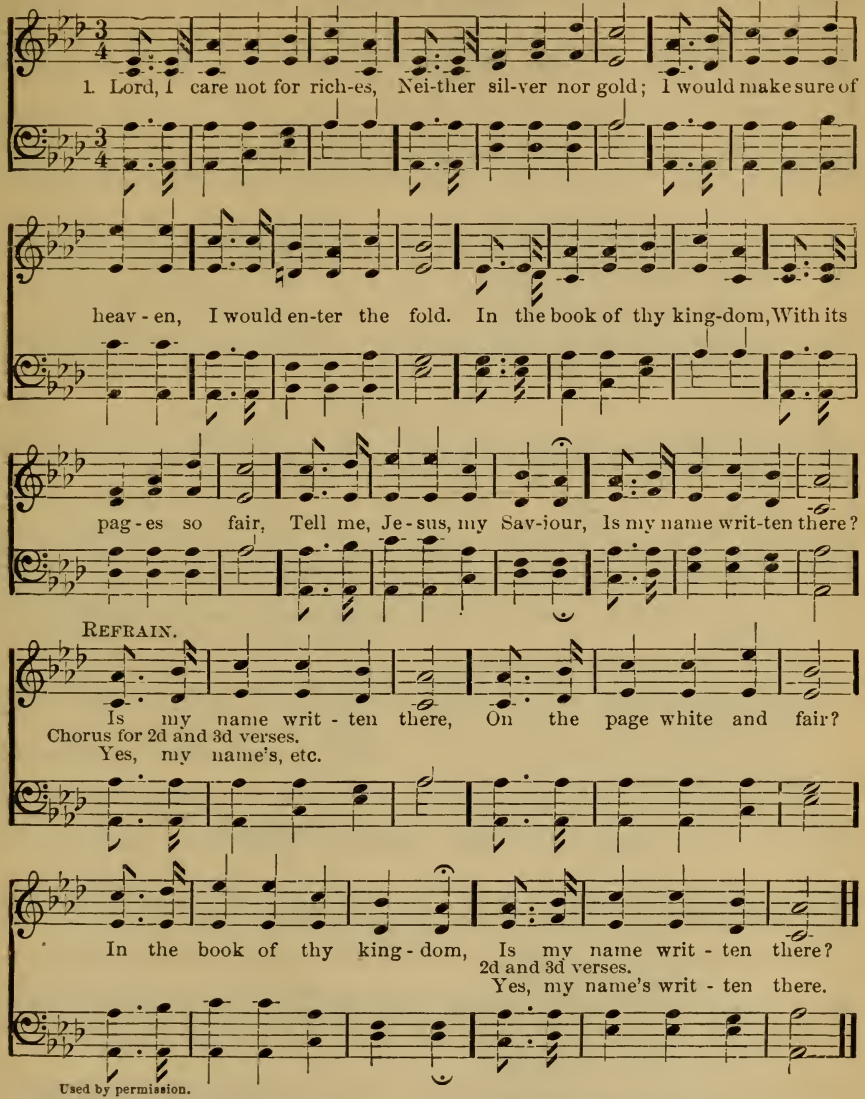
4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

Henry Hart Milman.

908 IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

FRANK M. DAVIS.



Used by permission.

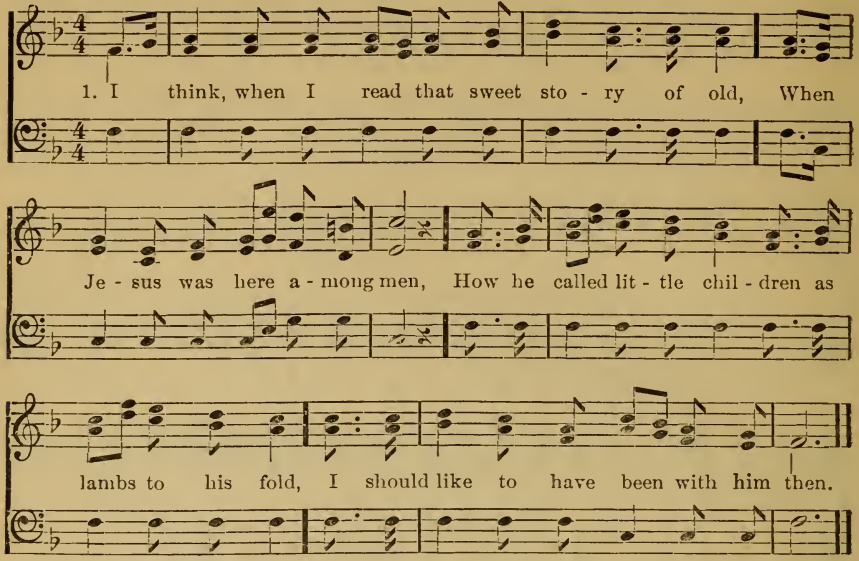
2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 O that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.

Mary A. Kidder.

909 SWEET STORY.

Anon.



2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind looks when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

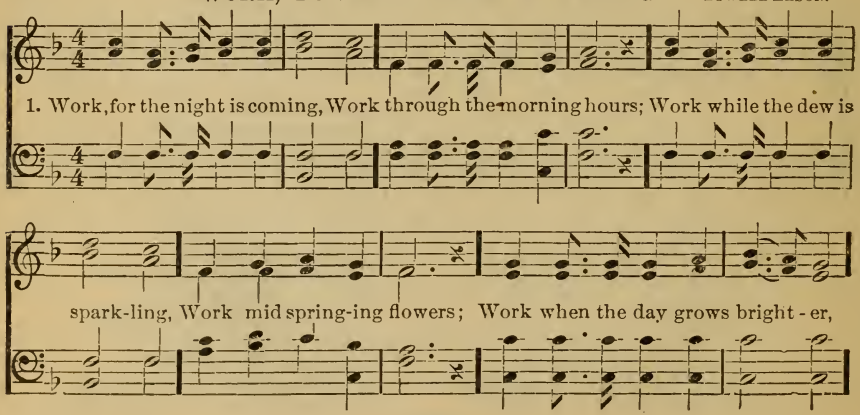
3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:

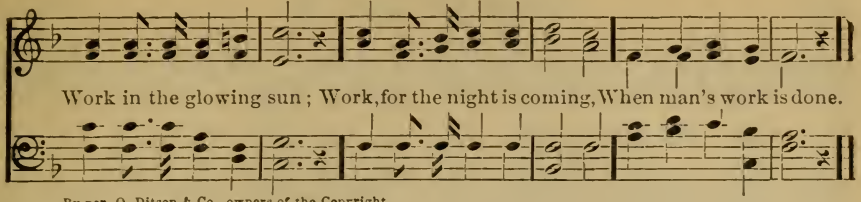
4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Jemima Luke.

910 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

LOWELL MASON.





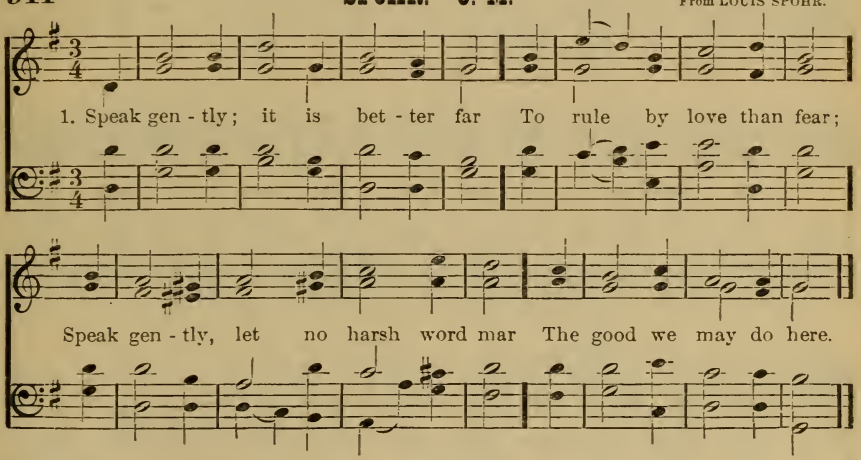
By per. O. Ditson & Co., owners of the Copyright.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon :
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies :
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Annie L. Walker.

911 **SPOHR. C. M.** From LOUIS SPOHR.



2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones ;
They must have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
O win them back again !

5 Speak gently ; 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

G. W. Langford.

912 C. M.

1 THINK gently of the erring one :
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet !

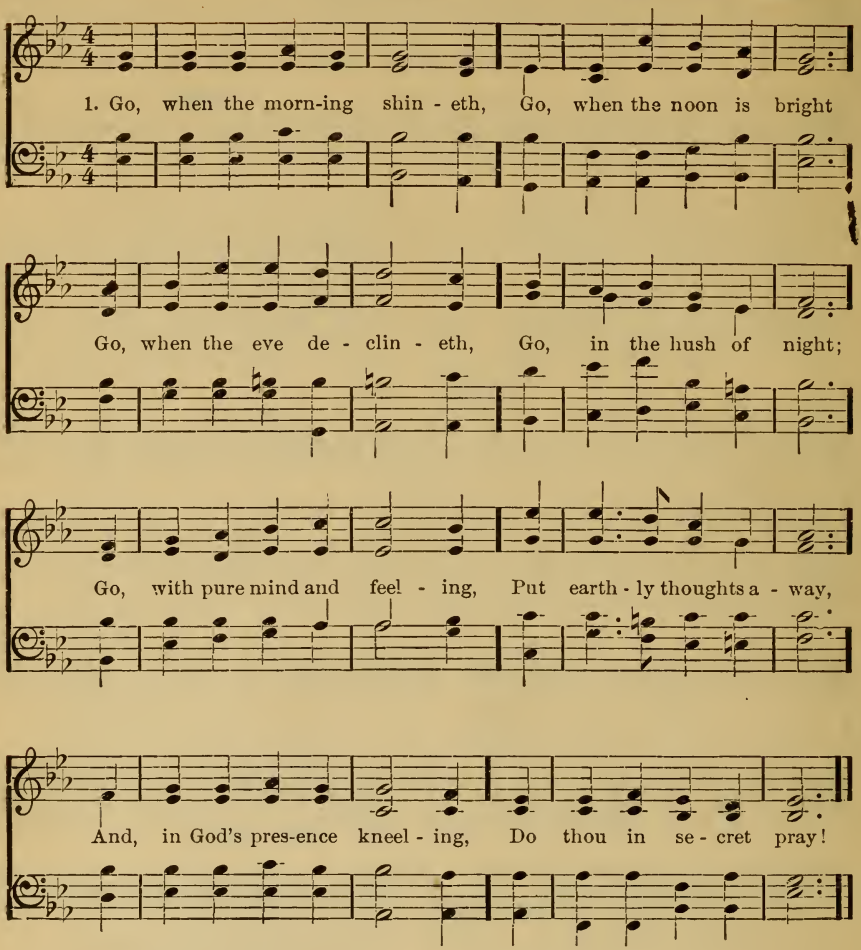
2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones :
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be ;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

913 AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.



2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.

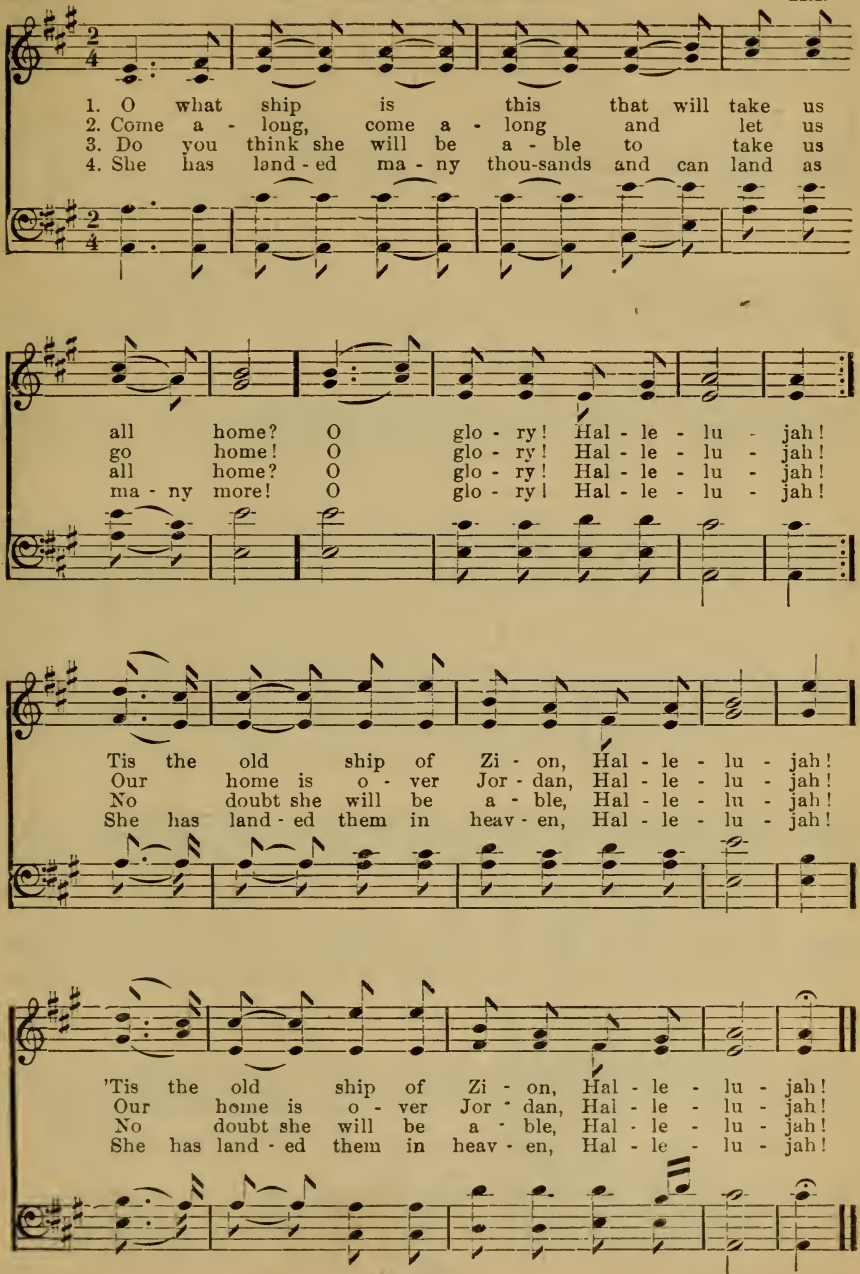
3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach his throne in glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The privilege thus given us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Then when thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And turn thee, in thy gladness,
To him who gave thee all.

Jane Cross Simpson.

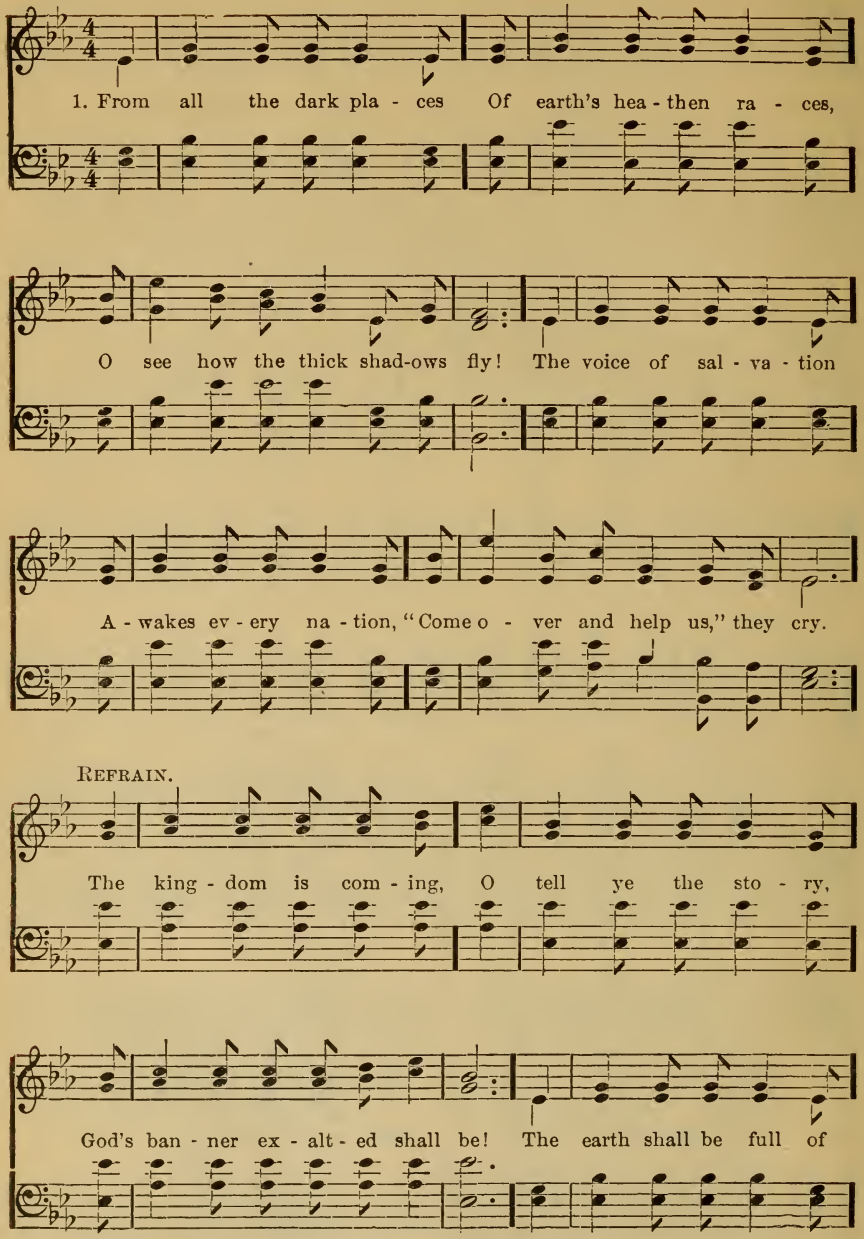
914 THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

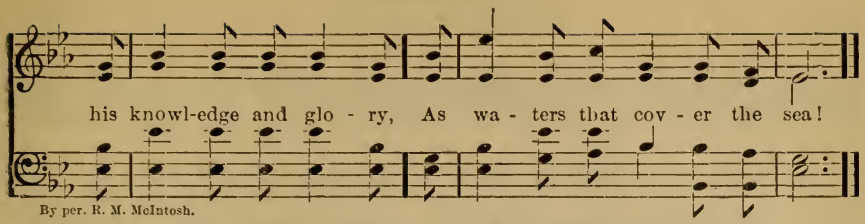
ANON.



915 THE KINGDOM COMING.

R. M. McINTOSH.





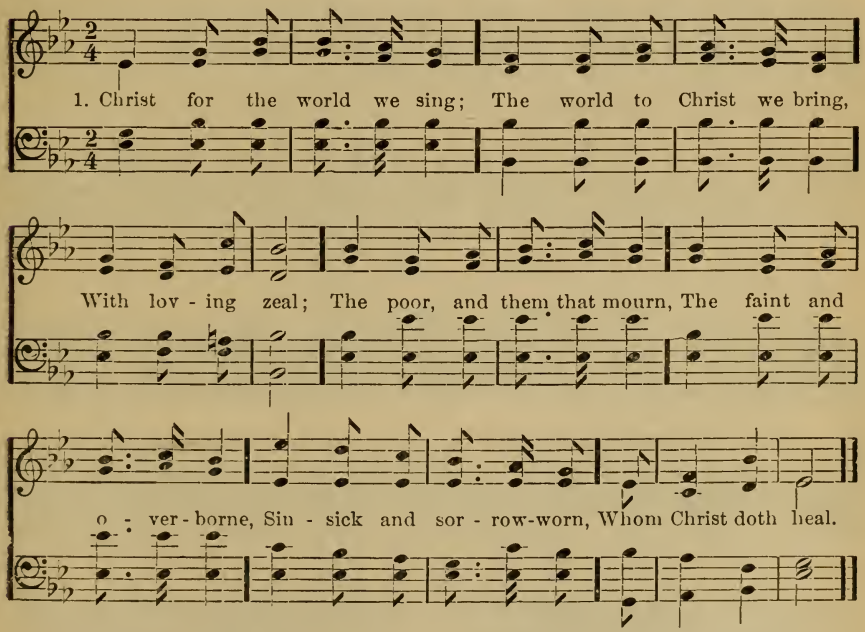
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

2 The sunlight is glancing
O'er armies advancing
To conquer the kingdoms of sin;
Our Lord shall possess them,
His presence shall bless them,
His beauty shall enter them in.

3 With shouting and singing,
And jubilant ringing,
Their arms of rebellion cast down,
At last every nation,
The Lord of salvation
Their King and Redeemer shall crown!

Mary B. C. Slade.

916 **OLIVET.** 6s & 4s. LOWELL MASON.



2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By reckless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

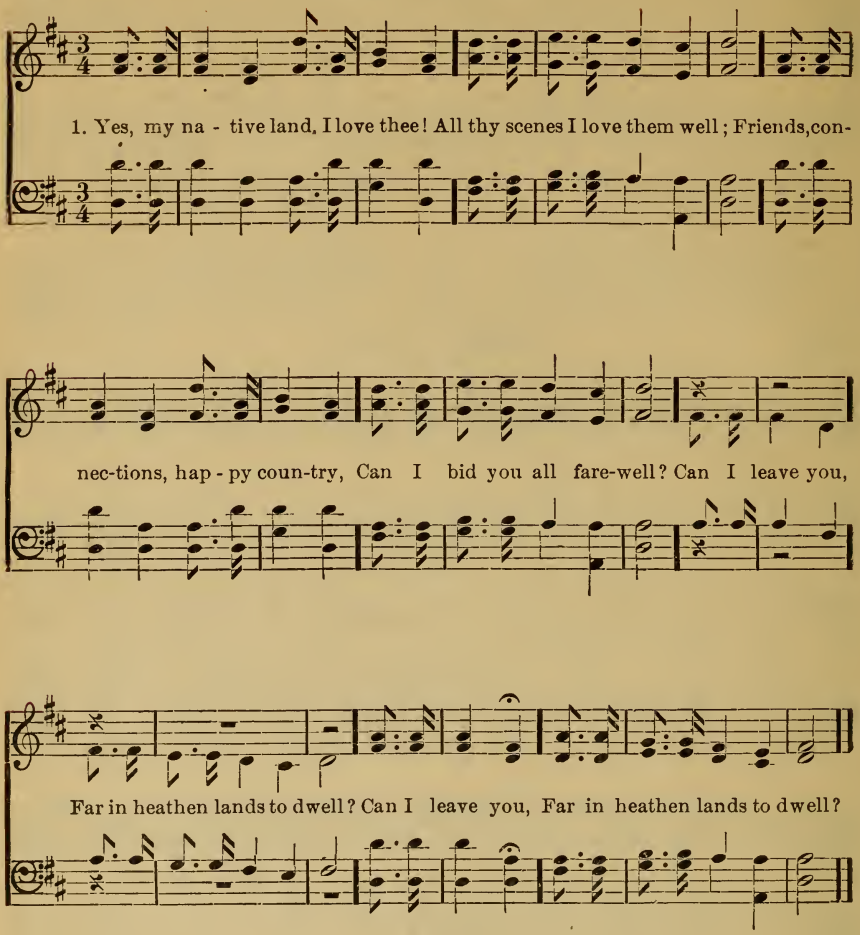
3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott.

917 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
Happy home!—'tis sure I love thee!
Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

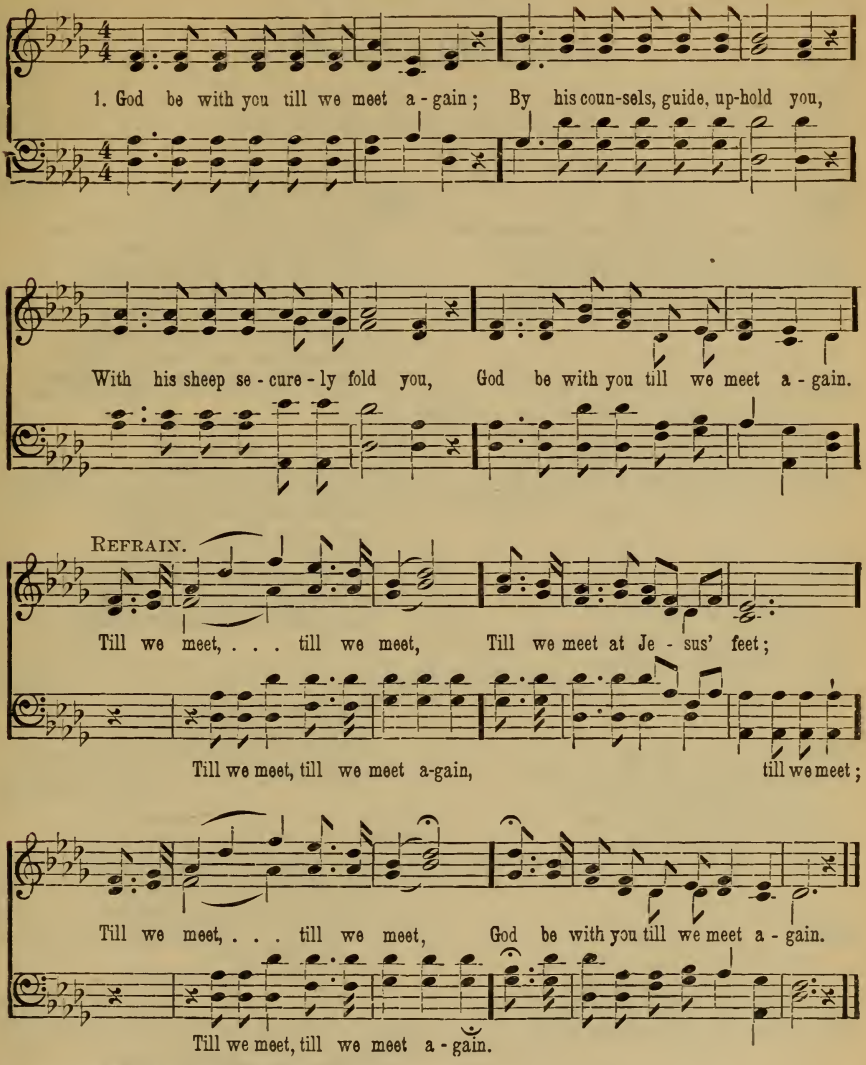
4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me!
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessèd Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Samuel Francis Smith.

918 GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. G. TOMER.



By per. J. E. Rankin, owner of copyright.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. Rankin.

DOXOLOGIES.

919 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

920 L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Isaac Watts.

921 C. M.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored;
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

922 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

Tate and Brady.

923 S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

Isaac Watts.

924 S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

925 8s, 7s. D.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

Robert Hawker.

926 8s, 7s. D.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

927 7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley.

928 8s, 7s, & 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

William Goode.

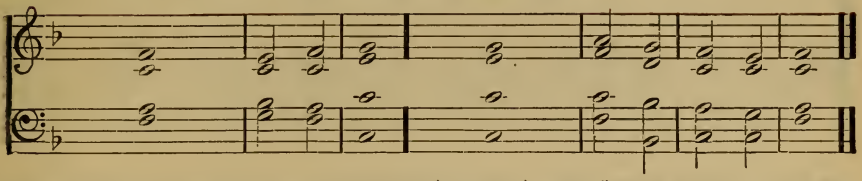
929 7s, 6s, & 8.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the celestial host,
Who praise thee evermore!
Live by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

Charles Wesley.

CHANTS.

1 THE LORD'S PRAYER.



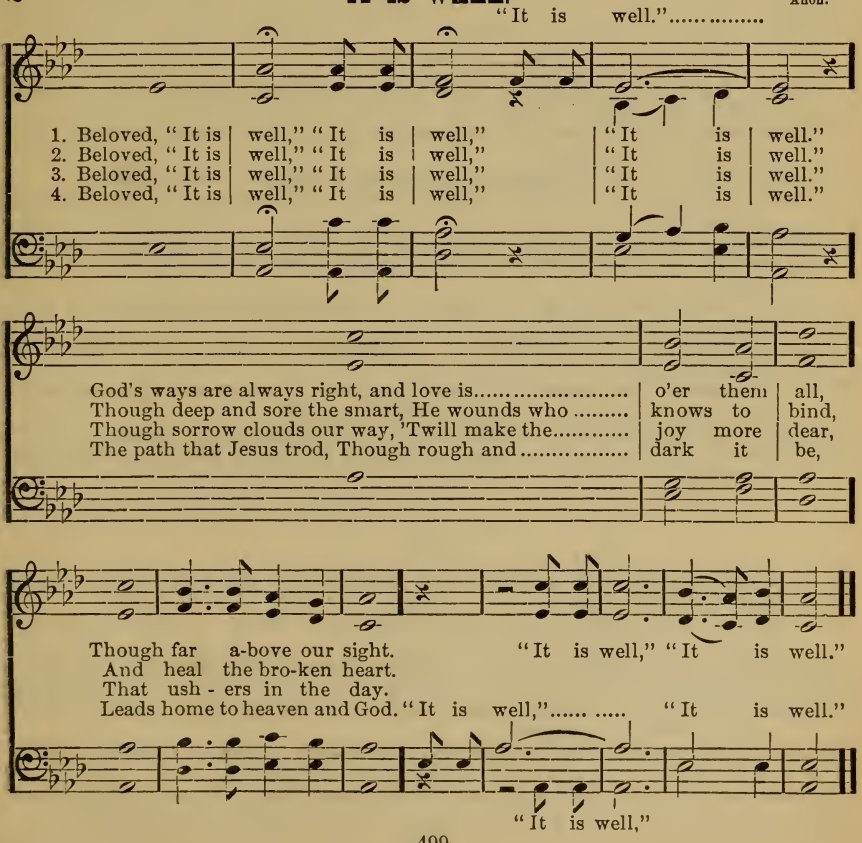
1 Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. || Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.

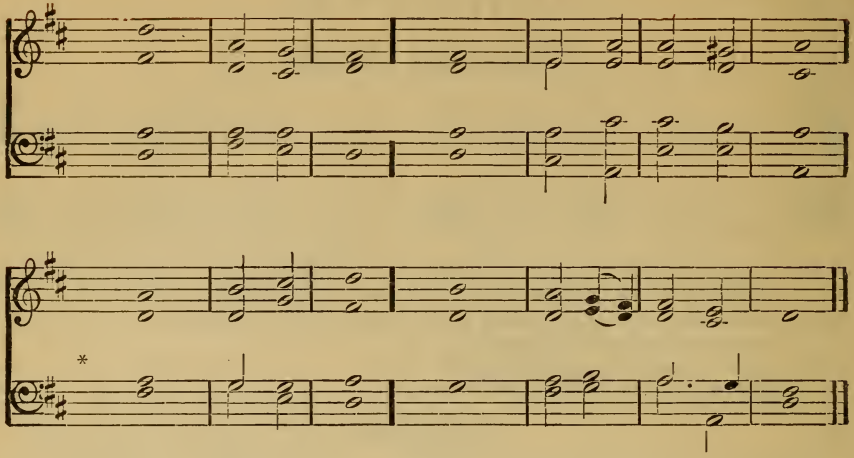
2 IT IS WELL.

Anon.



VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

WILLIAM BOYCE.



Psalm xcv.

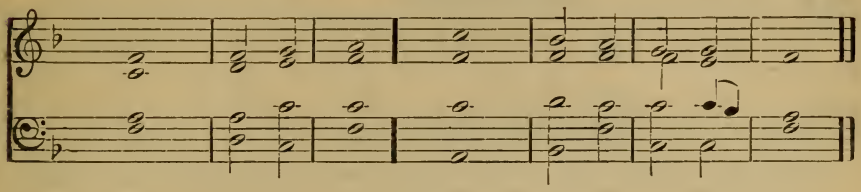
1 O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving; || And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord is a | great— | God; || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.
5 The sea is his | and he | made it; || And his hands pre- | pared the | dry | land.
6 O come, let us worship | and fall | down; || And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For he is the | Lord our | God; || And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.
8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty · · of | holiness; || Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.
*9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World | without | end. A- | men.

Psalm cl.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God | in his | sanctuary: || Praise him in the | firmament | of his | power.
2 Praise him for his | mighty | acts: || Praise him ac- | cording · · to his | excel-lent | greatness.
3 Praise him with the | sound · · of the | trumpet: || Praise him | with the | psaltery · · and | harp.
4 Praise him with the | timbrel · · and | dance: || Praise him with | stringed · · instru- | ments and | organs.
5 Praise him upon the | loud— | cymbals: || Praise him upon the | high— | sounding | cymbals.
6 Let every thing that | hath— | breath, || Praise the | Lord. Praise | ye the | Lord.

4 DEUS MISEREATUR.

RICHARD FARRANT.

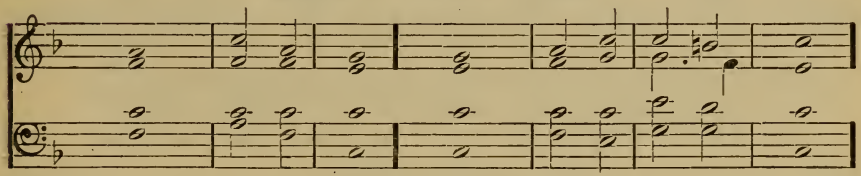


Psalm lxvii.

1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || And show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci · · ful | unto | us.
2 That thy way may be known | up · · on | earth; || Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God. || Yea, let all the | people | praise— | thee.
4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || For thou shall judge the people right eously, and govern the | na · · tions | upon | earth.
5 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God; || Yea, let all the | people | praise— | thee.
6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || And God, even our own | God shall | give us · · his | blessing.
7 God shall | bless— | us; || And all the ends of the | world shall | fear— | him.
8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost; ||
9 As is was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World | without | end. A- | men.

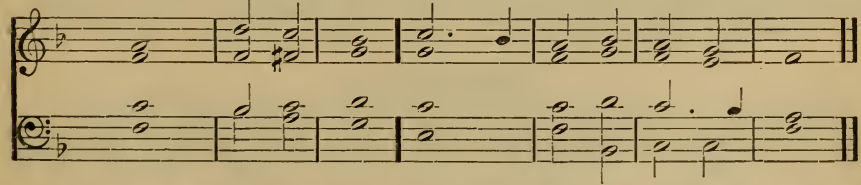
5 MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE.

HENRY N. ALDRICH.



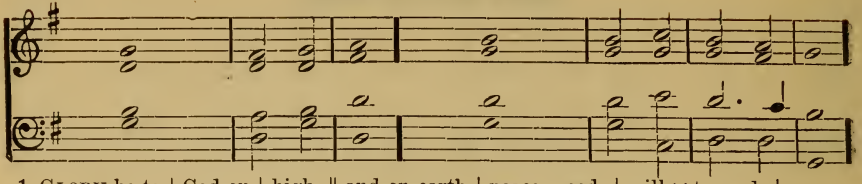
Psalm c.

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands; || serve the Lord with gladness; come before his | pres-ence | with— | singing.
3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; || be thankful unto him | and— | bless his | name.
5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the · · Son, || and | to · · the | Ho-ly | Ghost.

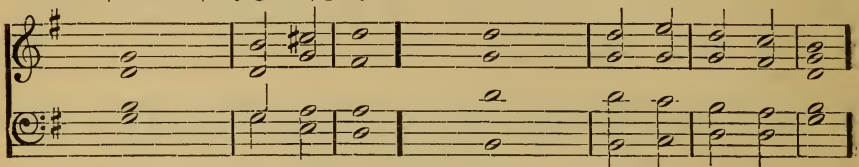


2 Know ye that the Lord, | he is | God? || It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep of · · his | pasture.
4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ev-er- | lasting, || and his truth endureth to | all— | gen-er- | ations.
6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World | without | end. A- | men.

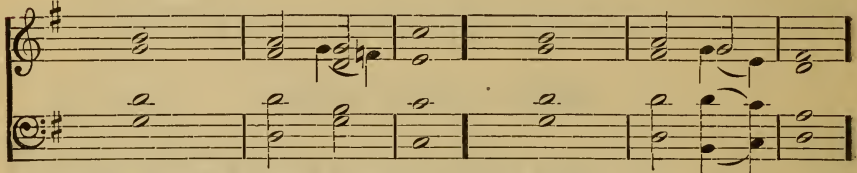
6 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



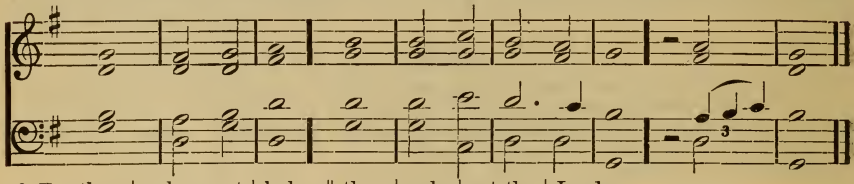
1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will · · towards | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.



3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father.



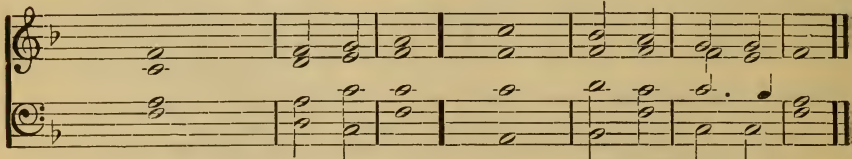
5 That takest away the | sins · · of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins · · of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins · · of the | world, re- | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.



9 For thou | only · · art | holy: || thou | only | art the | Lord:
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || are most high in the | glory · · of | God the | Father. || A- | men.

7 GLORIA PATRI.

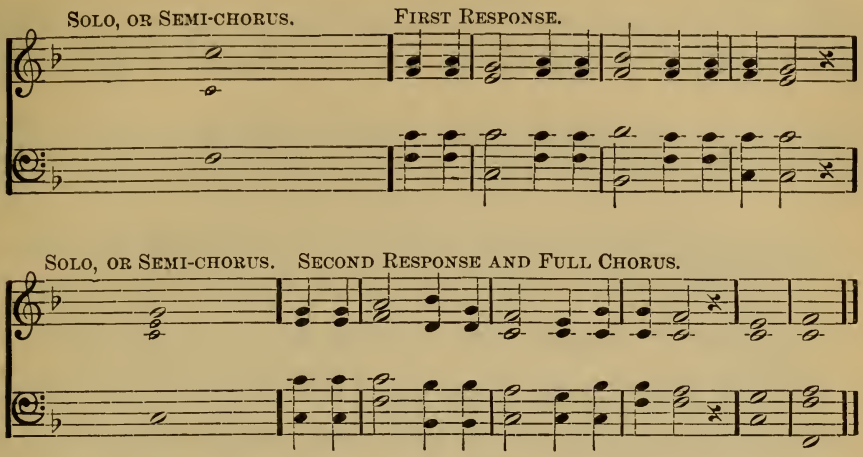
RICHARD FARRANT.



GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son: || And | to the | Holy | Ghost; ||
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World | without | end. A- | men.

8 THANKSGIVING CHANT.

Gregorian.



1 O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; || For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever. || O give thanks unto the God of gods, || For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

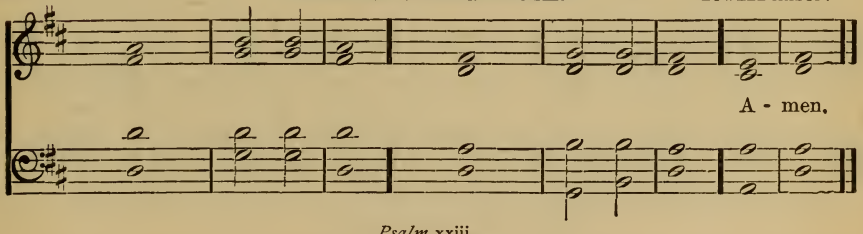
2 To him that made great lights; || For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever. || The sun to rule by day, the moon and stars to rule by night; || For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

3 Who remembereth us in our low estate; || For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever. || And hath redeemed us from our enemies; || For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

4 Who giveth food to all flesh; || For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever. || O give thanks unto the God of Heaven; || For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever. || A- | men.

9 DOMINUS REGIT ME.

LOWELL MASON.



Psalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He re- | storeth my | soul; || he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake.

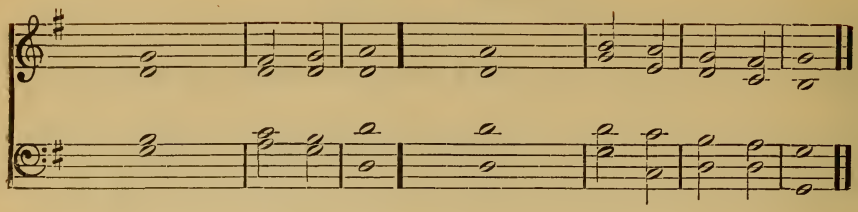
3 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the | shadow of | death, || I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.

4 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine | ene- | mies; || thou anointest my head with oil; my cup | runneth | over.

5 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of my | life; || and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ever. || A- | men.

10 PSALM 24.

Author Unknown.



1 The earth is the Lord's, and the | fullness . . there- | of; ‖ The world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

2 For he hath founded it up- | on the | seas; ‖ And es- | tablished it up- | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the | hill . . of the | Lord? ‖ Or who shall stand | in his | holy | place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a | pure | heart; ‖ Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.

5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord; ‖ And righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.

6 This is the generation of them that | seek — | him; ‖ That | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your hands, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye ever- | lasting | doors; ‖ And the King of | glory | shall come | in.

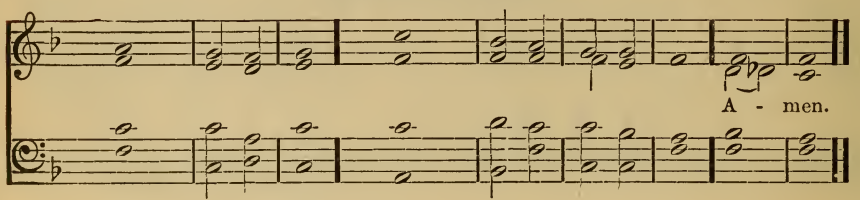
8 Who is this | King of | glory? ‖ The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord, | might- — | y in | battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye ever- | lasting | doors; ‖ And the King of | glory | shall come | in.

10 Who is this | King of | glory? ‖ The Lord of hosts, | he . . is the | King of | glory.

11 COME UNTO ME.

Author Unknown.



Matt. xi. 28–30; *Rev. xxii.* 17.

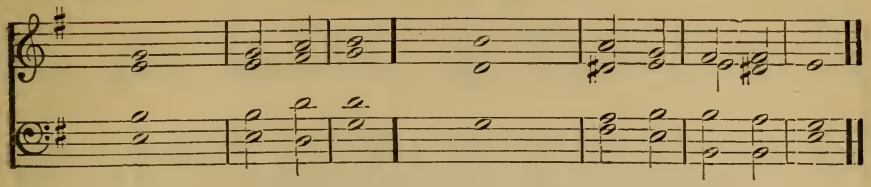
1 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden, ‖ and | I will | give you | rest.

2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly . . in | heart: ‖ and ye shall find | rest . . unto | your— | souls.

3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden . . is | light, ‖ for my yoke is easy, | and my | burden . . is | light.

4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth . . say, | Come. ‖ And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | waters . . of | life— | freely. | A- | men.

12 **DOMINE REFUGIUM.** JOHN BLOW.



Psalm xc.

1 Lord, thou hast | been our | dwelling-place || in | all— | gener- | ations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth | and the | world, || even from everlasting to everlasting, | thou— | art— | God.

3 Thou turnest man | to de- | struction; || and sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children - - of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when | it is | past, || and | as a | watch . . in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are | as a- | sleep: || in the morning they are like | grass which | groweth | up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up; || in the evening it is cut | down and | wither- | eth.

7 For we are consumed | by thine | anger, || and by thy | wrath— | are we | troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities be- | fore— | thee, || our secret sins in the | light of | thy— | countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away | in thy | wrath; || we spend our years | as a | tale . . that is | told.

10 The days of our years are threescore | years and | ten; || and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, | and we | fly a- | way.

11 Who knoweth the power | of thine | anger? || even according to thy fear, | so— | is thy | wrath.

12 So teach us to | number . . our | days, || that we may apply our | hearts— | unto | wisdom.

13 Return, O | Lord, how | long? || and let it repent | thee con- | cerning . . thy | servants.

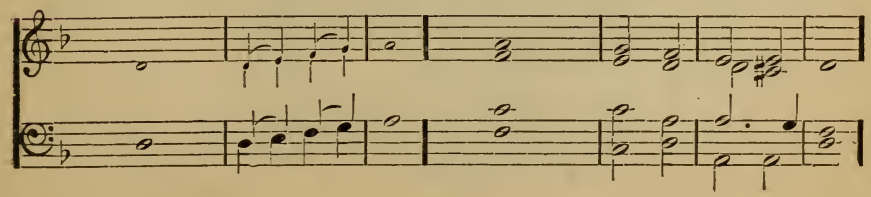
14 O satisfy us early | with thy | mercy; || that we may rejoice and be | glad— | all our | days.

15 Make us glad according to the days wherein | thou . . hast af- | flicted us, || and the years wherein | we have | seen— | evil.

16 Let thy work appear un- | to thy | servants, || and thy | glory un- | to their | children;

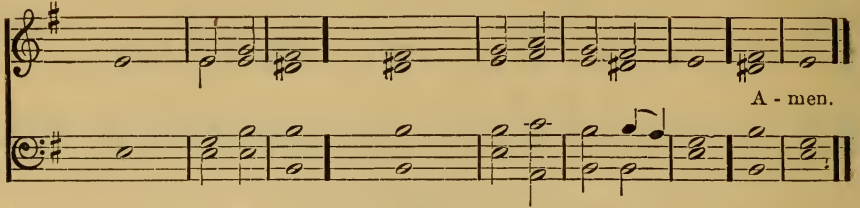
17 And let the beauty of the Lord our God | be up- | on us: || and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our | hands, es- | tablish thou | it.

PSALM 90. LOWELL MASON.



13 BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Author Unknown.



1 LORD, let me know mine end, and the number | of . . my | days: ‖ that I may be certified how | long . . I | have . . to | live.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a | span . . = | long: ‖ and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is | al-to- | geth-er | vanity.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth him- | self . . in | vain: ‖ he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell | who . . shall | gath-er | them.

4 And now, Lord, | what is . . my | hope: ‖ truly my | hope . . is | even . . in | thee.

5 Deliver me from all | mine . . of- | fenses: ‖ and make me not a re- | buke . . un- | to . . the foolish.

6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth | fretting . . a | garment: ‖ every man | there-fore | is but | vanity.

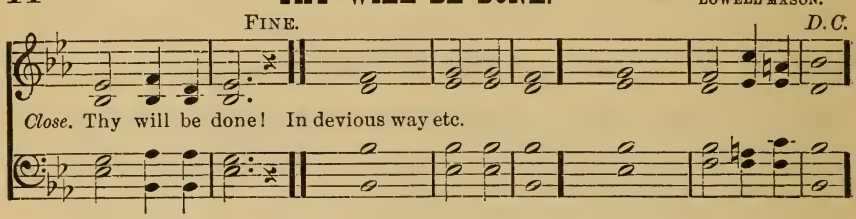
7 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears con- | sider . . my | calling: ‖ hold not thy | peace . . — | at . . my | tears;

8 For I am a | stranger . . with | thee: ‖ and a sojourner as | all . . my | fathers | were.

9 O spare me a little . . that I may re- | cover . . my | strength: ‖ before I go hence, | and . . be | no . . more | seen.

14 THY WILL BE DONE.

LOWELL MASON.



1 "THY will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort—one
Is ours: — to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

John Bowring.

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Hark! my soul, it is the Lord	385
Hark! ten thousand harps and	137
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour	58
Hark! the herald angels sing	63
Hark! the song of jubilee	671
Hark! the voice of Jesus calling	489
Hark! the voice of love and mercy	113
Hark! what mean those holy	68
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time	666
Hasten, sinner, to be wise	289
He comes! he comes! the Judge	590
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies	88
He leadeth me, O blessèd thought	861
Hear what the voice from heaven	614
High in the heavens, eternal God	49
High on his everlasting throne	222
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh	271
Holy and true, and righteous Lord	433
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none	54
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness	186
Holy Ghost, with light divine	187
Holy, holy, holy Lord	5
Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty	4
Holy Lamb, who thee confess	80
Holy Lamb, who thee receive	442
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide	190
How are thy servants blest	731
How beauteous are their feet	218
How blest the righteous when he dies	602
How can a sinner know	380
How can it be, thou heavenly King	395
How did my heart rejoice to hear	197
How do thy mercies close me round	805
How firm a foundation, ye saints of	546
How gentle God's commands	553
How great the wisdom, power, and	133
How happy are the newborn race	399
How happy are they Who their	402
How happy every child of grace	644
How happy is the pilgrim's lot	839
How large the promise, how divine	236
How lost was my condition	856
How pleasant, how divinely fair	203
How precious is the book divine	684
How rich thy bounty, King of kings	223
How sad our state by nature is	343
How shall a lost sinner in pain	371
How shall the young secure their	681
How sweet, how heavenly is the	735

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How tedious and tasteless the hours.	505
How vain are all things here below..	519
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I am far frae my hame	884
I am thine, O Lord	873
I ask the gift of righteousness	342
I have read of a beautiful city	901
I hear thy welcome voice	858
I hear thy word with love	30
I heard the voice of Jesus say	843
I know that my Redeemer lives and.	413
I know that my Redeemer lives what	118
I long to behold him arrayed	643
I love thy kingdom, Lord	194
I love to steal awhile away	820
I love to tell the story	875
I need thee every hour	851
I saw a wayworn traveler	900
I shall not want	541
I the good fight have fought	579
I think when I read	909
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God	394
I want a principle within	478
I was a wandering sheep	854
I was once far away from the Saviour	859
I will sing you a song	897
I worship thee, most gracious	549
I would be thine, thou know'st I	412
I would not live alway	647
If human kindness meets return	240
If, Lord, I have acceptance found	424
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath	14
I'm a pilgrim and	898
In age and feebleness extreme	835
In every time and place	456
In evil long I took delight	312
In some way or other	865
In the Christian's home in	902
In the cross of Christ I glory	101
In the soft season of thy youth	280
In trouble and in grief, O God	537
Infinite God, to thee we raise	39
It is not death to die	627
It may be far, it may be near	906
It may not be our lot to wield	482
Jehovah, God the Father, bless	403
Jerusalem, my happy home	649
Jerusalem, the golden, with	652
Jesus, accept the praise	230
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb	451
Jesus, all-redeeming Lord	249
Jesus, and shall it ever be	495
Jesus, answer from above	359
Jesus, at whose supreme command..	242
Jesus comes with all his grace	428
Jesus drinks the bitter cup	91
Jesus, gracious One, calleth	846
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep..	739
Jesus hath died that I might live....	450
Jesus, I love thy charming name ...	156
Jesus, I my cross have taken	540
Jesus, if still thou art to-day	339
Jesus is our common Lord	406
Jesus, keep me near the cross	866
Jesus, let all thy lovers shine	498
Jesus, let thy pitying eye	366
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee	816
Jesus, Lover of my soul	354
Jesus, my advocate above	309
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone	350
Jesus, my life, thyself apply	441
Jesus, my Lord, attend	351
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace..	502
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend..	480
Jesus, my strength, my hope	777
Jesus, my truth, my way	476
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind	305
Jesus, shall I never be	492
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun...	658
Jesus, the all-restoring word	365
Jesus, the conqu'ror, reigns	208
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way....	423
Jesus, the name high over all	220
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee...	334
Jesus, the truth and power divine...	229
Jesus, the very thought of thee	152
Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest	838
Jesus, the word bestow	687
Jesus, these eyes have never	145
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord	306
Jesus, thou everlasting King	375
Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts	157
Jesus, thy blessings are not few	307
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness..	376
Jesus, thy boundless love to me	409
Jesus, thy far extended fame	335
Jesus, to thee I now can fly	507
Jesus, united by thy grace	742
Jesus, we look to thee	732
Jesus, we on the words depend	168
Jesus, we thus obey	247
Jesus, where'er thy people meet	768
Jesus, while our hearts are	623
Joy is a fruit that will not grow	392
Joy to the world—the Lord is come..	59
Joyfully, joyfully, onward	888
Just as I am, without one plea	318
Lamb of God, whose dying love	250
Late, late, so late, and dark the night	320
Lead, kindly light	462
Let all who truly bear	246
Let earth and heaven agree	141
Let everlasting glories crown	682

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Let every mortal ear attend	279
Let every tongue thy goodness speak	35
Let Him to whom we now belong	407
Let me alone another year	707
Let not the wise their wisdom boast	514
Let songs of praises fill the sky	170
Let the world their virtue boast	355
Let us, with a gladsome mind	21
Let worldly minds the world	393
Let Zion's watchmen all awake	219
Life is a span, a fleeting hour	610
Lift up your hearts to things above	755
Light of life, seraphic fire	785
Like Noah's weary dove	738
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending	163
Lo! I come with joy to do	834
Lo! on a narrow neck of land	592
Lo! the pris'ner is released	621
Lo! what an entertaining sight	748
Long have I sat beneath the sound	311
Long have I seemed to serve thee	323
Look, ye saints, the sight is	136
Lord, all I am is known to thee	33
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid	925
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill	581
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	188
Lord, how secure and blessed are they	397
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine	829
Lord, I believe a rest remains	411
Lord, I cannot let thee go	783
Lord, I care not for riches	908
Lord, I delight in thee	510
Lord, I despair myself to heal	328
Lord, I hear of showers of blessings	850
Lord, if at thy command	663
Lord, if thou thy grace impart	512
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear	793
Lord, in the strength of grace	437
Lord, it belongs not to my care	464
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly	857
Lord of earth, thy forming hand	475
Lord of hosts! to thee we raise	696
Lord of the harvest, hear	217
Lord over all, if thou hast made	664
Lord, thy glory fills the heavens	25
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin	325
Lord, we believe to us and ours	169
Lord, we come before thee now	756
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high	120
Lord, while for all mankind we pray	721
Lord, whom winds and seas obey	730
Lord, with glowing heart I'd	148
Love Divine, all loves excelling	444
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb	415
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned	154
Mary, to the Saviour's tomb	870
Master, the tempest is raging	862
May I, throughout this day of thine	262
May the grace of Christ	926
Mercy descending from above	704
Mid scenes of confusion	745
Mighty God, while angels bless	140
More love to thee, O Christ	416
Mortals, awake, with angels join	60
Must I my brother keep	499
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	542
My country, 'tis of thee	728
My days are gliding swiftly by	880
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	79
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so	470
My faith looks up to thee	398
My God, accept my heart	410
My God, how endless is thy love	806
My God, how wonderful thou art	16
My God, I know, I feel thee mine	446
My God, I love thee not because	151
My God, I now from sleep awake	821
My God, is any hour so sweet	790
My God, my Father, while I	532
My God, my God, to thee I cry	765
My God, my life, my love	517
My God, my portion, and my love	518
My God, the spring of all my joys	401
My heavenly home is bright	895
My home is in heaven	879
My hope is built on nothing less	849
My hope, my all, my Saviour thou	569
My Jesus, as thou wilt	509
My latest sun is sinking	894
My Saviour and my King	160
My Saviour, how shall I proclaim	100
My Saviour, my Almighty Friend	144
My sole possession is thy love	562
My soul, be on thy guard	578
My soul, repeat his praise	9
My soul, with all thy wakened powers	524
My span of life will soon be done	564
Nature with open volume stands	164
Near the cross was Mary weeping	98
Nearer, my God, to thee	473
New every morning	792
Not all the blood of beasts	109
Not with our mortal eyes	381
Now begin the heavenly theme	149
Now from the altar of our hearts	807
Now I have found the ground wherein	378
Now let our cheerful eyes survey	122
Now let the Father and the Son	921
Now to the Lord, a noble song	78
Now to the Lord, who makes us know	166
O bless the Lord, my soul	6
O blessèd, blessèd sounds of grace	776
O blessèd souls are they	379
O come and dwell in me	177
O could I speak the matchless	139

	HYMN
O do not let the word depart	272
O for a closer walk with God	364
O for a faith that will not shrink	454
O for a glance of heavenly day	327
O for a heart of calm repose	420
O for a heart to praise my God	440
O for a thousand tongues to sing	374
O for that tenderness of heart	313
O for the happy days gone by	352
O garden of Olivet	87
O glorious hope of perfect love	431
O God, most merciful and true	430
O God, my God, my all	823
O God, our help in ages past	583
O God, our strength, to thee our	41
O God, thou bottomless abyss	32
O God, what offering shall I give	439
O God, who madest earth and sky	799
O happy day that fixed my choice	827
O how can they look up to heaven	705
O how the love of God attracts	419
O it is hard to work for God	513
O Jesus, full of grace	373
O Jesus, Light of all below	146
O joyful sound of gospel grace	427
O Lord, how happy should we be	563
O Lord, in mercy spare	712
O Love Divine, how sweet thou art	356
O Love Divine, that stooped to share	82
O Love Divine, what hast thou done	96
O Master, it is good to be	85
O may thy powerful word	779
O might my lot be cast with these	207
O Mother dear, Jerusalem	648
O my offended God	332
O righteous God, thou Judge supreme	720
O sacred Head now wounded	90
O sometimes the shadows are deep	867
O Spirit of the living God	191
O tell me no more of	741
O that I could my Lord receive	338
O that I could repent; O that	317
O that I could repent, with all	316
O that in me the sacred fire	447
O that my load of sin were gone	445
O the hour when this material	841
O think of the home over there	905
O thou eternal Victim slain	124
O thou God of my salvation	389
O thou great God, whose piercing cry	824
O thou in whose presence	370
O thou that wouldst not have	604
O thou to whose all-searching sight	534
O thou who all things canst control	471
O thou who camest from above	515
O thou who driest the mourner's tear	539
O thou who hast our sorrows borne	358
O thou whom all thy saints adore	10
O thou whom once they flocked to	336
O thou whose bounty fills my	522
O thou whose mercy guides my way	523
O thou whose mercy hears	367
O thou whose offering on the tree	112
O 'tis delight, without alloy	388
O turn ye, O turn ye	274
O what a blessed hope is ours	645
O what a taste is this	251
O what ship is this	914
O when shall I see Jesus	881
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O word of God incarnate	688
O worship the King all glorious	19
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	667
Of Him who did salvation bring	165
Omnipresent God, whose aid	801
On all the earth thy Spirit shower	181
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand	651
On the mountain's top appearing	674
On this stone now laid with	692
Once more, my soul, the rising day	796
Once more we come before our God	452
One sole baptismal sign	193
One sweetly solemn thought	605
One there is above all others	75
Only waiting till the shadows	886
Onward, Christian soldiers	575
Our Father God who art in	781
Our few revolving years	709
Our God ascends his lofty throne	15
Our God is love and all	734
Our heavenly Father, hear	762
Our Lord is now rejected	904
Our Lord is risen from the dead	121
Our sins on Christ were laid	92
Our souls by love together knit	754
Out of the depths to thee I cry	83
Parent of good! thy bounteous hand	57
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour	852
Peace, troubled soul, thou needest	48
People of the living God	749
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	155
Praise God from whom all blessings	919
Praise the Lord! ye heavens	24
Praise the Saviour, all ye nations	677
Praise to God, immortal praise	724
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise	13
Prayer is appointed to convey	774
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	769
Prince of peace, control my	567
Pure are the joys above the sky	640
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy	349
Ready for my earthen bed	836
Redeemer of mankind	159
Rejoice for a brother deceased	622
Rejoice, the Lord is King	134
Religion is the chief concern	516
Remark, my soul, the narrow bound	708

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Repent, the voice celestial cries	296
Rest for the toiling hand	628
Return, O wanderer, return	293
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	455
Rise, O my soul, pursue the	465
Rock of ages, cleft for me	106
Safely through another week	259
Salvation! O the joyful sound	65
Saviour again, to thy dear name	266
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	802
Saviour, I now with shame confess	363
Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us	701
Saviour, more than life to me	878
Saviour of all, to thee we bow	736
Saviour of men, thy searching eye	225
Saviour, visit thy plantation	787
Saviour, who thy flock art	700
Say, brothers, will you meet us	899
Say where is thy refuge, my brother	845
See how great a flame aspires	679
See how the morning sun	795
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand	237
See, Jesus, thy disciples see	760
See the corn again in ear	714
See the leaves around us falling	715
Servant of God, well done, Rest	655
Servant of God, well done, Thy	632
Shall foolish, weak, short-sighted	37
Shall hymns of grateful love	150
Shall I, for fear of feeble man	224
Shall man, O God of light	634
She loved her Saviour and	497
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve	764
Shepherd of tender youth	699
Shout the glad tidings	135
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive	310
Shrinking from the cold hand of	600
Silently the shades of evening	826
Since all the varying scenes of time	44
Since Jesus freely did appear	812
Sing all in heaven at Jesus' birth	62
Sing, O ye ransomed of the Lord	511
Sing to the great Jehovah's praise	711
Sing we to our God above	927
Sinners, obey the gospel word	268
Sinners, the voice of God regard	297
Sinners, turn, why will ye die	288
So let our lips and lives express	490
Softly fades the twilight	265
Softly now the light of day	809
Soldiers of Christ, arise	572
Son of God, thy blessing grant	459
Sons of God, exulting rise	405
Sons of God, triumphant rise	105
Sovereign of all the worlds on high	184
Sow in the morn thy seed	500
Speak gently, it is better far	911
Spirit divine, attend our prayer	172
Spirit of faith, come down	174
Stand up and bless the Lord	8
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	580
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	192
Still stir me up to strive	477
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour	822
Sweet hour of prayer	789
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	258
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	400
Sweet was the time when first	369
Sweetly, Lord, have we heard	868
Swell the anthem, raise the song	725
Take the name of Jesus with	876
Take up thy cross, the Saviour	543
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal	466
Teach me, my God and King	528
Teach me the measure of my days	584
That awful day will surely come	597
That doleful night before his death	245
The chariot, the chariot	907
The counsels of redeeming grace	685
The day is past and gone	803
The day of wrath, that dreadful day	591
The God of Abrah'm praise	17
The God who reigns on high	18
The head that once was crowned	131
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	680
The King of heaven his table spreads	239
The Lord declares his will	282
The Lord is risen indeed	116
The Lord my pasture shall	40
The Lord my Shepherd is	527
The Lord of glory is my light	196
The Lord of Sabbath let us praise	255
The Lord, our God, is clothed with	51
The Lord will come, and not be	71
The mistakes of my life have	848
The morning flowers display their	611
The morning light is breaking	665
The nations call! from sea to sea	669
The perfect world by Adam trod	695
The pity of the Lord	28
The praise of Zion waits for thee	200
The praying spirit breathe	761
The promise of my Father's love	241
The saints who die of Christ possest	598
The Saviour calls, let every ear	283
The spacious firmament on high	38
The Spirit breathes upon the word	173
The Sun of righteousness appears	115
The thing my God doth hate	417
The voice of free grace cries	276
Thee we adore, eternal Lord	11
Thee we adore, eternal Name	585
Thee will I love, my strength, my	474
There is a calm for those who	630
There is a fountain filled with blood	107
There is a gate that stands ajar	853

	HYMN
There is a land immortal	653
There is a land mine eye hath	639
There is a land of pure delight	650
There is an eye that never sleeps	758
There is an hour of peaceful rest	635
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	780
There were ninety and nine that	844
There's a land that is fairer	896
There's a wideness in God's mercy	27
These mortal joys, how soon they fade	503
They who seek the throne of	784
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love	264
Think gently of the erring one	912
This is the day the Lord hath made	261
This, this is the God we adore	23
Thou art gone to the grave	620
Thou art the way; to thee alone	81
Thou great mysterious God unknown	357
Thou hidden love of God, whose	520
Thou hidden Source of calm repose	158
Thou Judge of quick and dead	719
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of	568
Thou Lord hast blessed my going out	808
Thou my everlasting portion	872
Thou Refuge of my soul	533
Thou seest my feebleness	483
Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine	506
Thou Son of God, whose flaming eye	302
Thou whose almighty word	676
Though troubles assail, And dangers	561
Through all the changing scenes of	550
Through all the lofty sky	723
Through sorrow's night and	606
Thus far the Lord hath led me on	804
Thus Lydia sanctified her house	238
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love	46
Thy life I read, my gracious Lord	608
Thy presence, gracious Lord	453
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	530
Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea	45
'Tis a thing I long to know	362
'Tis finished, the Messiah dies	103
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow	110
'Tis my happiness below	535
'Tis religion that can give	893
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost	922
To God the Father, God the Son	920
To God, the Father, Son	924
To God, the only wise	162
To God your every want	763
To us a child of hope is born	64
To us a child of royal birth	70
To us this day a Child is given	67
Together let us sweetly live	885
To-morrow, Lord, is thine	299
Try us, O God, and search the ground	750
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb	612
Up to the bountiful giver of life	890
Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall	481
Urge on your rapid course	211
Vain, delusive world, adieu	391
Vain man, thy fond pursuits	284
Vital spark of heavenly flame	842
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will	560
Watchman, tell us of the night	678
We bid thee welcome in the name	226
We by his Spirit prove	383
We know, by faith we know	636
We lift our hearts to thee	794
We praise thee, O God	869
We shall sleep, but not forever	903
We speak of the land of the blest	882
We thank thee, Lord of heaven and	726
Weary souls that wander wide	285
Welcome, delightful morn	260
Welcome, sweet day of rest	253
We're traveling home to heaven	883
What a friend we have in Jesus	874
What are these arrayed in white	641
What could your Redeemer do	286
What equal honors shall we bring	76
What grace, O Lord, and beauty	130
What is our calling's glorious hope	422
What is the thing of greatest price	303
What shall I do, my God	390
What sinners value, I resign	638
What though the arm of conquering	625
What various hind'rances we meet	766
What wondrous love is this	871
When all thy mercies, O my God	832
When at this distance, Lord, we trace	86
When blooming youth is snatched	609
When Christ doth in my heart	414
When, gracious Lord, when shall it	337
When I can read my title clear	571
When I survey the wondrous cross	102
When Israel, of the Lord beloved	559
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay	488
When marshaled on the nightly	69
When musing sorrow weeps the past	538
When, my Saviour, shall I be	443
When on Sinai's top I see	104
When rising from the bed of death	326
When shall thy love constrain	329
When shall we meet again	887
When thou my righteous Judge	594
When thy mortal life is fled	290
When waves of trouble	536
Where high the heavenly temple	773
Wherefore should I make my moan	815
Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near	321
Which of the petty kings	577
While dead in trespasses I lie	341
While in the agonies of death	95
While life prolongs its precious light	300

	HYMN
While shepherds watched their flocks	61
While thee I seek, protecting Power.	818
While thou, O my God, art.....	557
While we with fear and hope survey	703
While with ceaseless course the sun.	710
Who but thou, almighty Spirit.....	657
Who can describe the joys that rise..	387
Who in the Lord confide.....	493
Why, dearest Lord, can I not.....	759
Why do we mourn departing friends	618
Why should our tears.....	616
Why should the children of a King.	183
Why should we start, and fear to die	601
Why thus impatient to be gone.....	565
With glorious clouds encompassed...	340
With joy we hail the sacred day.....	254
With joy we meditate the grace.....	123
With tearful eyes I look.....	347
Witness, ye men and angels, now....	753
Work for the night is coming.....	910
Would Jesus have the sinner die....	97
Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know...	119
Ye humble souls that seek the Lord.	114
Ye ransomed sinners, hear.....	426
Ye servants of God.....	20
Ye servants of the Lord.....	485
Ye that pass by, behold the man....	89
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor..	278
Yes, my native land I love.....	917
Yield to me now, for I am weak....	361
Young men and maidens, raise.....	22
Your harps, ye trembling saints.....	547
Zion stands with hills surrounded...	195
Zion, the marvelous story be telling..	135

(11)

War-Fare

The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain
Who patient bears his cross below
He follows in his train!

2
That martyr first whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave:
Who saw his master in the sky
And called on Him to save
Like him with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain
He prayed for them that did the wrong
Who follows in his train?

A noble band chosen few.
On whom the spirit came.
Twelve valiant saints their hope they knew
And mocked the torch of flame
They met the tyrants banished steel.
The lions gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel.
Who follows in his train?

4 A noble army men and boys
The matron and the maid.
Around the throne of God rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.
They climb the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril toil and pain.
Oh God to us may grace be given.
To follow in their train.

A-men.

Oct. 24. 1900.